

MARVEL

COMICS

DECEMBER

NO.
50

MYSTERY

10¢





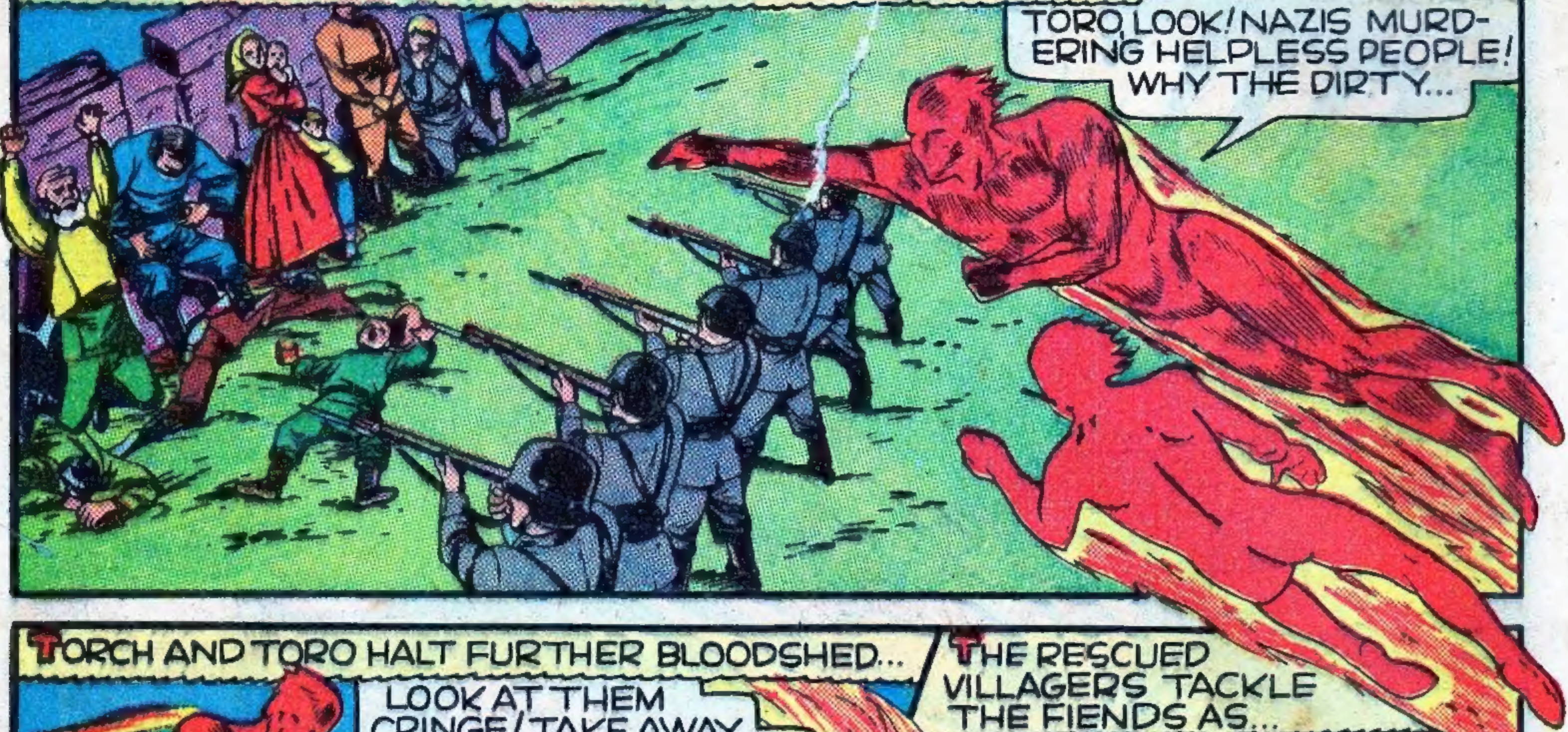
THE HUMAN TORCH



SPYES AND TRAITORS
HELD THE FATE OF
MOSCOW IN THEIR BLOODY
GRIP! BUT TORCH AND
TORO FLAME THROUGH
THE EVIL WEB OF IN-
TRIGUE IN ---

**"BATTLING THE
NAZI VULTURES!"**

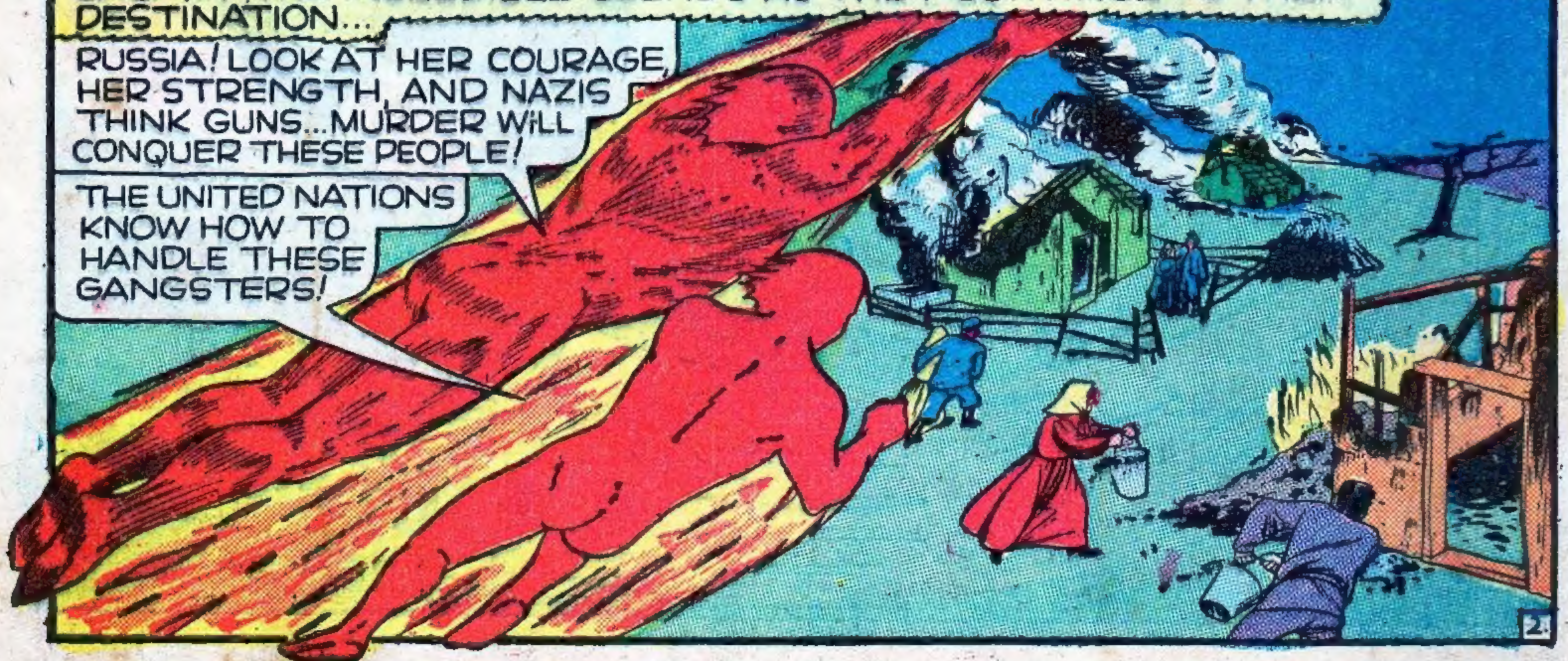
ON A SECRET MISSION TO GENERAL DAWSON'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA! TORCH AND TORO FIND A BLOOD-CHILLING SIGHT... BESTIAL NAZIS MOW DOWN UNARMED VILLAGERS BEFORE THEY RETREAT...



LIKE PAGES COME TO LIFE OUT OF THE DARK AGES, THE FLAME FIGHTERS GASP AT THE INCREDIBLE SCENES AS THEY CONTINUE TO THEIR DESTINATION...

RUSSIA! LOOK AT HER COURAGE, HER STRENGTH, AND NAZIS THINK GUNS... MURDER WILL CONQUER THESE PEOPLE!

THE UNITED NATIONS KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE GANGSTERS!





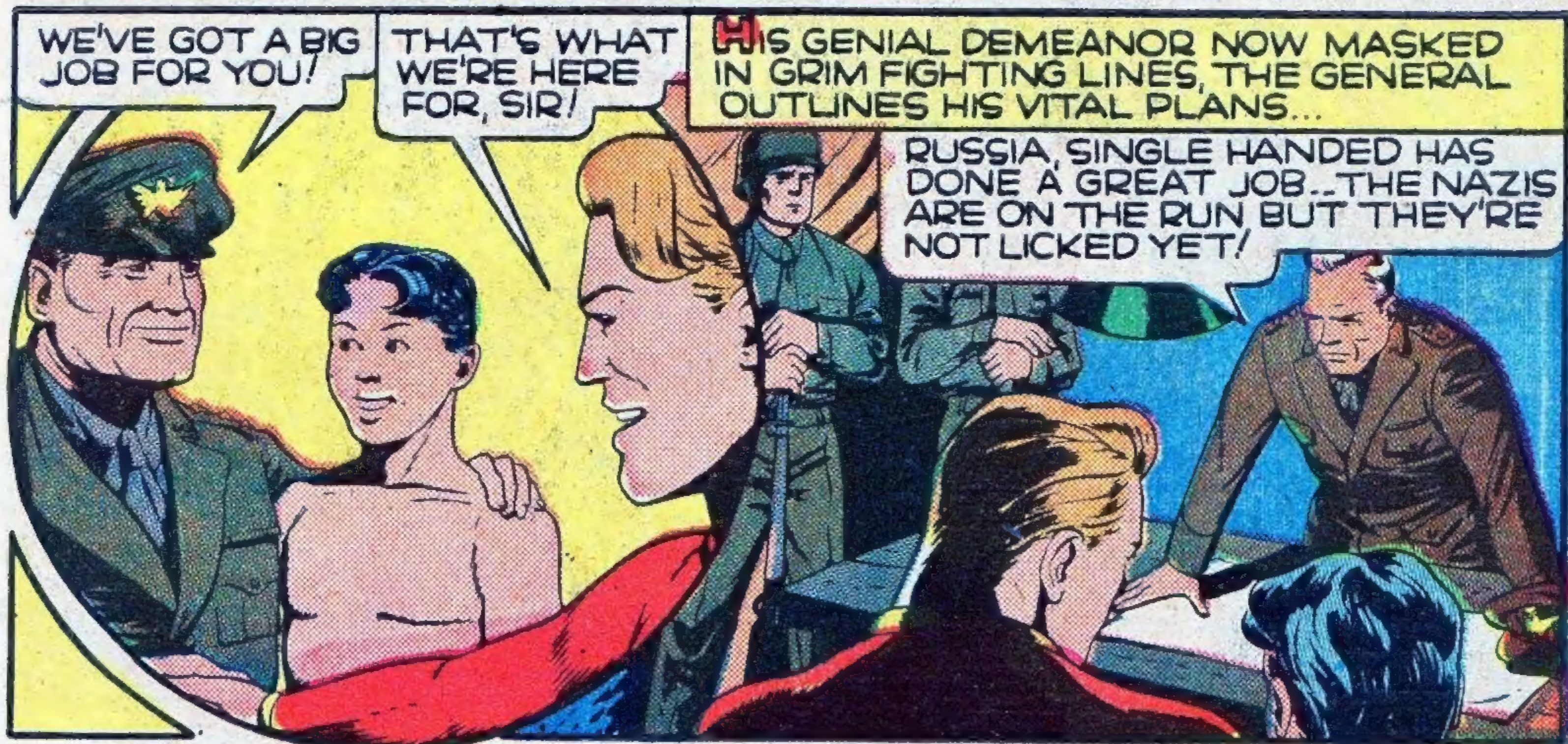
THE PAIR ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION, GENERAL DAWSON'S HEADQUARTERS...

THAT MUST BE GENERAL DAWSON'S TENT!



WELCOME, BOYS!

GLAD TO BE HERE, GENERAL!



WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB FOR YOU!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR, SIR!

HIS GENIAL DEMEANOR NOW MASKED IN GRIM FIGHTING LINES, THE GENERAL OUTLINES HIS VITAL PLANS...

RUSSIA, SINGLE HANDED HAS DONE A GREAT JOB...THE NAZIS ARE ON THE RUN BUT THEY'RE NOT LICKED YET!



TO GET TO GENERAL VON BOCK'S RESERVES, OUR TROOPS MUST TRAVEL OVER TERRITORY STUDDED WITH BOOBY TRAPS AND MINES PLANTED BY THE RETREATING ARMY! WE

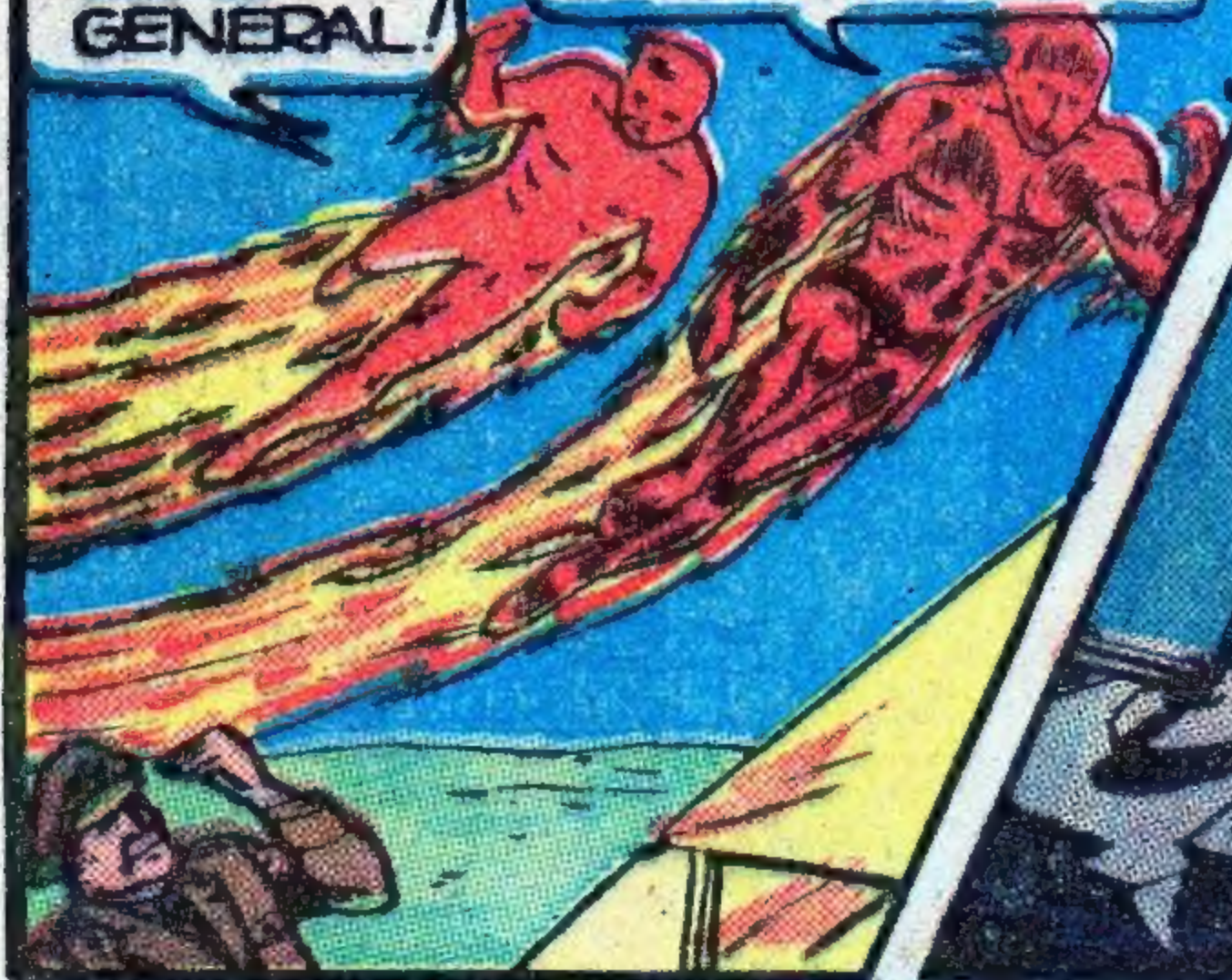
WANT YOU TO FOLLOW THIS ROUTE AND BLOW UP THOSE MINES!

THE IDEA IS TO SAVE AS MANY LIVES AS POSSIBLE! OUR MEN, GUNS, TANKS WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY BEHIND YOU...

TORCH AND TORO ARE OFF ON THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THEIR CAREERS...

GEE! A REAL GENERAL!

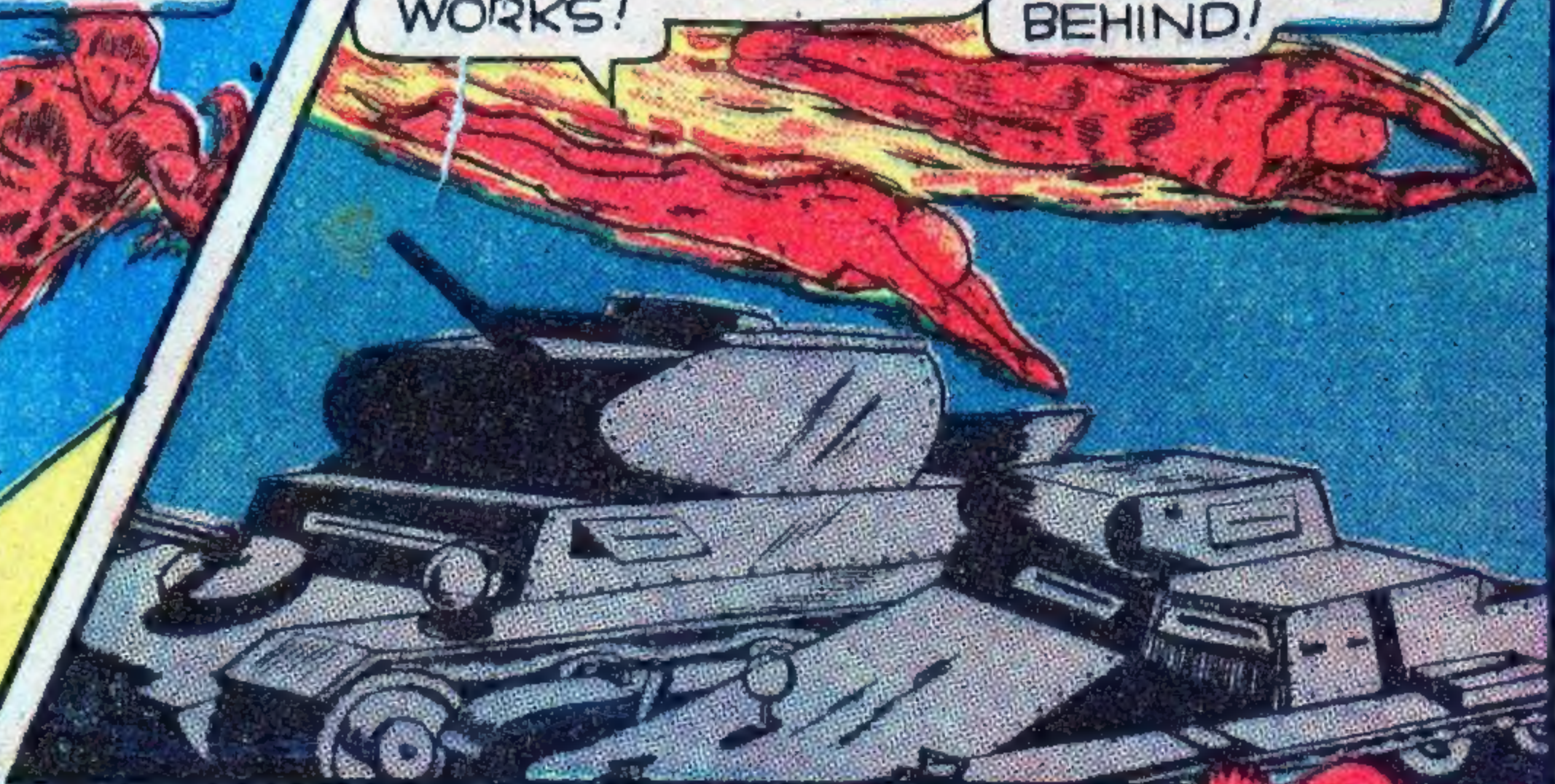
YES, TORO, A REAL GENERAL AND A GREAT FIGHTER!



THE FLAME SOLDIERS ALIGHT AT A SPOT DESERTED BY THE FLEEING NAZIS...

HERE'S WHERE WE START THE FIRE WORKS!

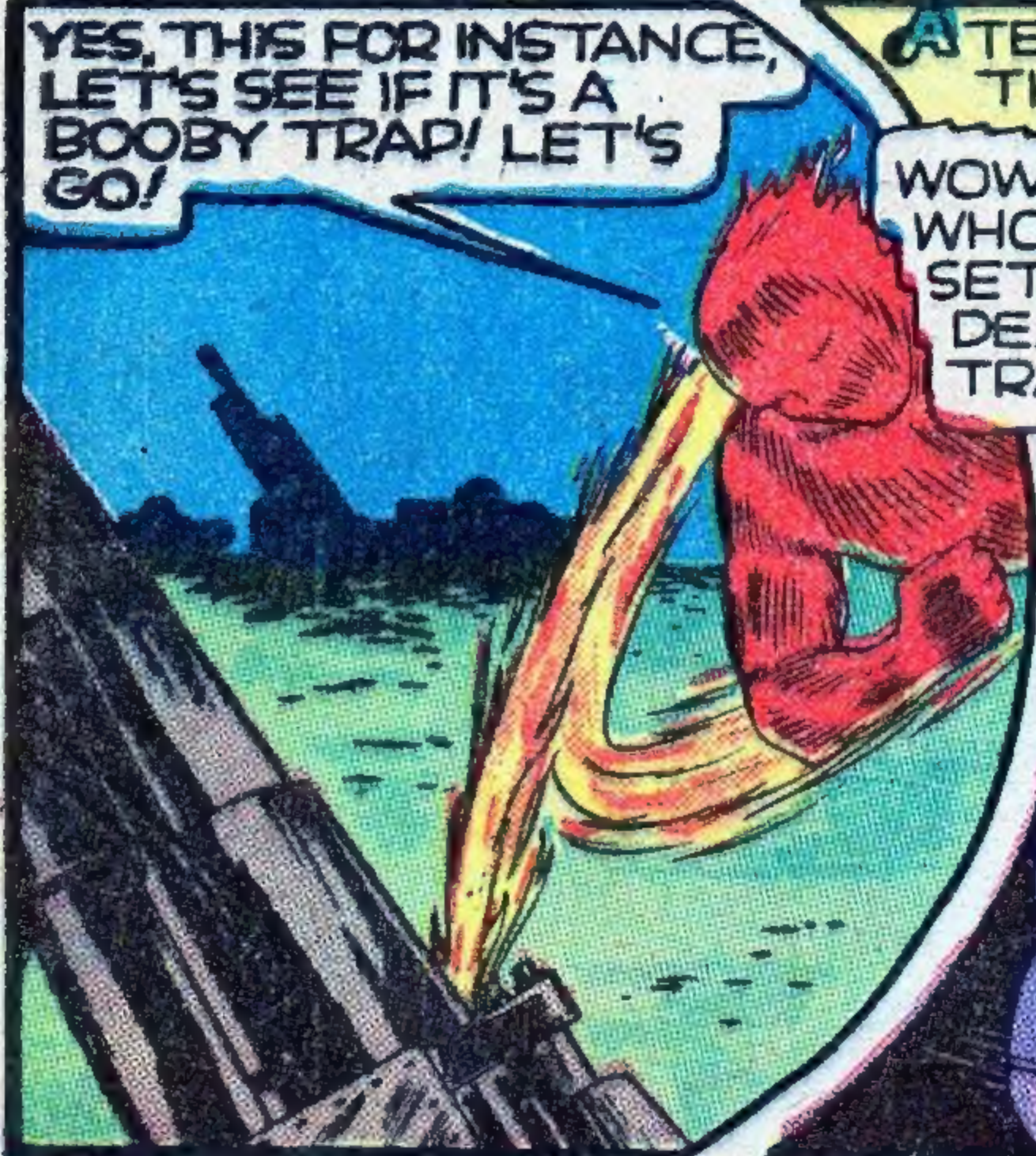
THE RATZIS LEFT SOME BEAUTIFUL AMMUNITION BEHIND!



YES, THIS FOR INSTANCE, LET'S SEE IF IT'S A BOOBY TRAP! LET'S GO!

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR...

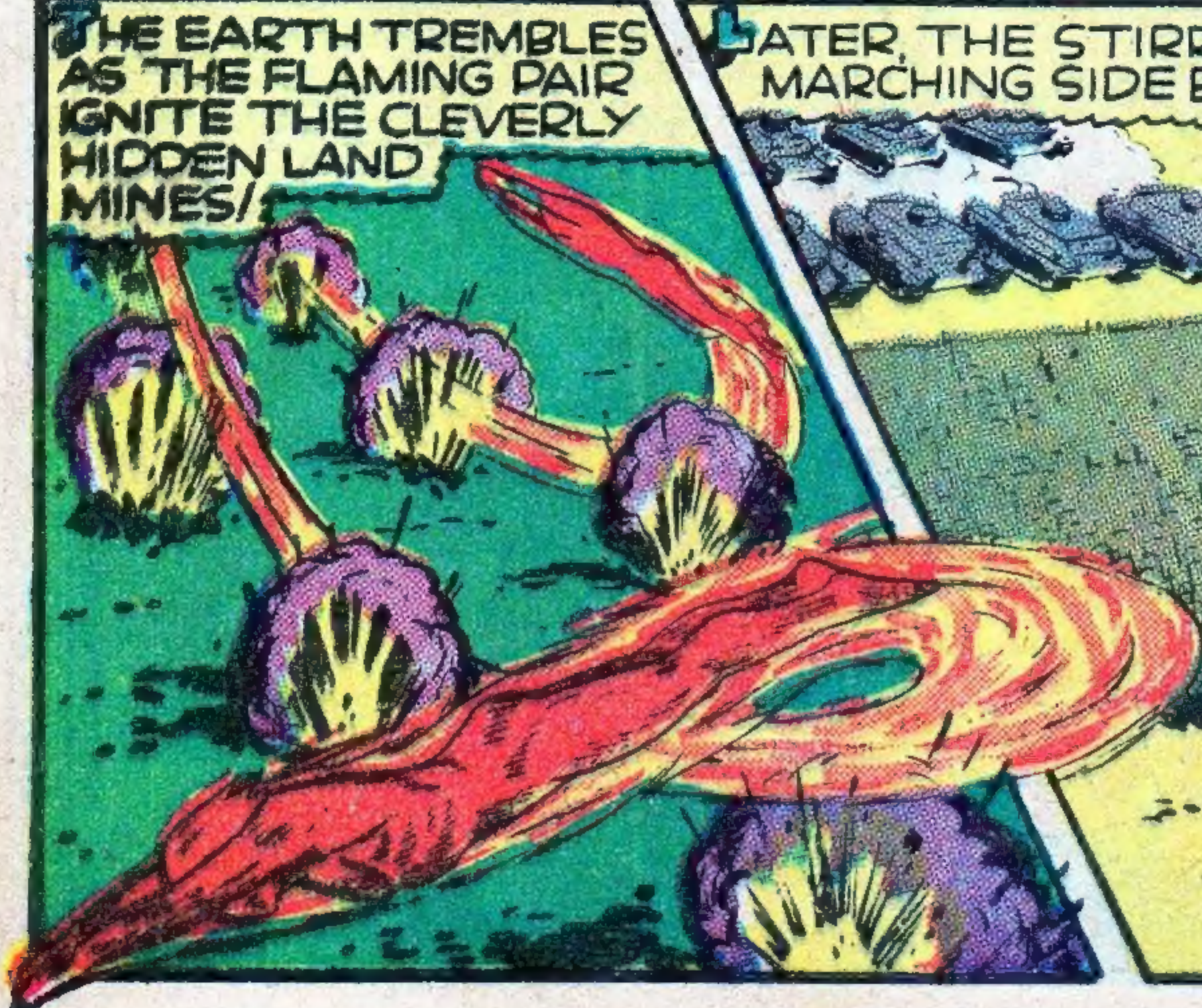
WOW! THIS WHOLE SET-UP IS A DEATH TRAP!



THE EARTH TREMBLES AS THE FLAMING PAIR IGNITE THE CLEVERLY HIDDEN LAND MINES!

LATER, THE STIRRING SIGHT OF ALLIED SOLDIERS MARCHING SIDE BY SIDE TO MEET THE ENEMY...

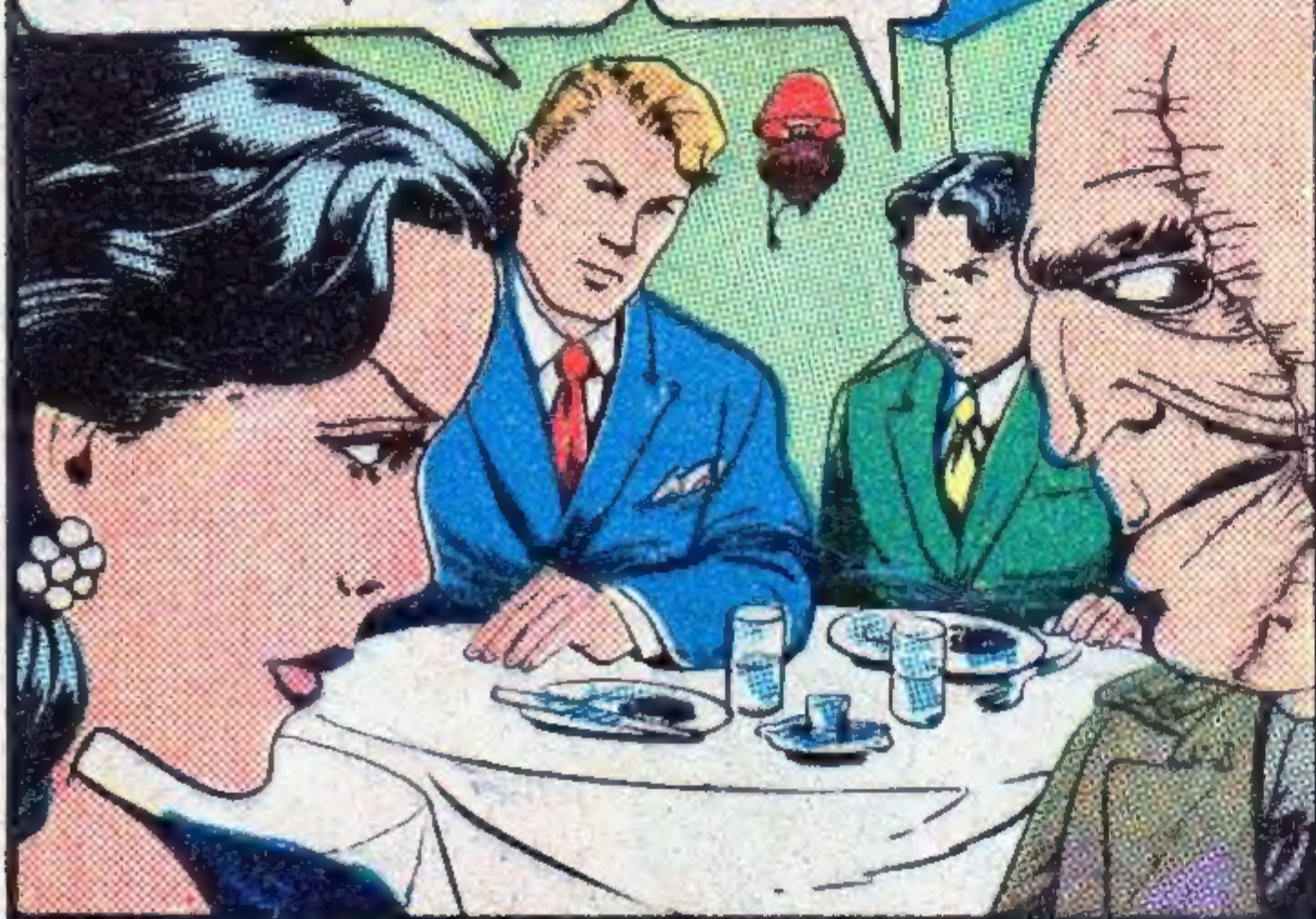
HERE THEY COME, TORO! WHAT A SIGHT!



HOURS LATER...THE PAIR STOP IN A CAFE IN BOMB-SCARRED STALINGRAD.

THAT'S AN "INTERESTING" LOOKING COUPLE, TORCH

YES, AND THEY SURE ARE LOOKING US OVER!



WHILE AT THE TABLE, THE COUPLE WHISPER...

I WANT YOU TO KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT HUMAN TORCH FELLOW!

AND THE REASON, CAPTAIN?



BECAUSE, STEPHANIE, I WANT YOU TO GO TO WORK ON HIM AND THE YOUNG SQUIRT!



LET'S DANCE! I WILL EXPLAIN FURTHER!



TORCH AND TORO HAVE JUST COMPLETED A MILITARY SCOOP FOR GENERAL DAWSON! G-2 PLANS TO USE THESE FLAMING FOOLS FOR FUTURE MISSIONS! WE MUST STOP THEM!



A HIDEOUS FIGURE BRUSHES BY THE GLAMOROUS STEPHANIE AND...

TORO, LOOK! IT SEEMS WE'VE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THOSE SPIES GENERAL DAWSON WANTS US TO ROUND UP!

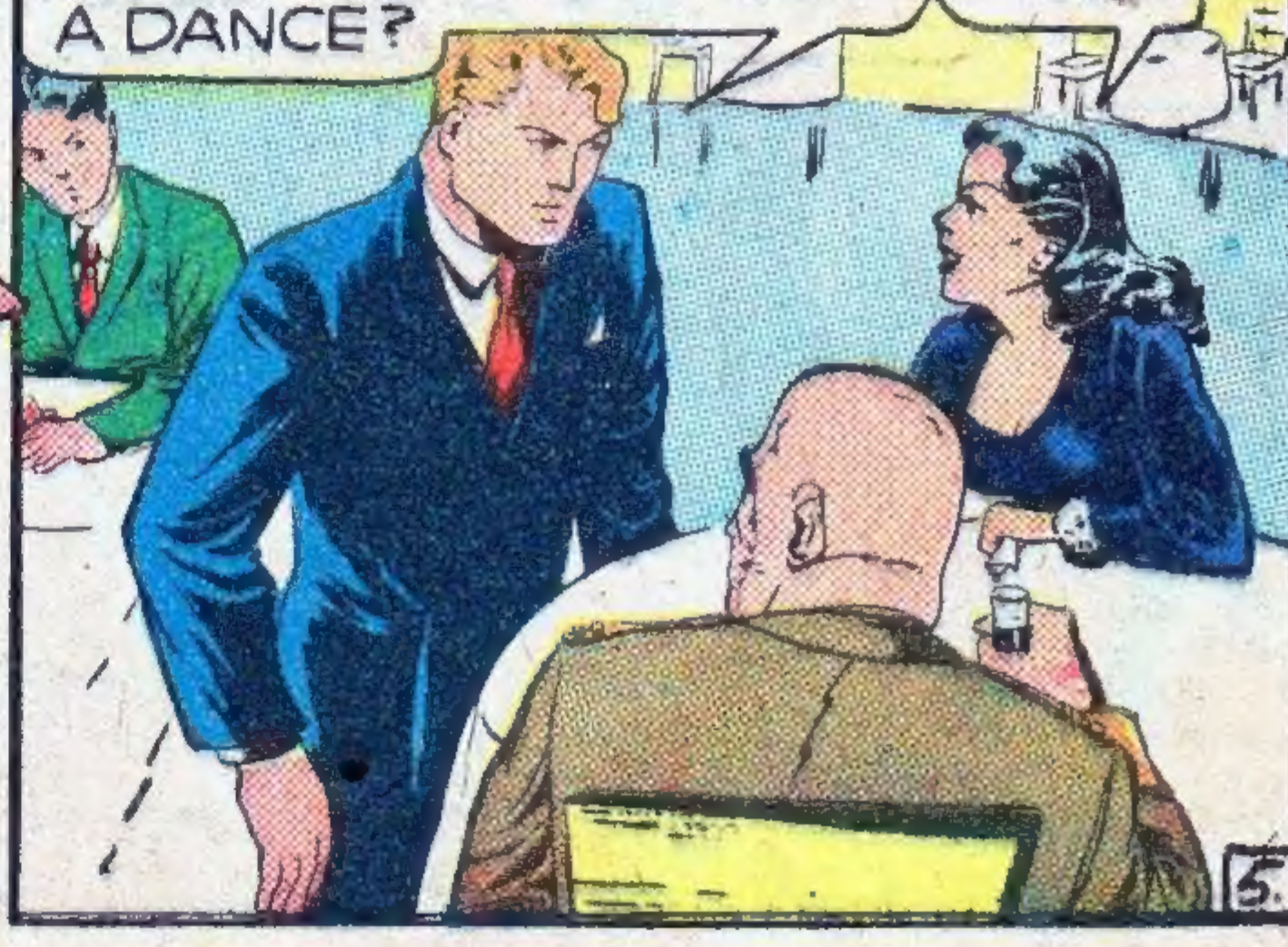
YOU MEAN SHE'S A SPY! SAY I SAW THAT FELLOW BEGGING!



TORCH MASKS HIS SUSPICIONS, GOES OVER TO STEPHANIE AND THE CAPTAIN...

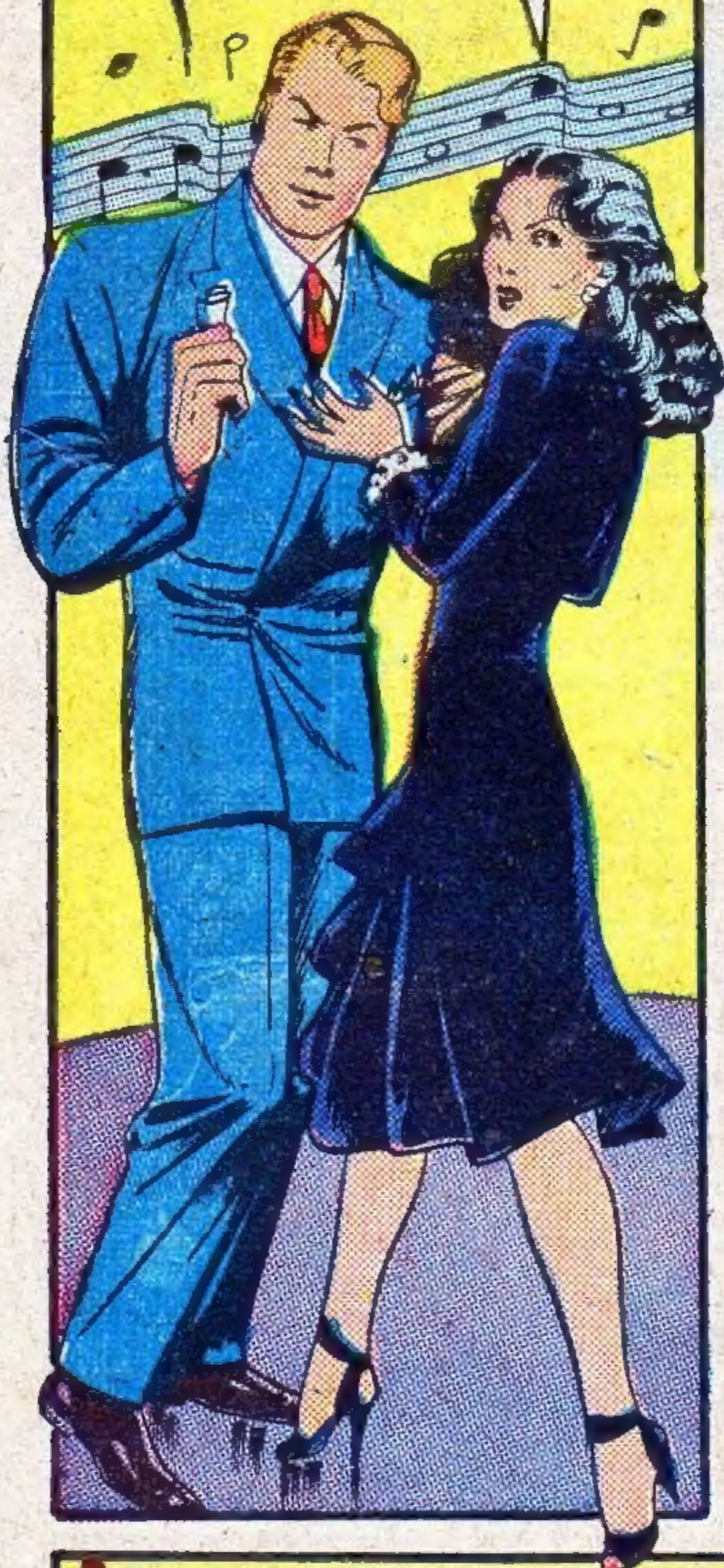
WOULD THE CAPTAIN OBJECT IF AN AMERICAN ASKED THE LADY FOR A DANCE?

ER...I'D BE DELIGHTED!



WHY DON'T YOU LET ME HOLD THIS SLIP OF PAPER FOR YOU? I'LL PUT IT IN MY POCKET FOR SAFEKEEPING...

NO! NO! IT ISN'T NECESSARY! I WILL NOT LOSE IT!



AFTER THE DANCE...

MY NOTE, PLEASE, CAPTAIN LANDIS AND I ARE LEAVING NOW!

OH YES, YOUR NOTE, HOW COULD I FORGET!



THIS IS BAD! I'M AFRAID I'VE DROPPED IT... I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE DANCE FLOOR!



MINUTES LATER, THE COUPLE PREPARE TO LEAVE THE CAFE...

THINK NOTHING OF IT, TORCH! IT WAS JUST A NOTE CANCELLING AN APPOINTMENT WITH FRIENDS!

I'M SORRY! I WAS CLUMSY!



ALLOWING A FEW SECONDS TO ELAPSE TORCH AND TORO SET OUT TO FOLLOW.

I DON'T GET IT! IF HE'S A CAPTAIN, WHY IS HE SO FRIENDLY WITH A SPY?

WE'LL SOON KNOW! THERE THEY ARE. LET'S TAIL THEM!



WEASEL FACE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVEN'T I WARNED YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM STEPHANIE'S HOME?

YOU TWO MUST BE MAD! I SAW YOU DANCE WITH TORCH AND HAND HIM THE NOTE!



YOU ARE STILL BEAUTIFUL STEPHANIE, BUT NO LONGER CLEVER! IF YOU VALUE YOUR BEAUTY, BEWARE!



WATCH YOUR TONGUE, WEASEL! THE NOTE IS LOST BUT IT IS NO MATTER!...I HAVE MEMORIZED THE MESSAGE! WE WILL RELAY IT IMMEDIATELY!



CUNNINGLY CONCEALED...A RECEIVING AND SENDING WIRELESS SET... HE WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT BETWEEN THE LINES IN INVISIBLE INK IS A MESSAGE THAT MUST BE DIPPED IN WATER TO BE SEEN!



THE ALLIES WILL WALK INTO THEIR OWN TRAP! LET US DRINK A TOAST TO OUR BELOVED FÜHRER!



WHILE BACK AT TORCH AND TORO'S HOTEL ROOM...

NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE STEPHANIE LIVES, WHAT NEXT?

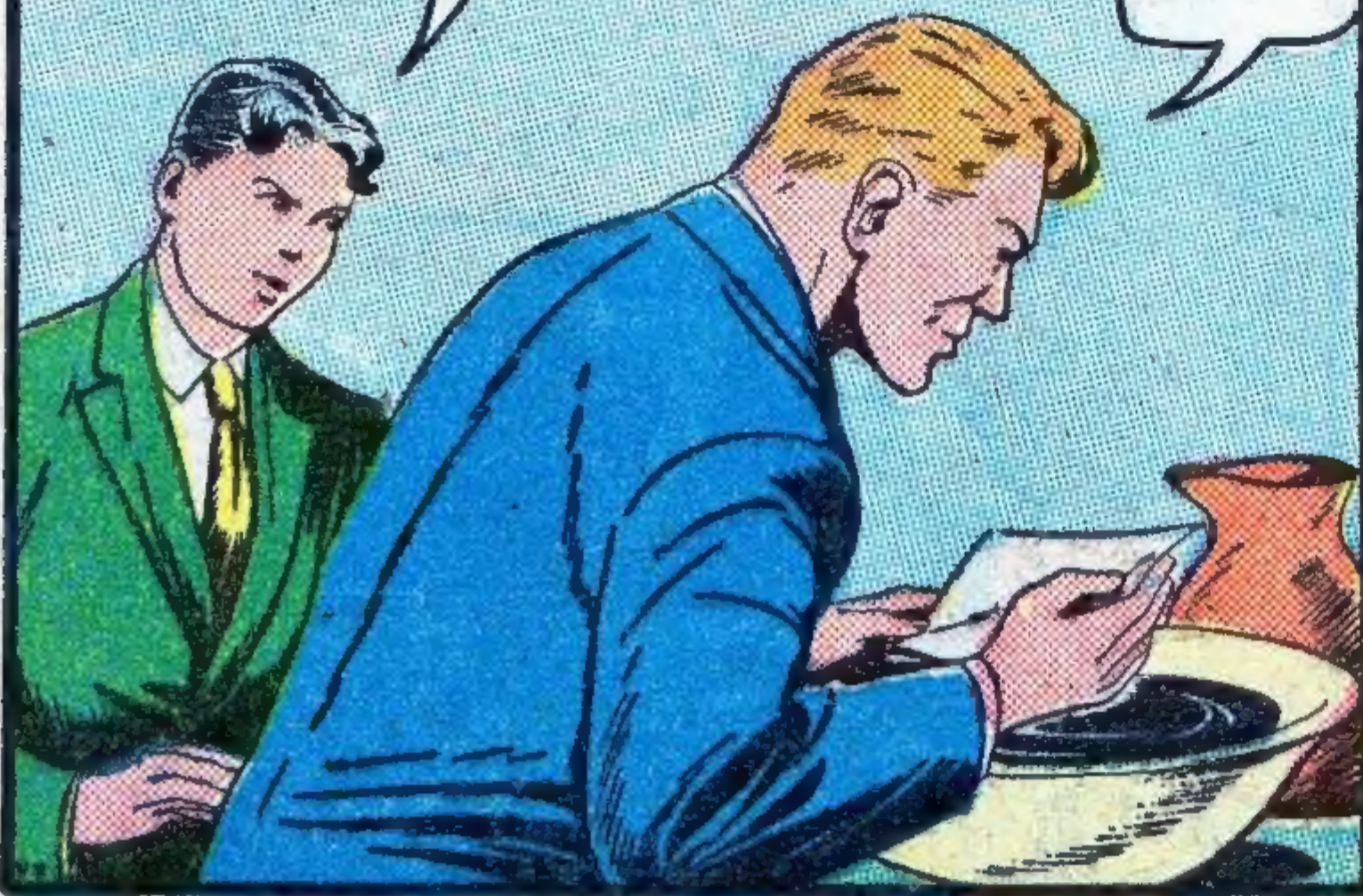
I'LL HAVE THE ANSWER IN A MINUTE...I HOPE!



THE PAIR STUDY THE "LOST" NOTE...

I KNEW YOU WERE ACTING WHEN YOU SAID YOU LOST THE NOTE!

THIS MESSAGE, I'M SURE, ISN'T AS INNOCENT AS IT LOOKS! I'LL TEST IT!



TORCH TESTS THE PAPER IN WATER...

COME HERE, TORO! NAZI SPIES HAVE LEARNED WE INTEND TO ATTACK THEIR STRONGHOLD!



THE FLAME FLIERS RACE THRU SPACE TO CONTACT GENERAL DAWSON...

ONLY TWELVE HOURS BEFORE OUR FORCES ATTACK THE NAZIS! THEY'LL BE DECIMATED IF THEY AREN'T STOPPED!

GENERAL! THE GERMANS HAVE LEARNED OF THE ATTACK TO TAKE PLACE TOMORROW!

WHAT!

THE ASTOUNDED GENERAL SENDS WORD TO THE SOVIET HIGH COMMAND...

"CAPTAIN LANDIS" IS AN IMPOSTOR! THE REAL LANDIS IS DEAD! TORCH, WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE SPIES!

MEANWHILE BEHIND BOLTED DOORS, THE PHONY CAPTAIN DONS A NAZI UNIFORM...

TORCH AND TORO MUST BE KILLED! INVITE THEM HERE, STEPHANIE... OUR AGENTS WILL TRAP THEM! MEANWHILE, I WILL HELP MYSELF TO AN AMERICAN BOMBER AND WIPE OUT GENERAL DAWSON! WEASEL WILL GO WITH ME!

I WILL ASK TORCH TO COME NOW! GOOD LUCK TO YOU, HERR KLUTZ!

I WILL ATTACK AT THREE, SHARP, THIS MORNING!

UNKNOWN TO THE SPIES, A DICTAPHONE IS TRANSMITTING EVERY WORD TO TORCH AND TORO...

BACK IN THE FLAME FLIERS ROOM LISTENING...

WELL, TORO! STEPHANIE WANTS US TO COME TO TEA!

NICE GIRL! SENDING US AN INVITATION TO DEATH! WOW, LISTEN TO THIS!

THE PAIR ARE STAGGERED BY THE IMPOSTERS NEXT WORDS...

AND THEN THE LUFTWAFFE WILL COMPLETE PLANS TO ATTACK THE KREMLIN...

THEY'LL GET A FINE RECEPTION FROM THE RUSSIANS! AH... THERE'S THE PHONE STEPHANIE IS PROMPT!

RING! RING!

TORCH AND TORO ARE PREPARED TO DEFEND THEMSELVES FROM THE WAITING ASSASSINS...

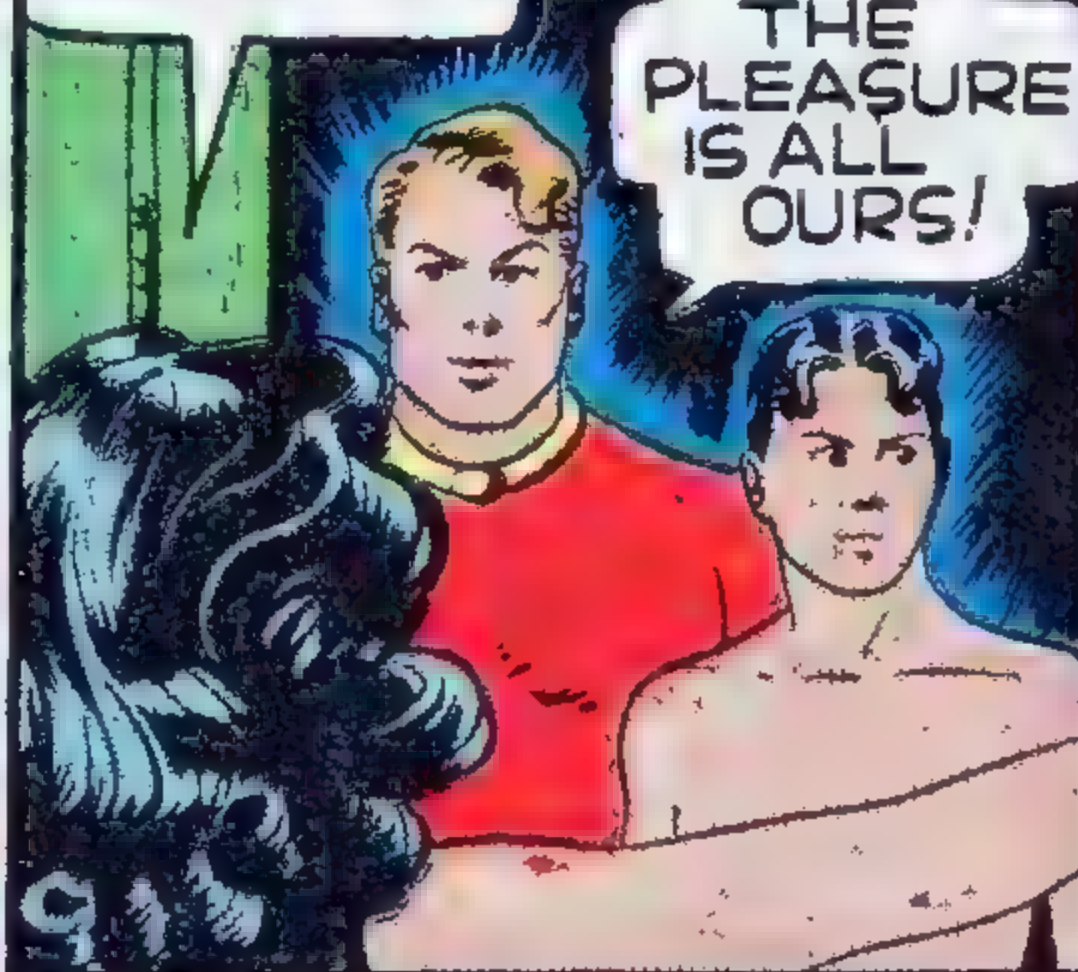
THIS IS GOING TO BE INTERESTING!

AND EXCITING, I HOPE!



COME IN, BOYS! IT ISN'T OFTEN I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ENTERTAINING SUCH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS!

THE PLEASURE IS ALL OURS!



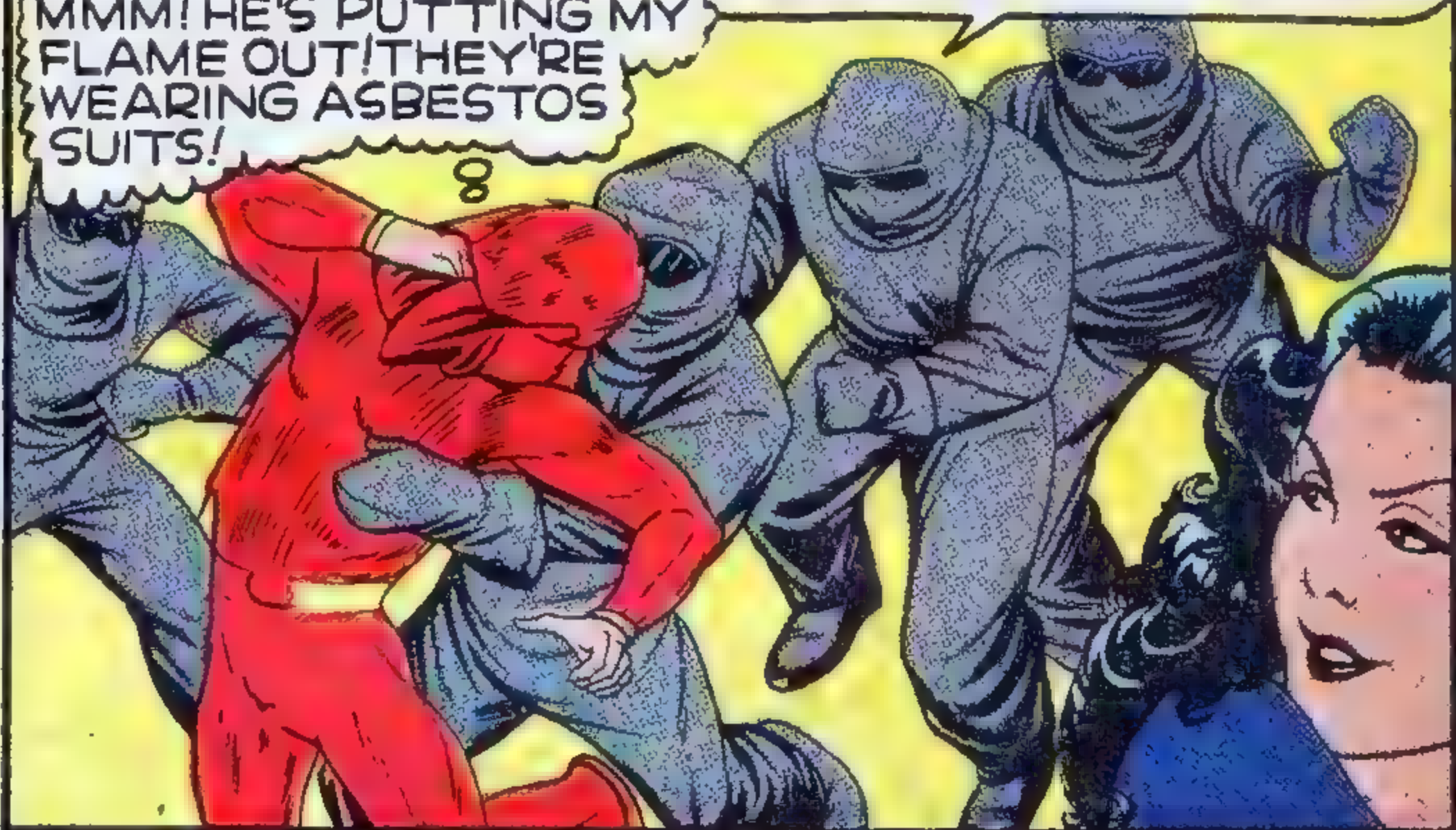
TORCH! WATCH OUT!



THE BLITZ IS UNDER WAY... THE PAIR FLAME...

AH, THE PARTY'S STARTING EARLY... MMM! HE'S PUTTING MY FLAME OUT! THEY'RE WEARING ASBESTOS SUITS!

HERE'S ONE ADVENTURE YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL!



WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TORCH'S FLAME? NOTHING'S WRONG WITH MINE--YET!



BUT TORO'S FLAME ALSO FAILS TO FELL THE ASSASSIN...

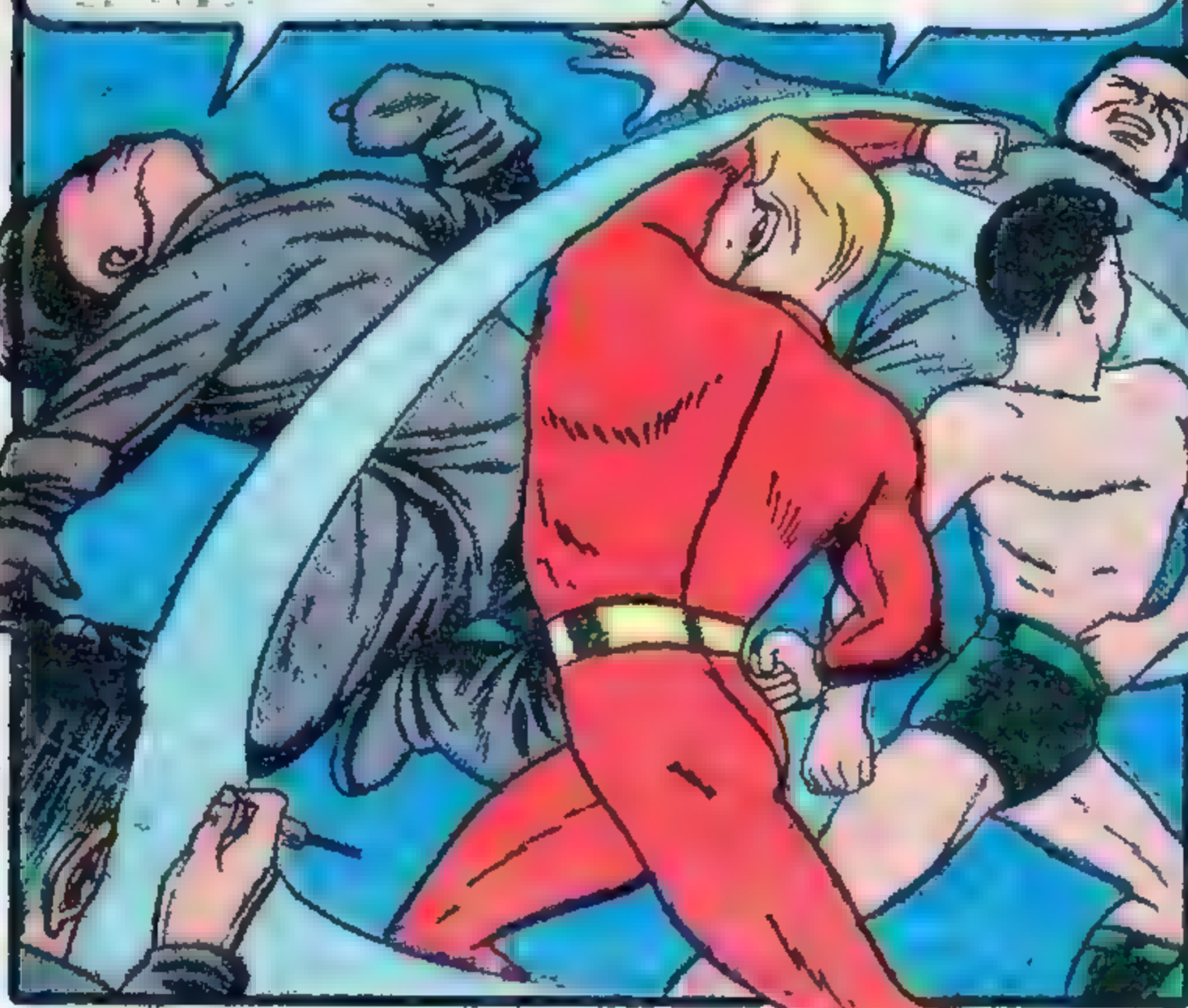
GOOD WORK, TORO!

NOT SO GOOD TORCH! THOSE SUITS ARE FIRE RESISTANT!



HA! YOU NO LONGER
HAVE YOUR FLAMES!

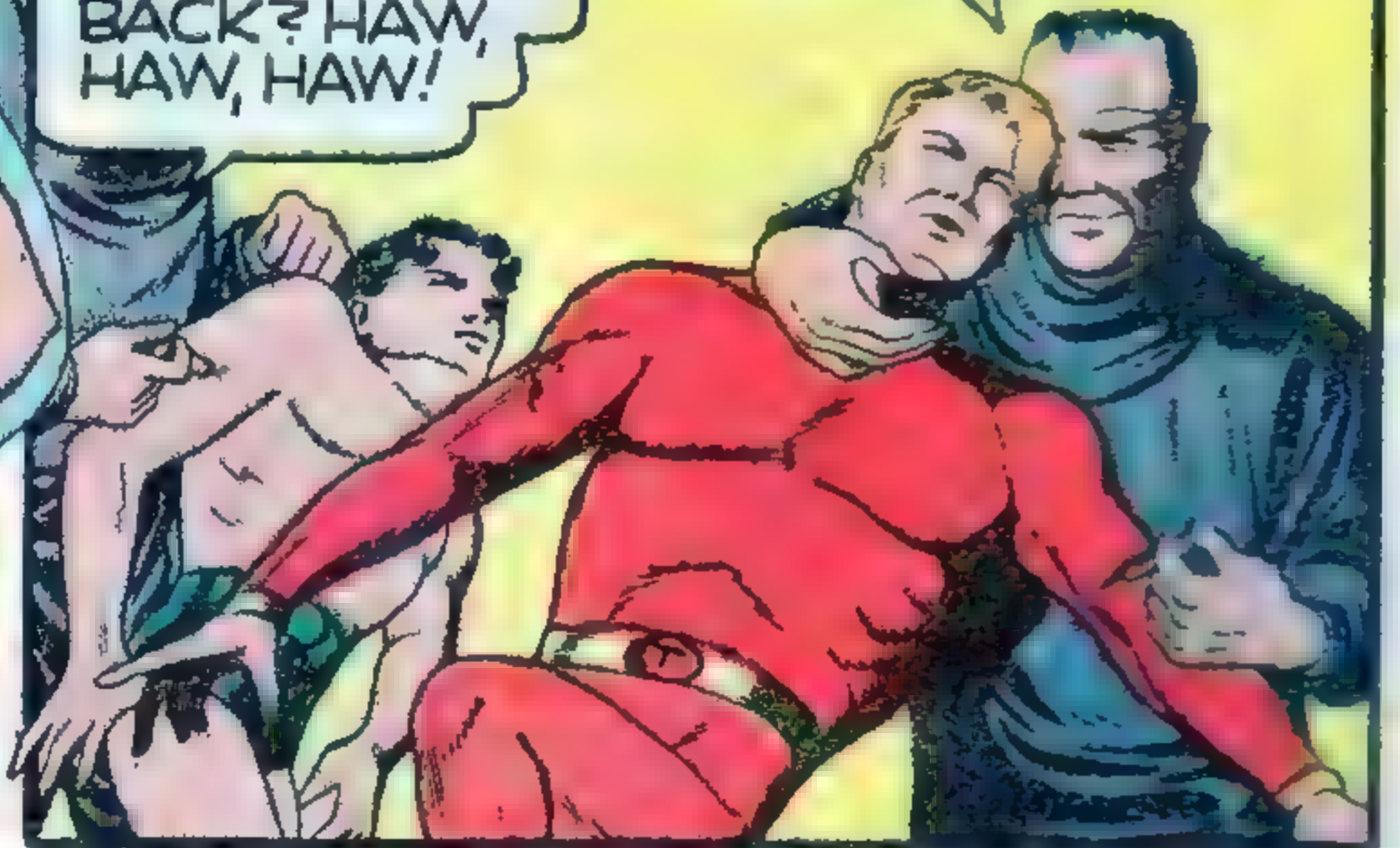
BUT WE CAN
STILL FIGHT!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED TWO NAZIS
SIEZE TORCH AND TORO FROM BEHIND,
A NEEDLE IS JAMMED INTO THEM...

IF YOU CAN FIGHT
WITHOUT YOUR
FLAMES, WHAT'S
HOLDING YOU
BACK? HAW,
HAW, HAW!

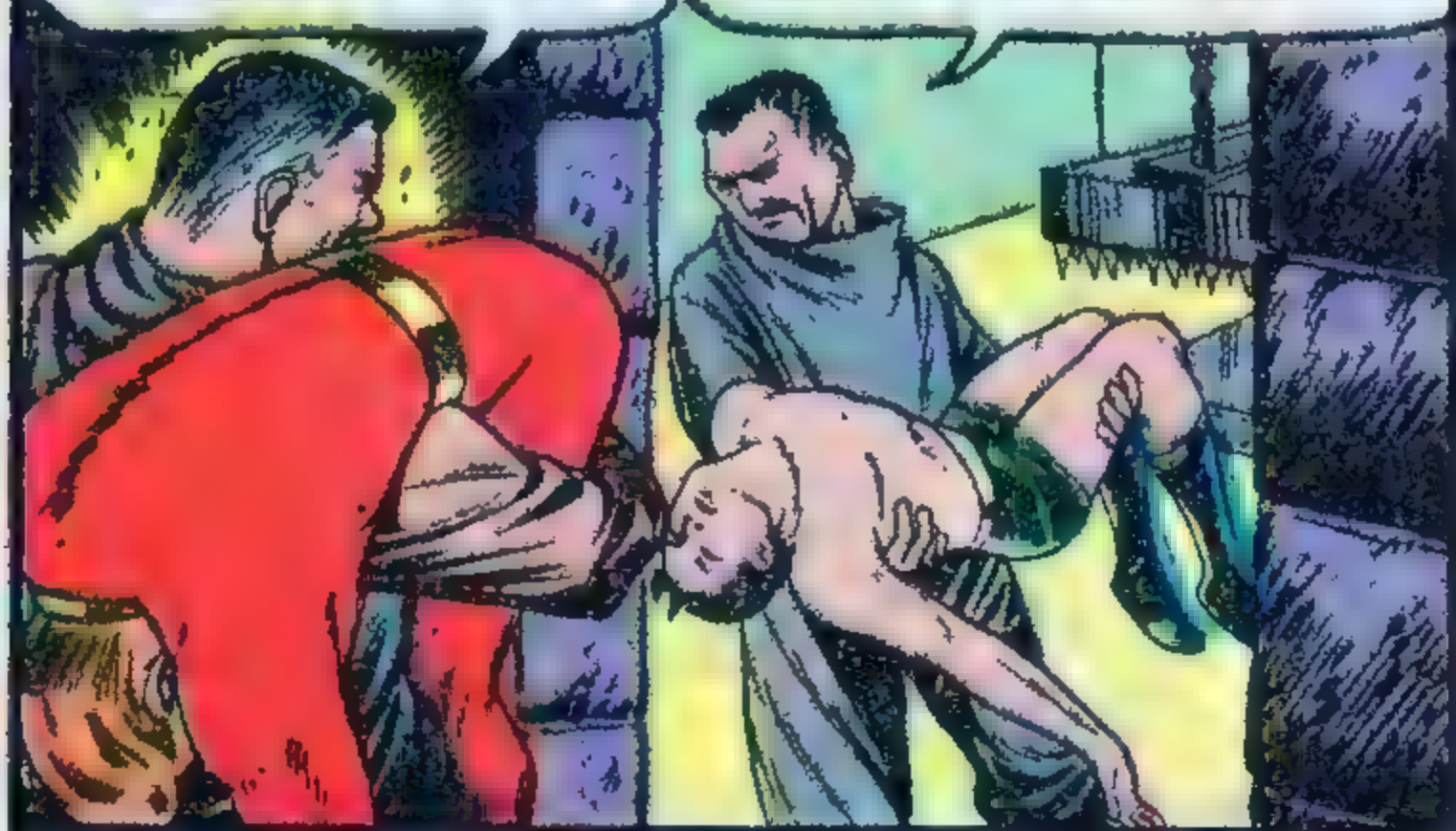
HE'S ALREADY,
TOO SLEEPY
TO ANSWER!



IN A SECOND, THE DRUG
TAKES EFFECT... THE INERT
FIGURES ARE REMOVED TO ANOTHER
ROOM!

LET'S KILL THEM
NOW! WHY WAIT
FOR THE DRUG
TO WEAR OFF?

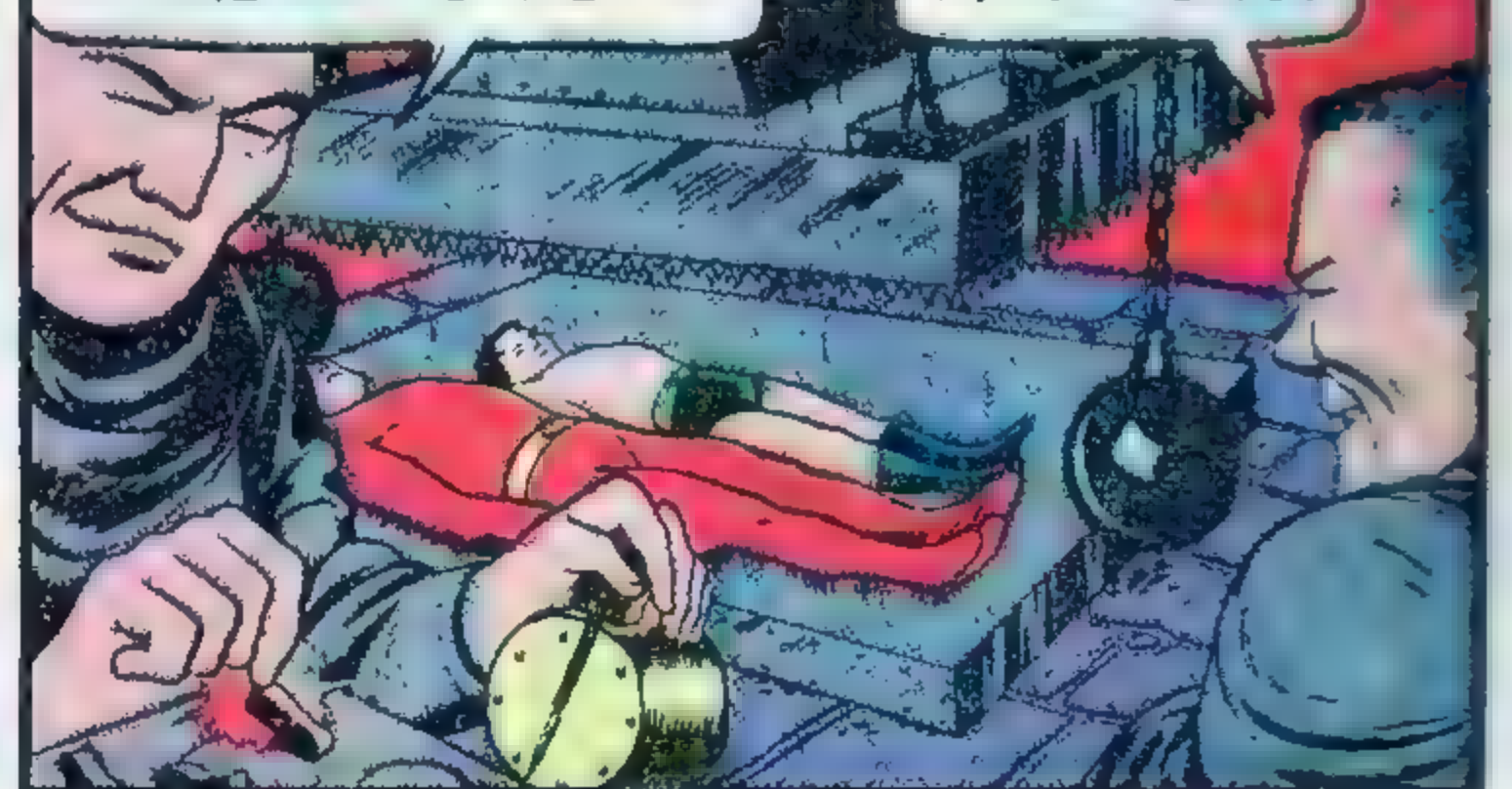
NO! I WANT TO
SEE THOSE
ONCE STRONG
BODIES DIE A SLOW
AGONIZING DEATH!



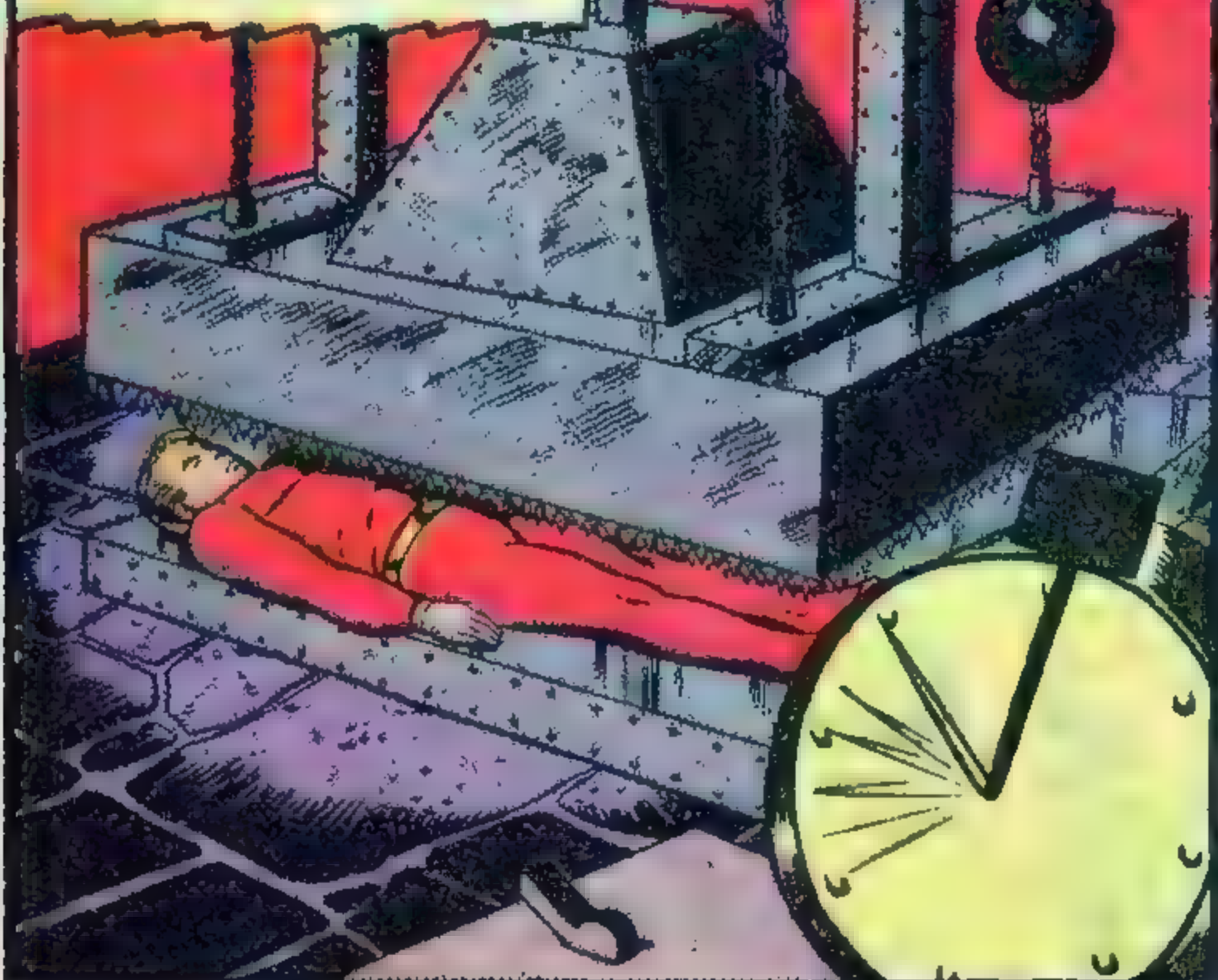
THE SADISTIC NAZIS PLACE THE PAIR
BENEATH A HUGE IRON SLAB STUDDED
WITH RAZOR SHARP PRONGS.....

I HAVE SET THE
INSTRUMENT TO
REACH THEM IN HALF
AN HOUR! THEY WILL BE
SEMI-CONSCIOUS BUT
UNABLE TO MOVE!

WE WILL RETURN
IN HALF AN HOUR
TO SEE THE
END OF THE
HUMAN TORCH
AND TORO!

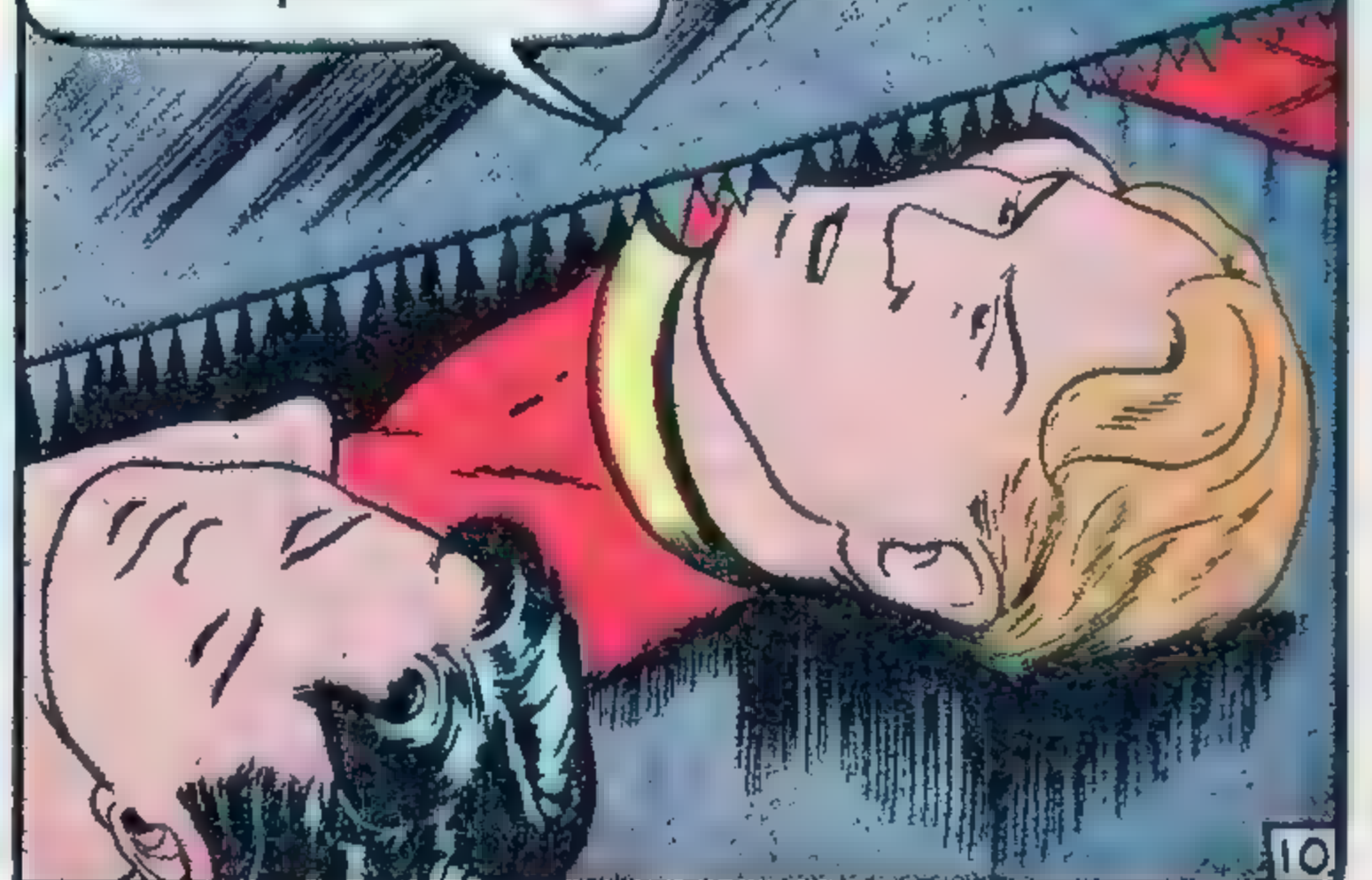


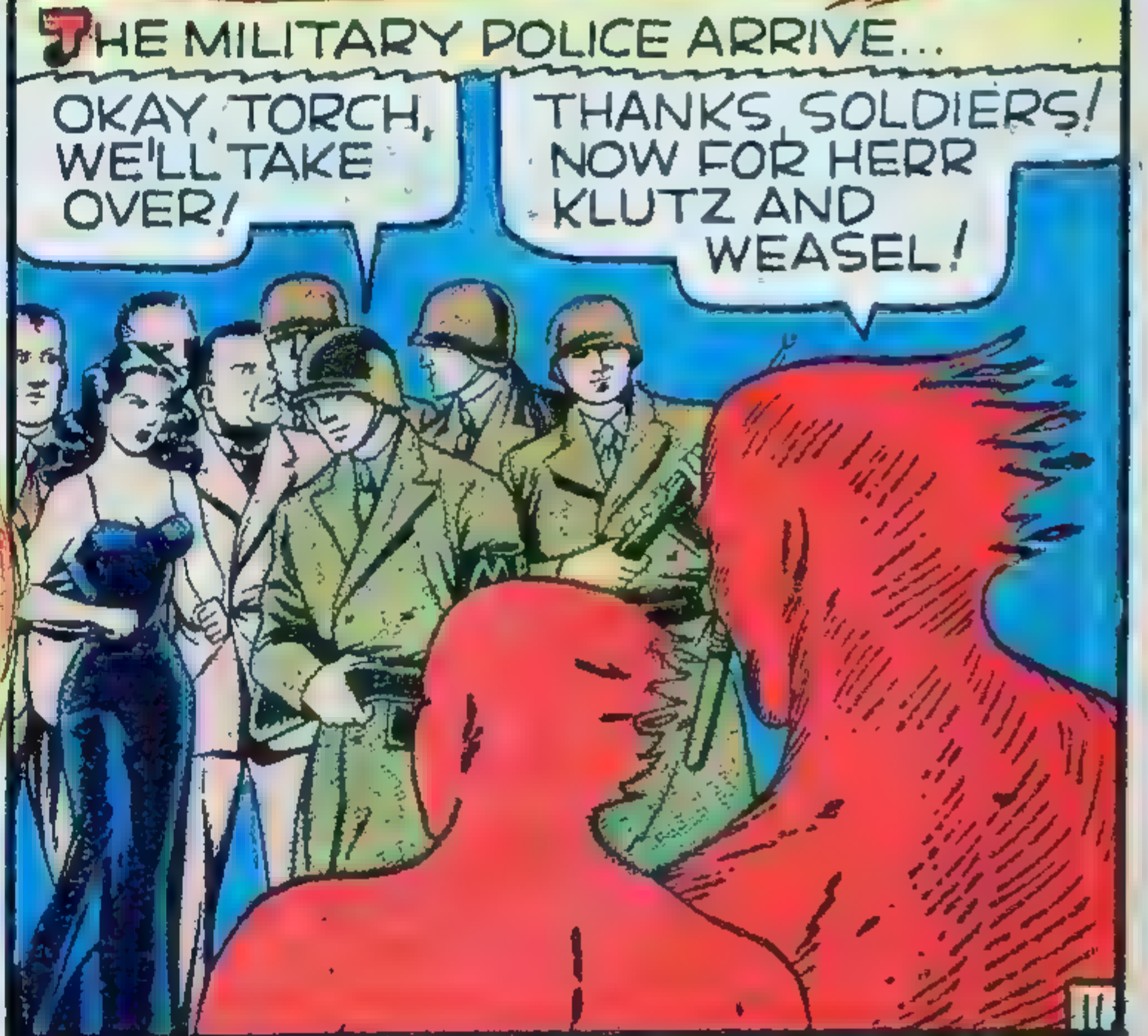
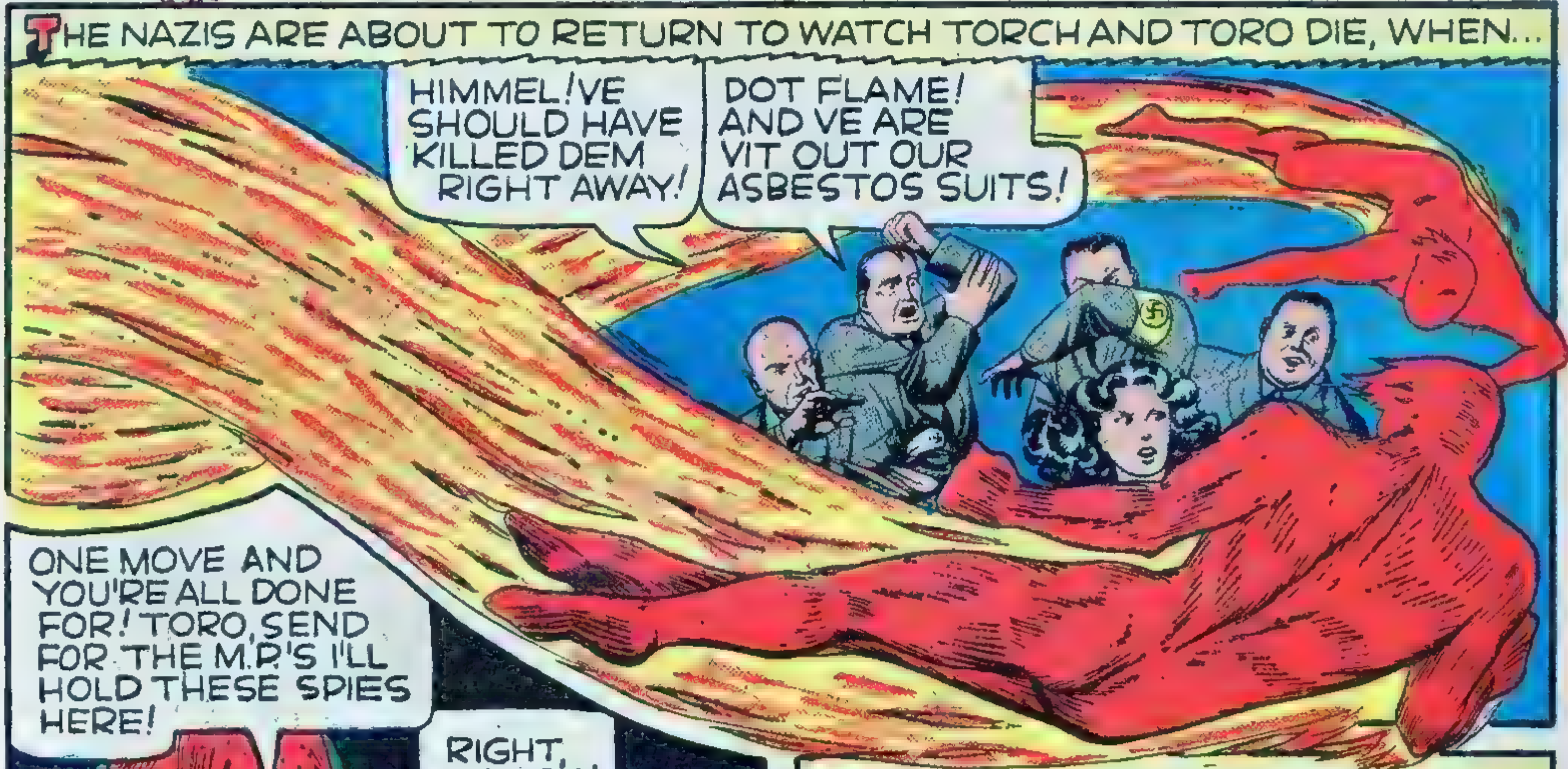
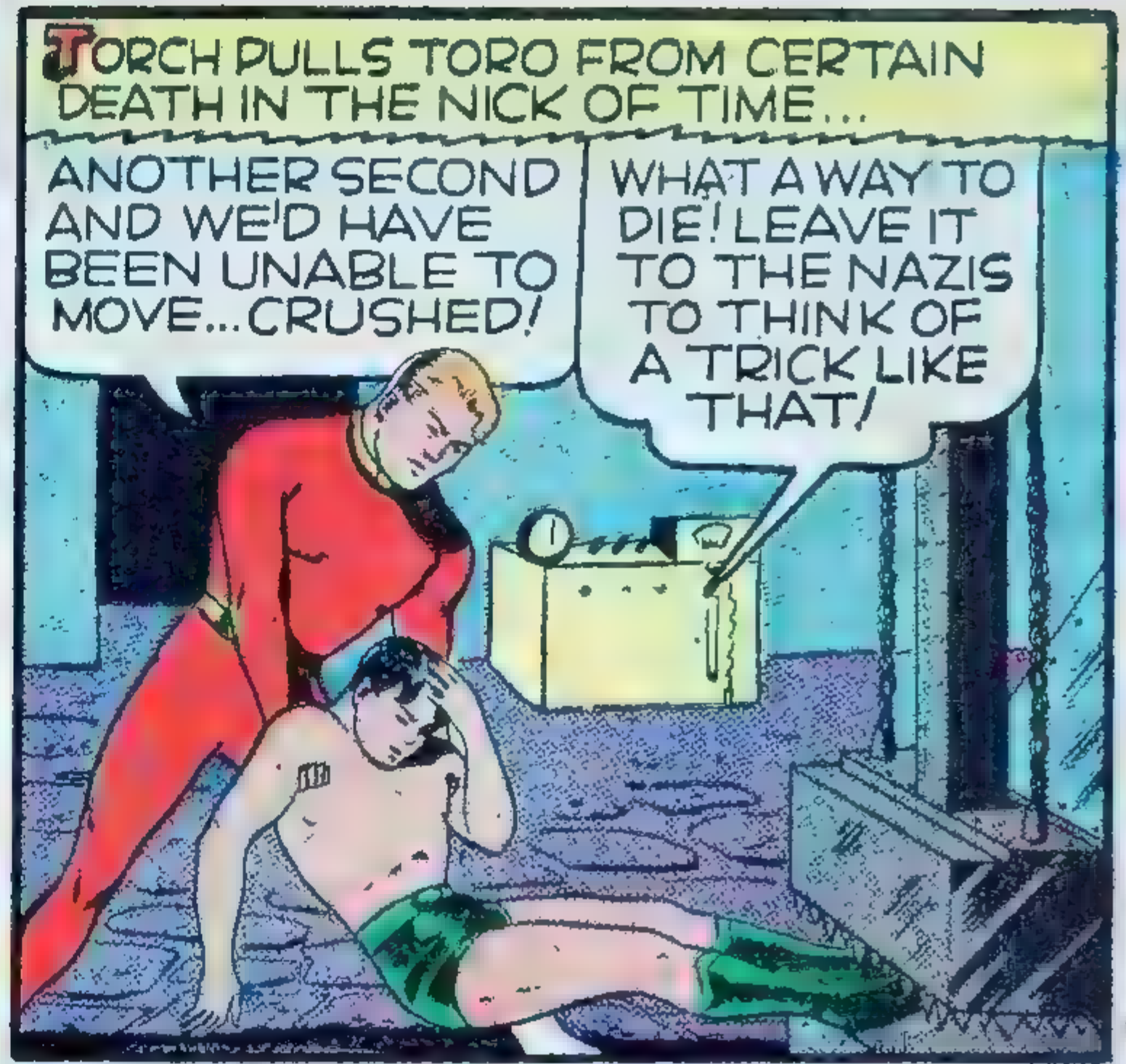
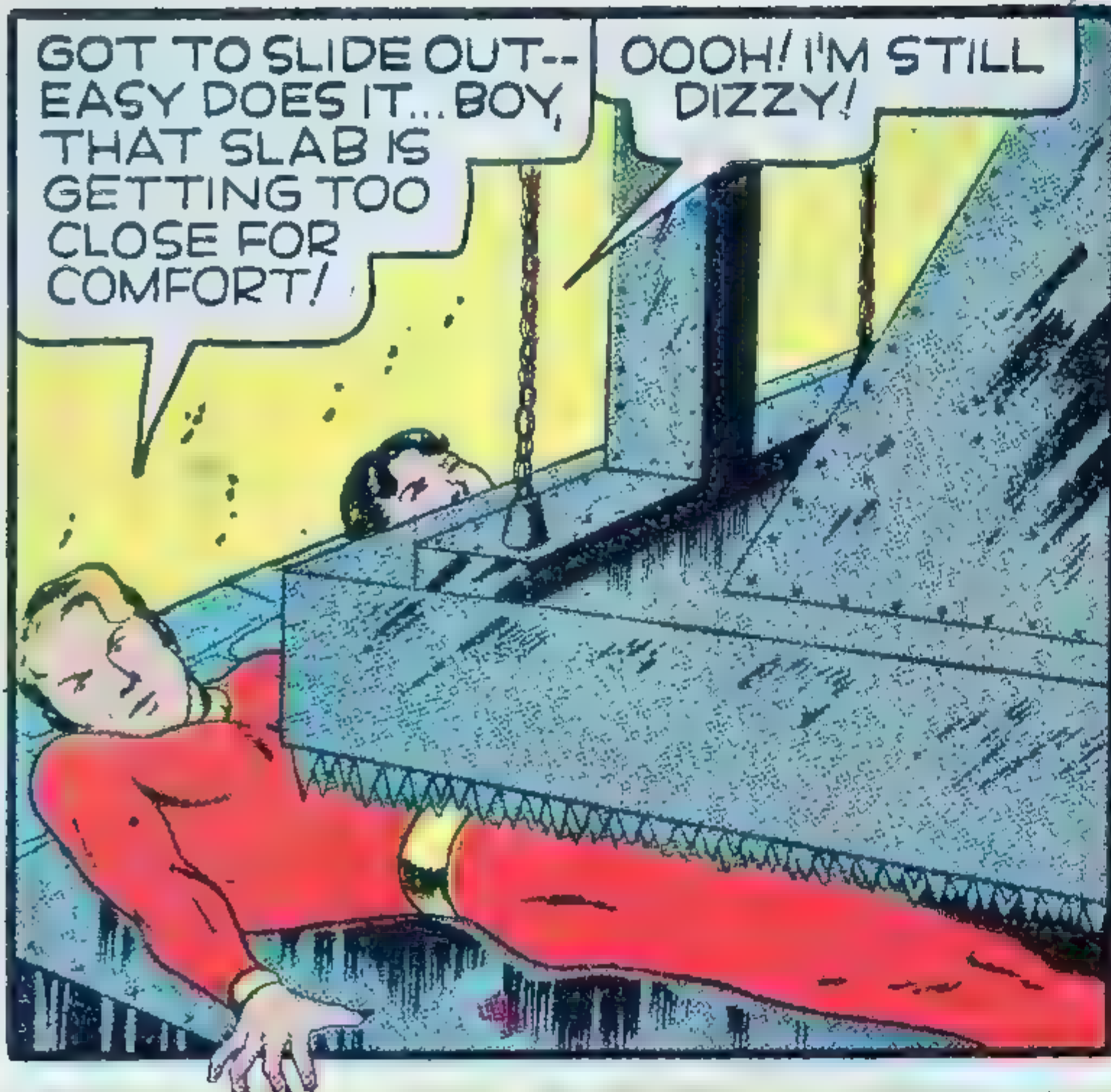
SLOWLY THE MONSTROUS CRUSHING
SLAB MOVES CLOSER TO THE
DRUGGED PAIR...



BUT THE NAZIS MISJUDGE TORCH'S
SUPERHUMAN RECUPERATIVE
POWERS...

OH MY HEAD --
WH-WHAT'S THIS
TORO, WAKE UP!





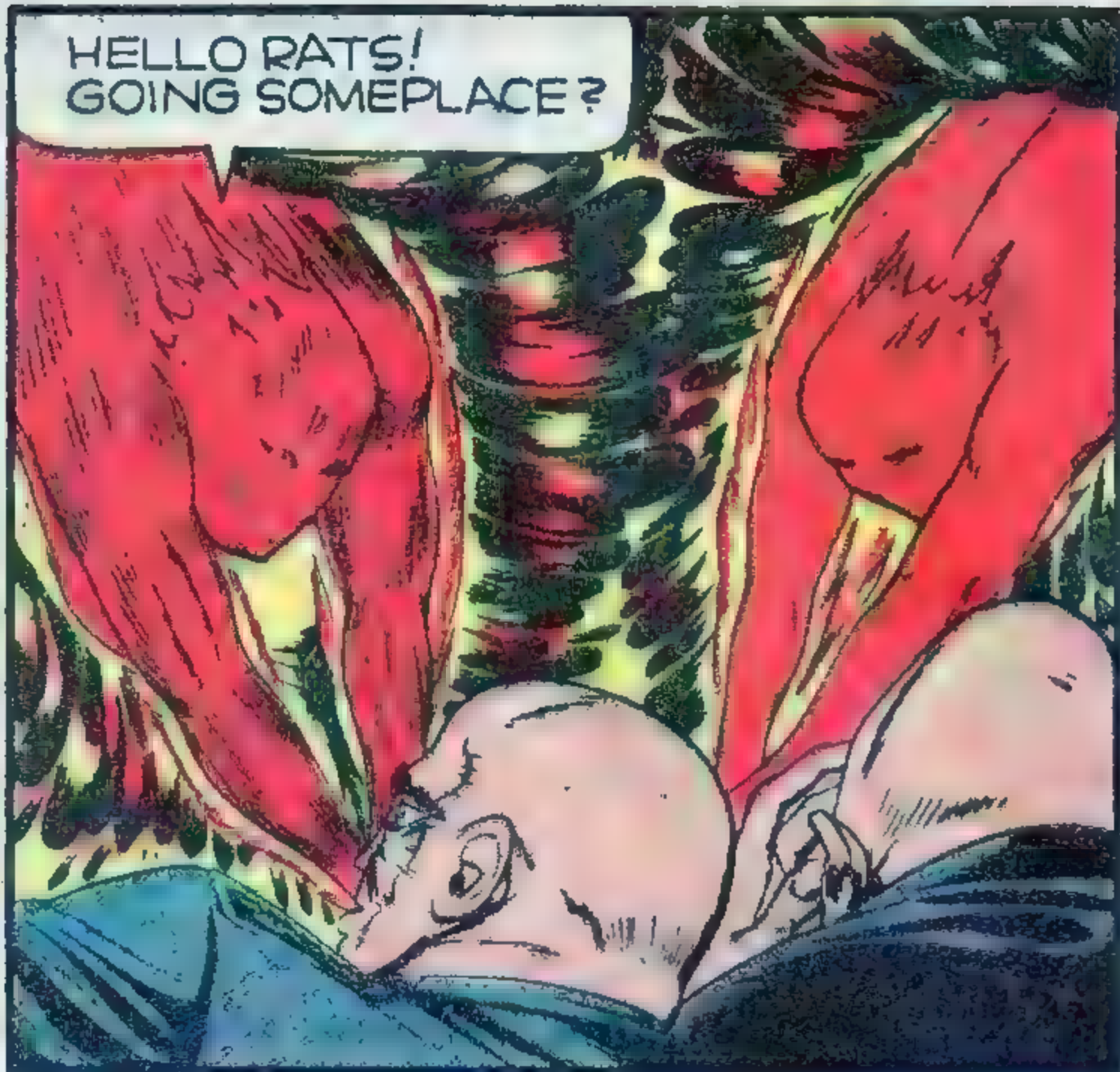
A FEW MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT...THE FLAMING FURIES RACE AFTER THE LONE BOMBER HEADED FOR GENERAL DAWSON'S HEADQUARTERS...

HERE THEY ARE!
THOSE FIENDS
ARE IN FOR A
SURPRISE!

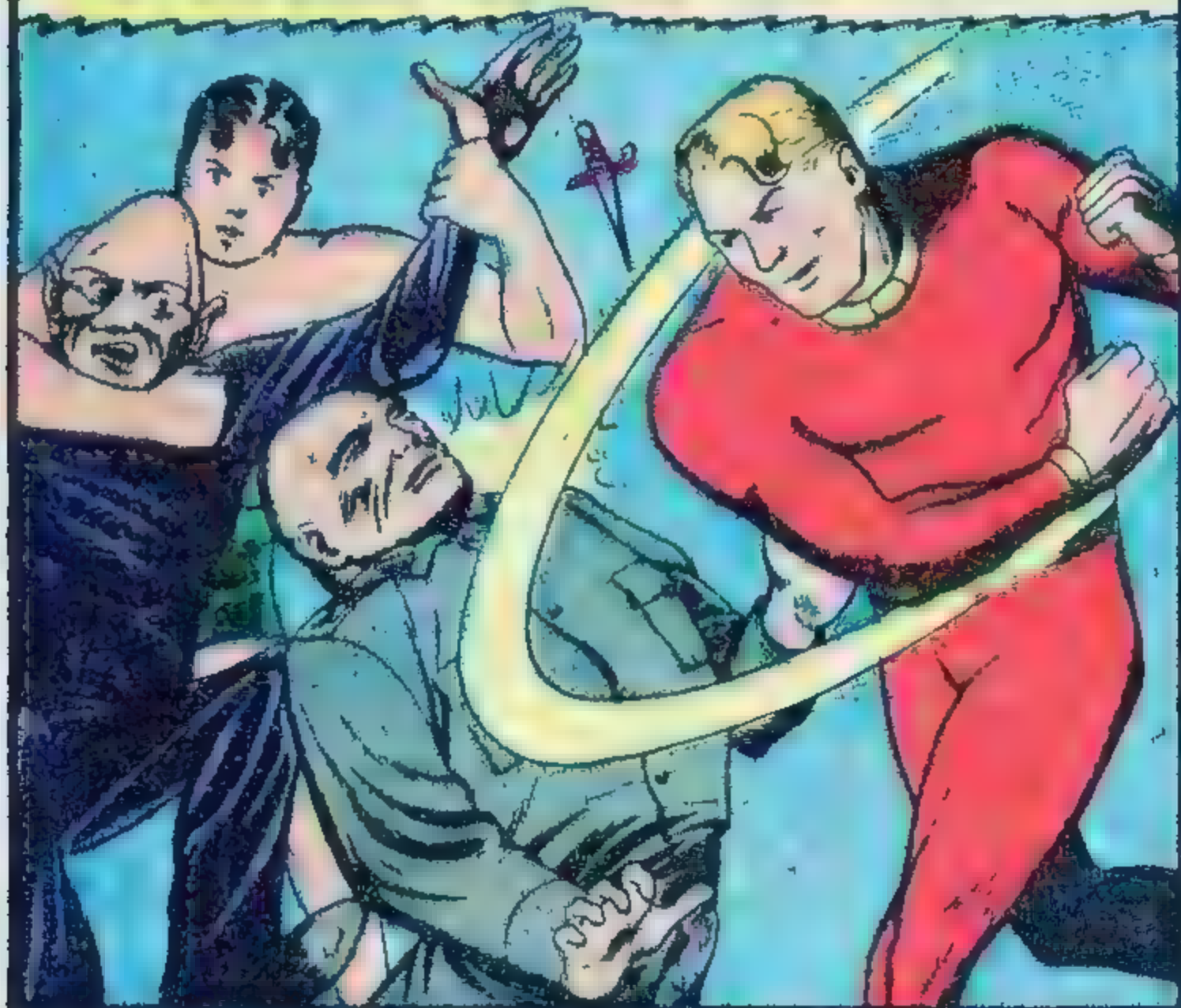
KLUTZ AND
WEASEL, HERE
WE COME!



HELLO RATS!
GOING SOMEPLACE?

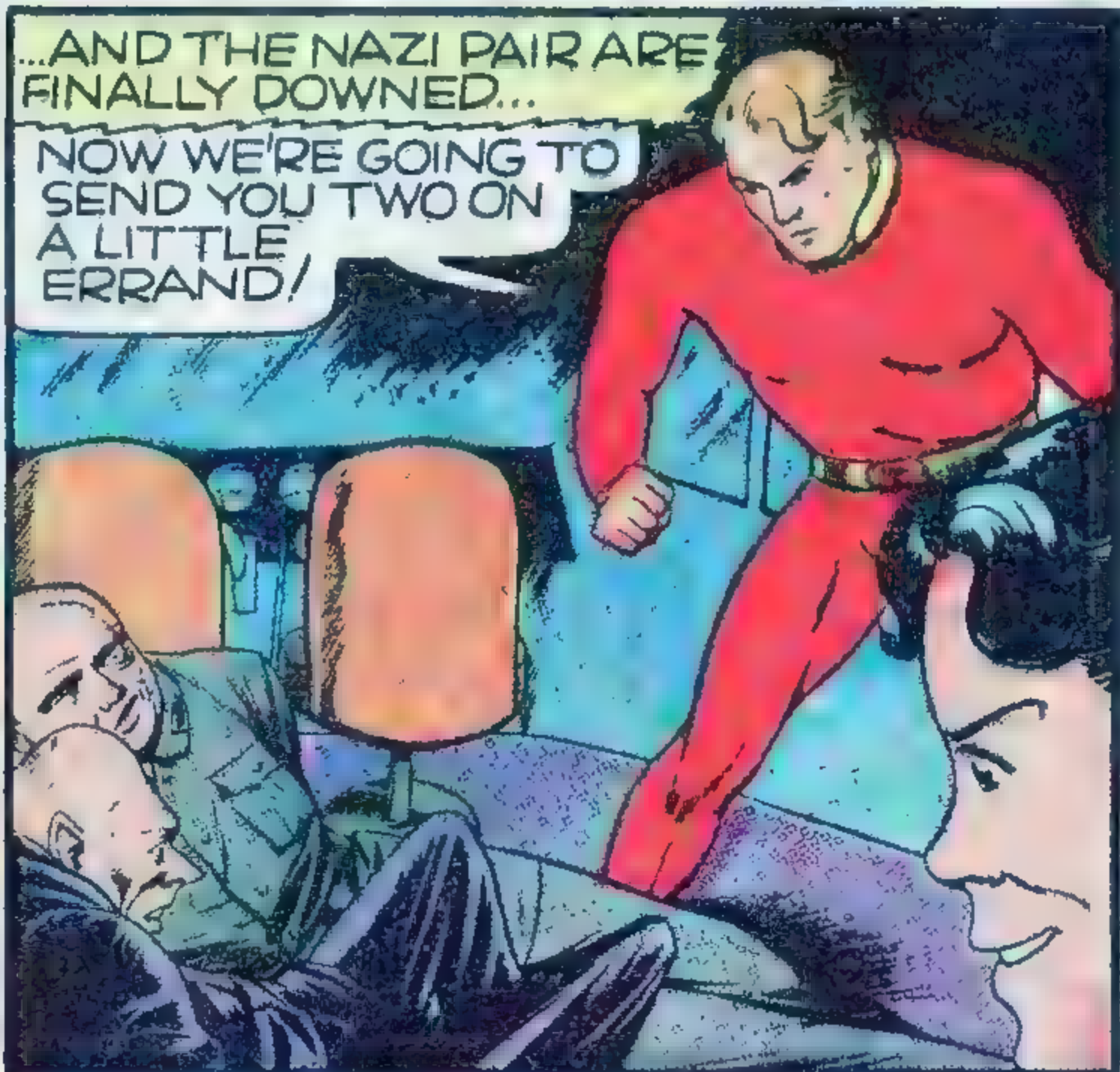


HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS, FOUR MEN STRUGGLE FOR THE CONTROLS...



...AND THE NAZI PAIR ARE FINALLY DOWNED...

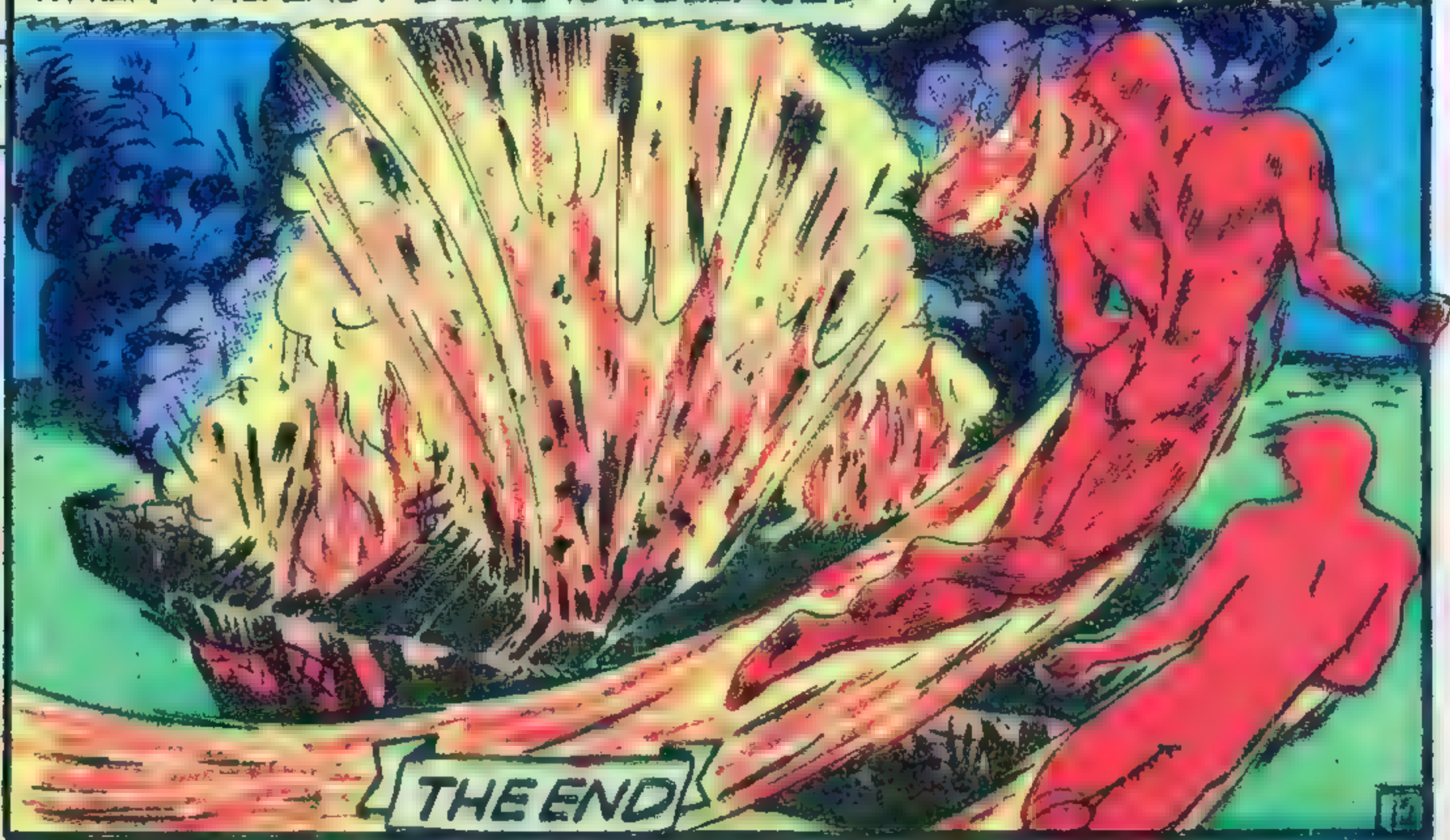
NOW WE'RE GOING TO
SEND YOU TWO ON
A LITTLE
ERRAND!



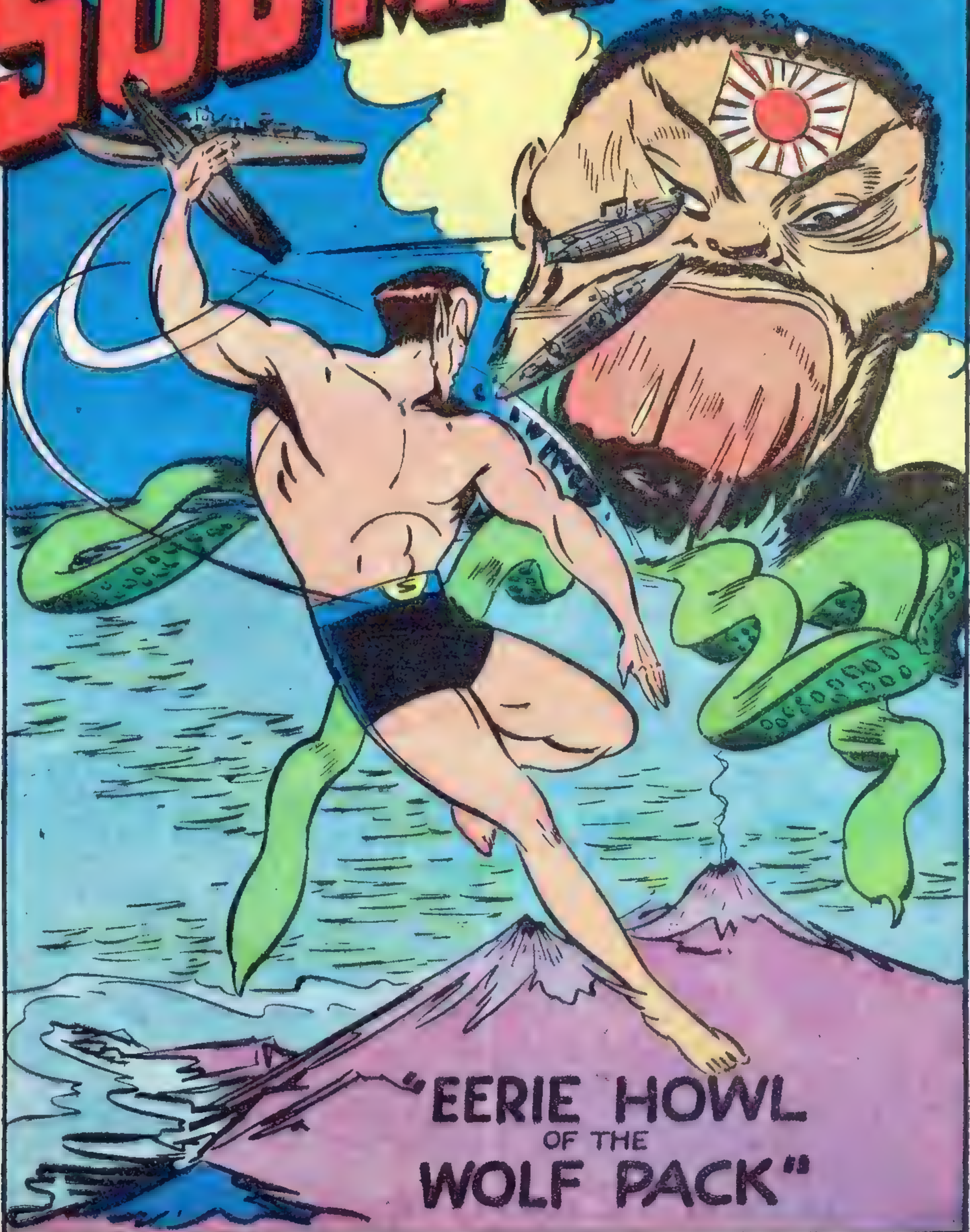
TORCH SETS THE COURSE OF THE PLANE TOWARD THE GOERING WORKS! WITH DEADLY ACCURACY THE BOMBS FIND THEIR TARGET...



AND...THE EVIL PAIR CRASH INTO THE RAGING INFERNO WHEN THE LAST BOMB IS RELEASED



SUB-MARINER



EERIE HOWL
OF THE
WOLF PACK

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC
ABOARD A JAPANESE BATTLESHIP.

OUR HONORABLE EMPEROR'S
WISHES HAVE BEEN COMPLIED
WITH, MOST NOBLE
BARON TOGI!

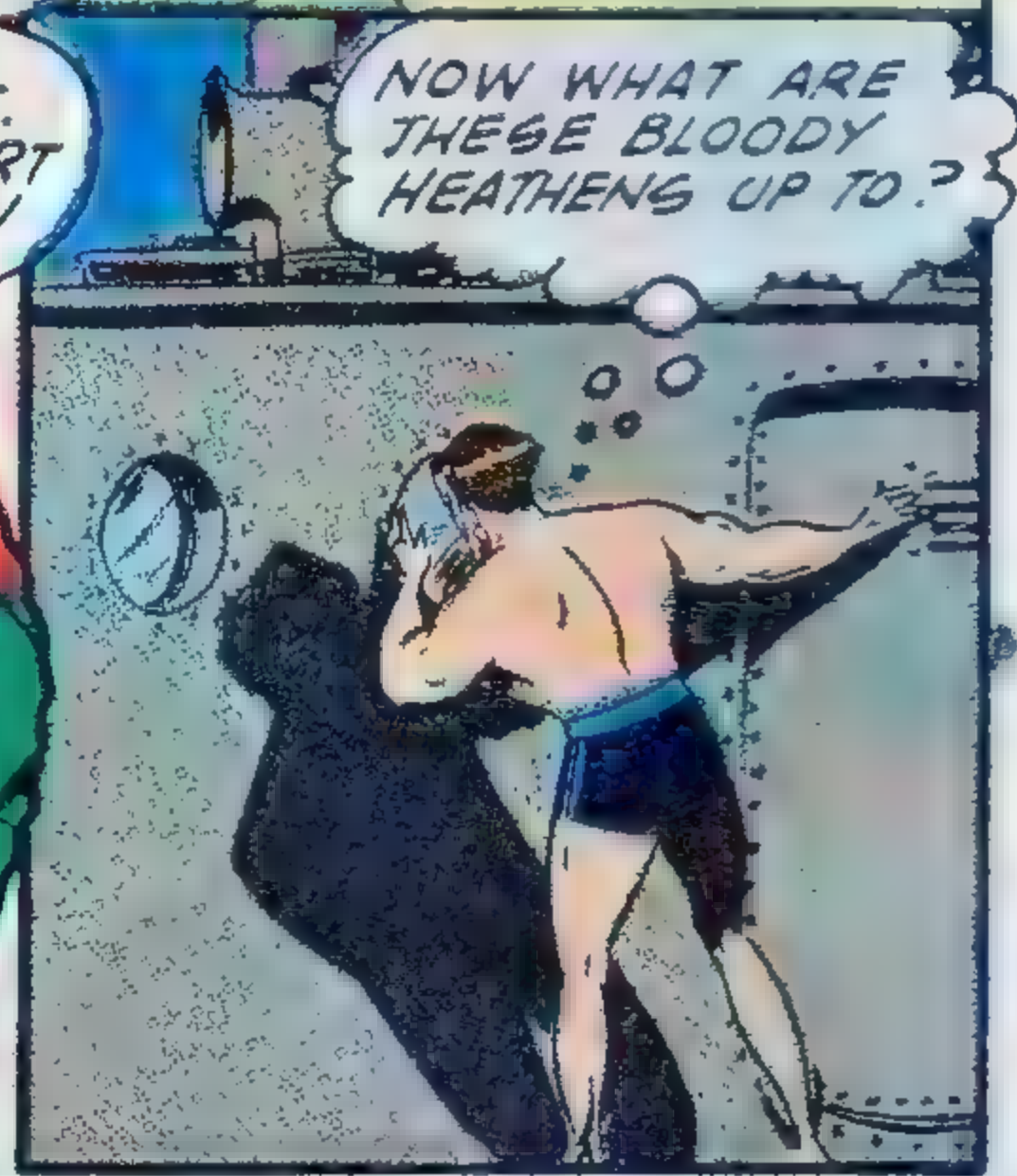
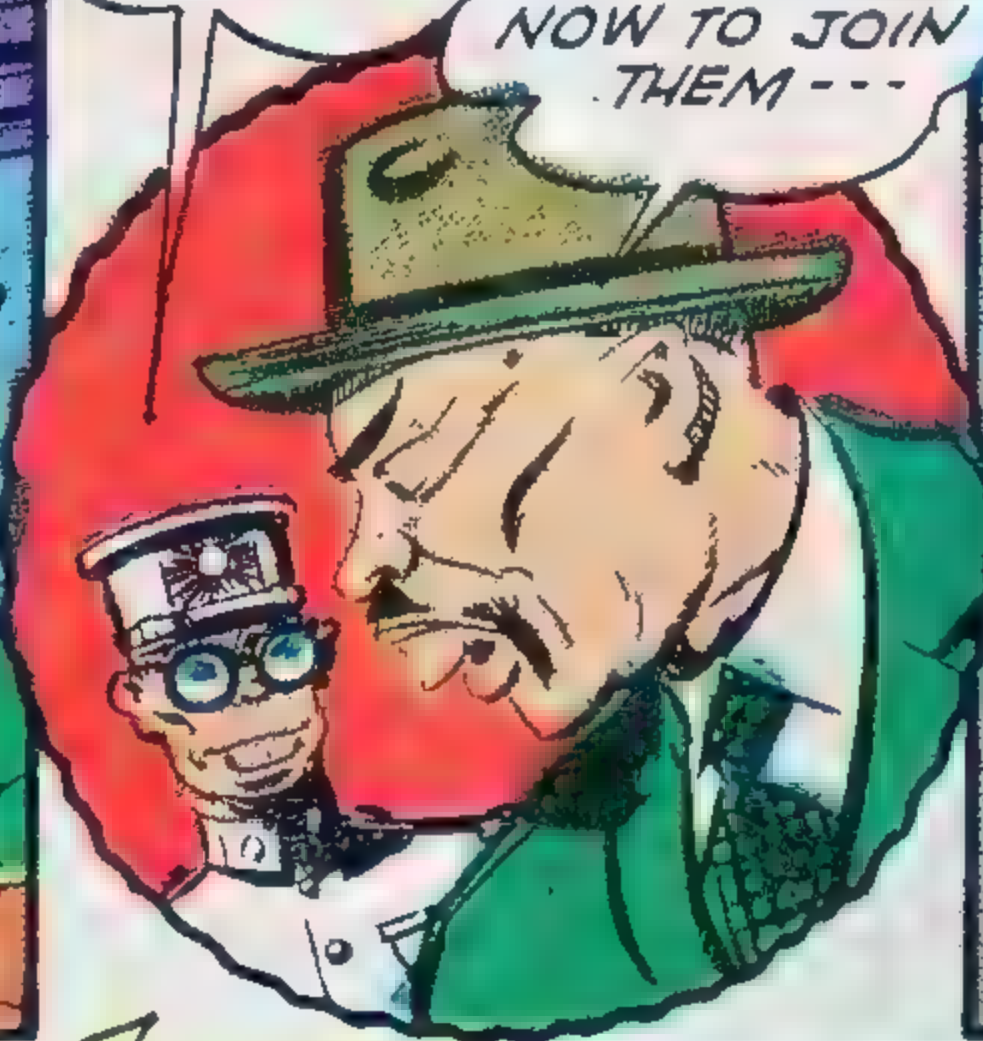
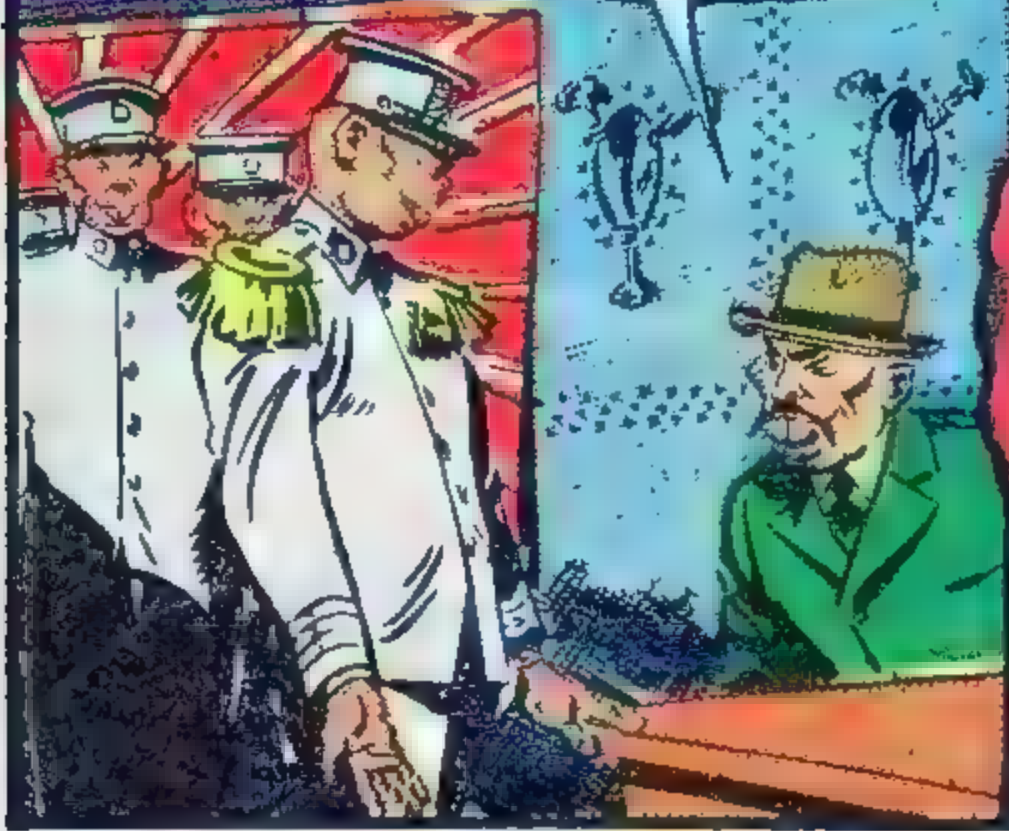
SPLENDID!

WE HAVE THE DECOY FLEET IN
THE PAPUA HARBOR AWAITING
THE ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN
FORCES WHICH
ARE TO BE
DESTROYED!

EXCELLENT.
I WILL DEPART
NOW TO JOIN
THEM ---

HOWEVER, AN ANGULAR
FIGURE HAS HEARD ALL-
THE GUBMARINER!

NOW WHAT ARE
THESE BLOODY
HEATHENS UP TO?

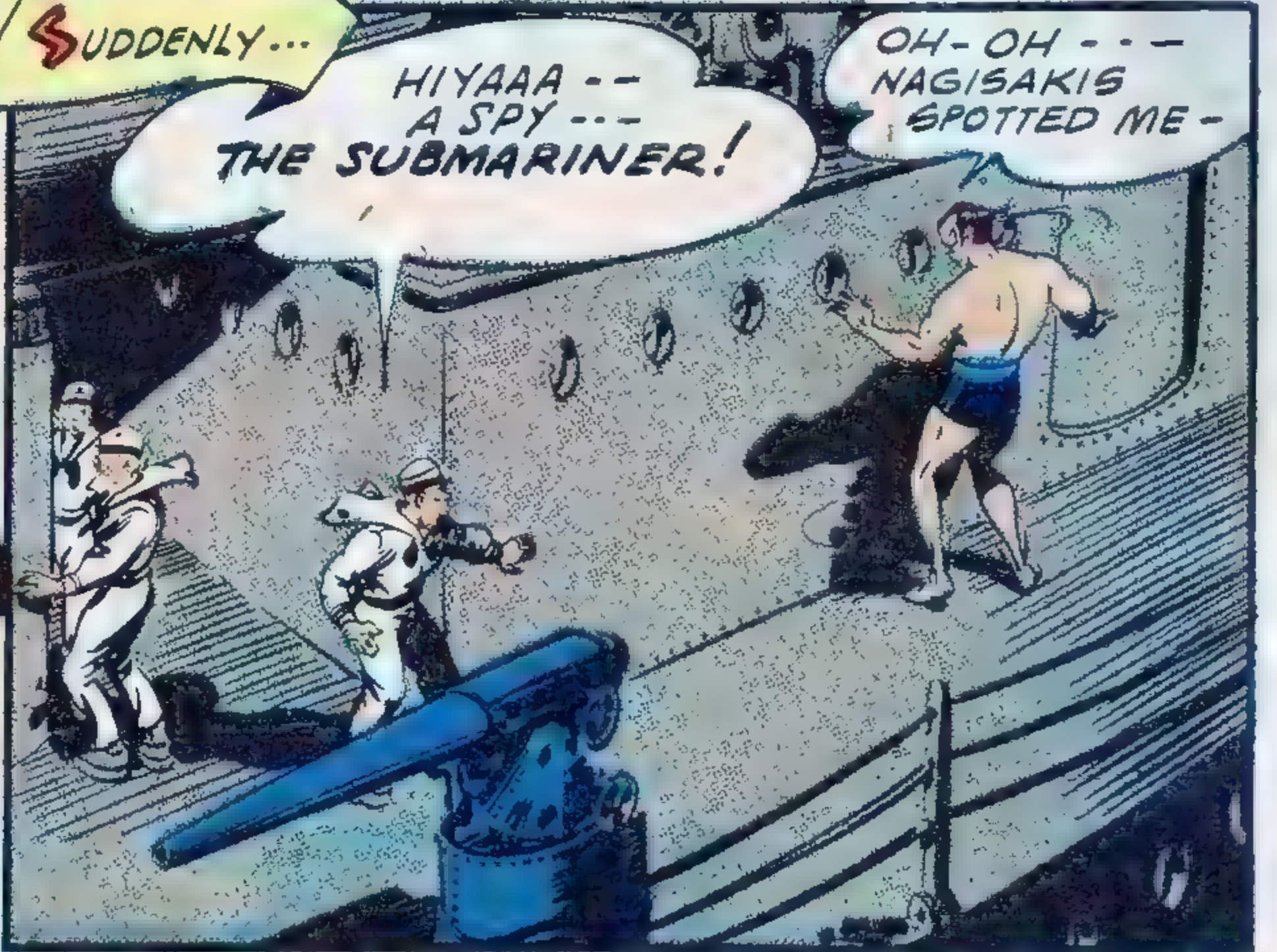
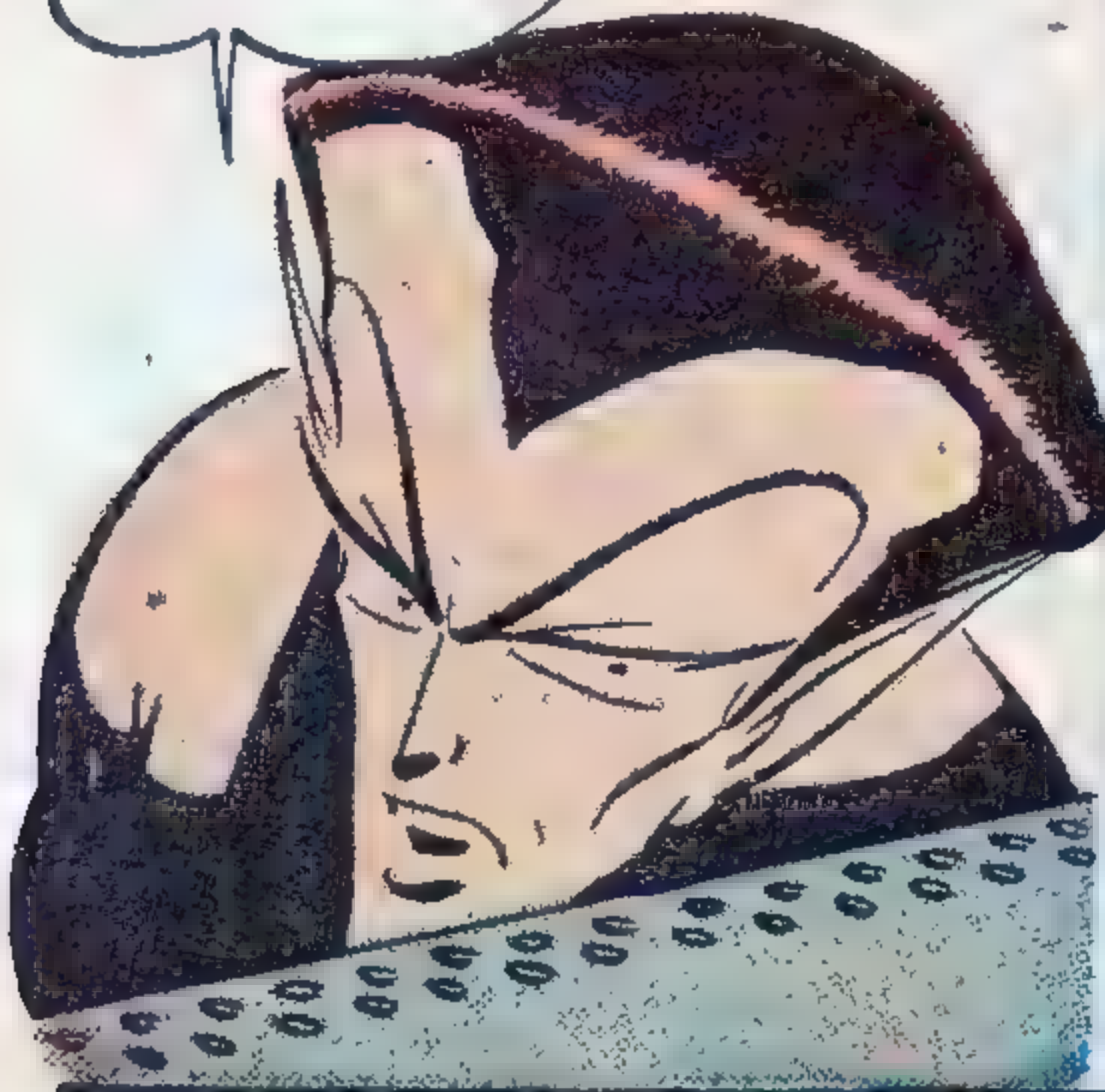


THEY MENTIONED
SOMETHING ABOUT
A JAP FLEET I
PAPUA - BUT I
HAVE TO FIND
OUT MORE!

SUDDENLY...

HIYAAA --
A SPY ---
THE SUBMARINER!

OH-OH ---
NAGISAKI'S
SPOTTED ME -



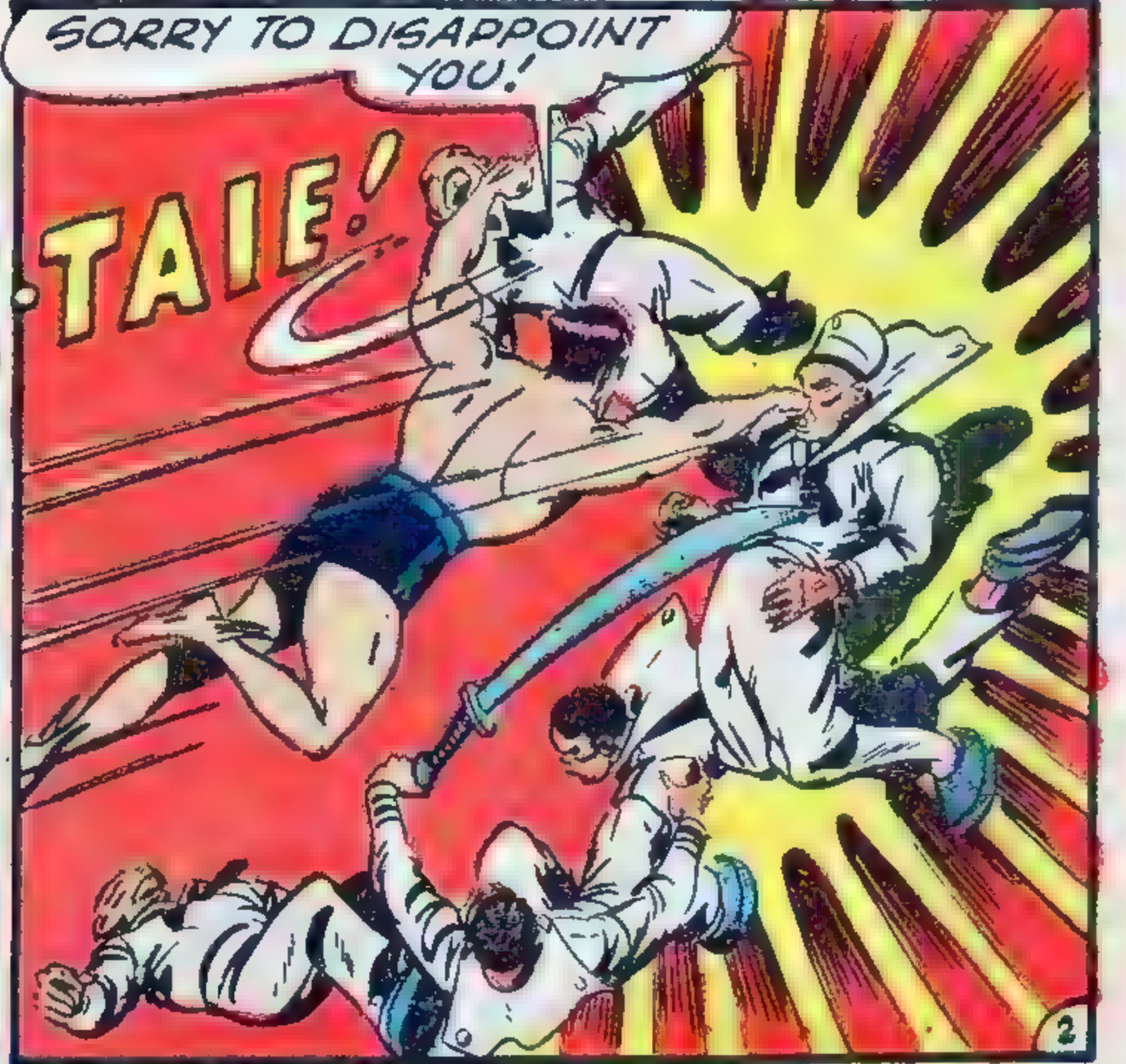
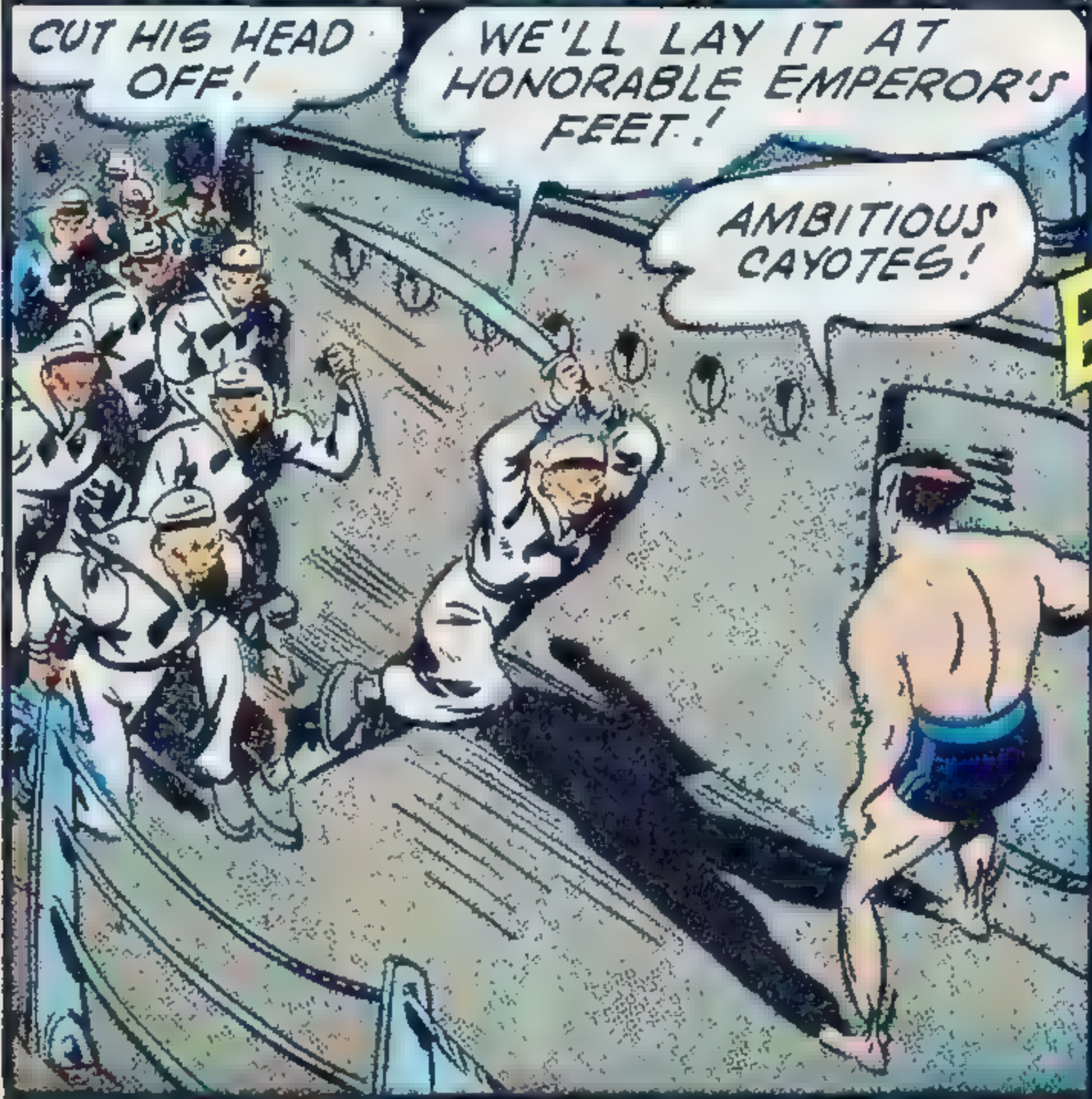
CUT HIS HEAD
OFF!

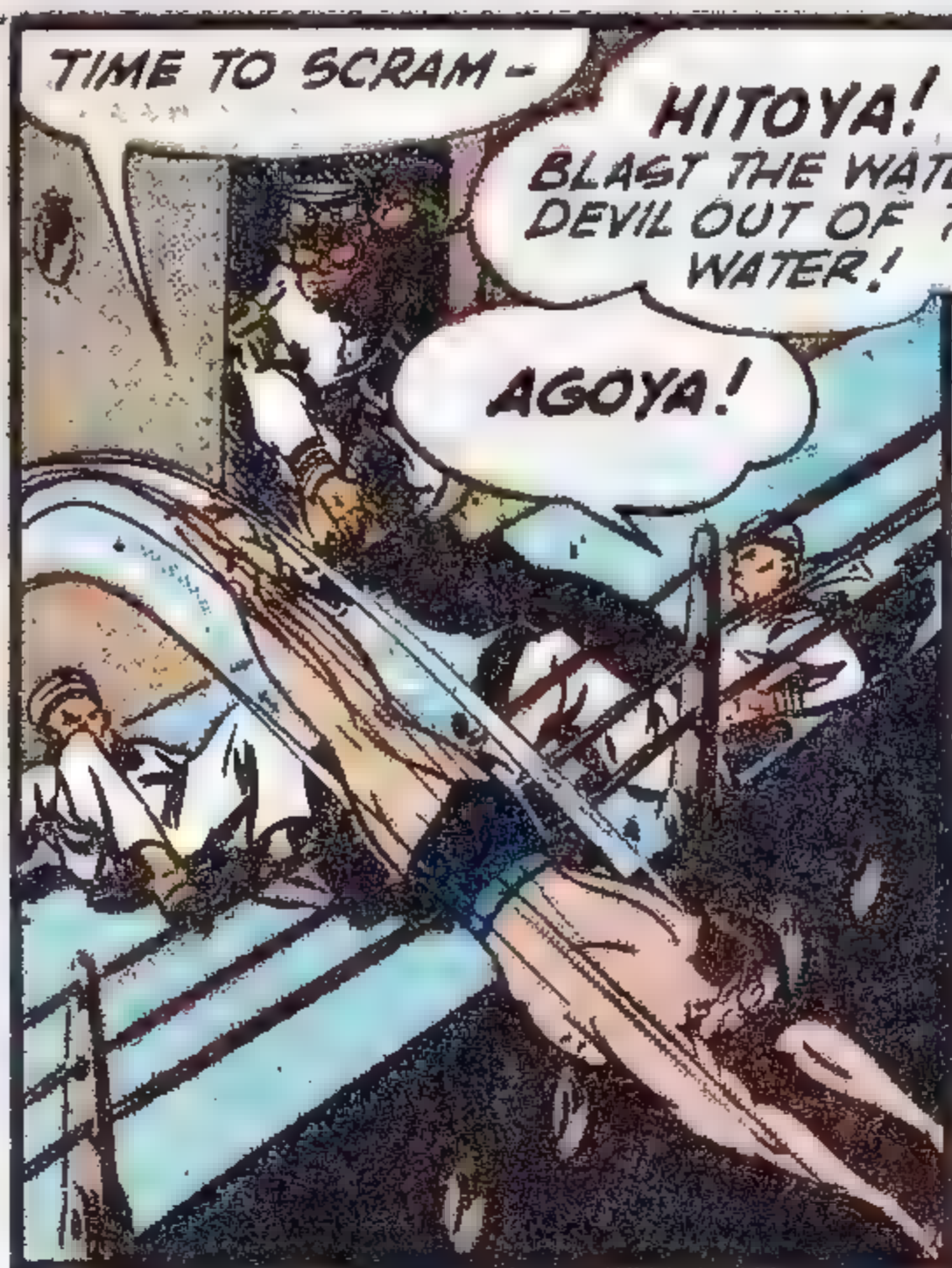
WE'LL LAY IT AT
HONORABLE EMPEROR'S
FEET!

AMBITIOUS
CAYOTES!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT
YOU!

E-TAIE!

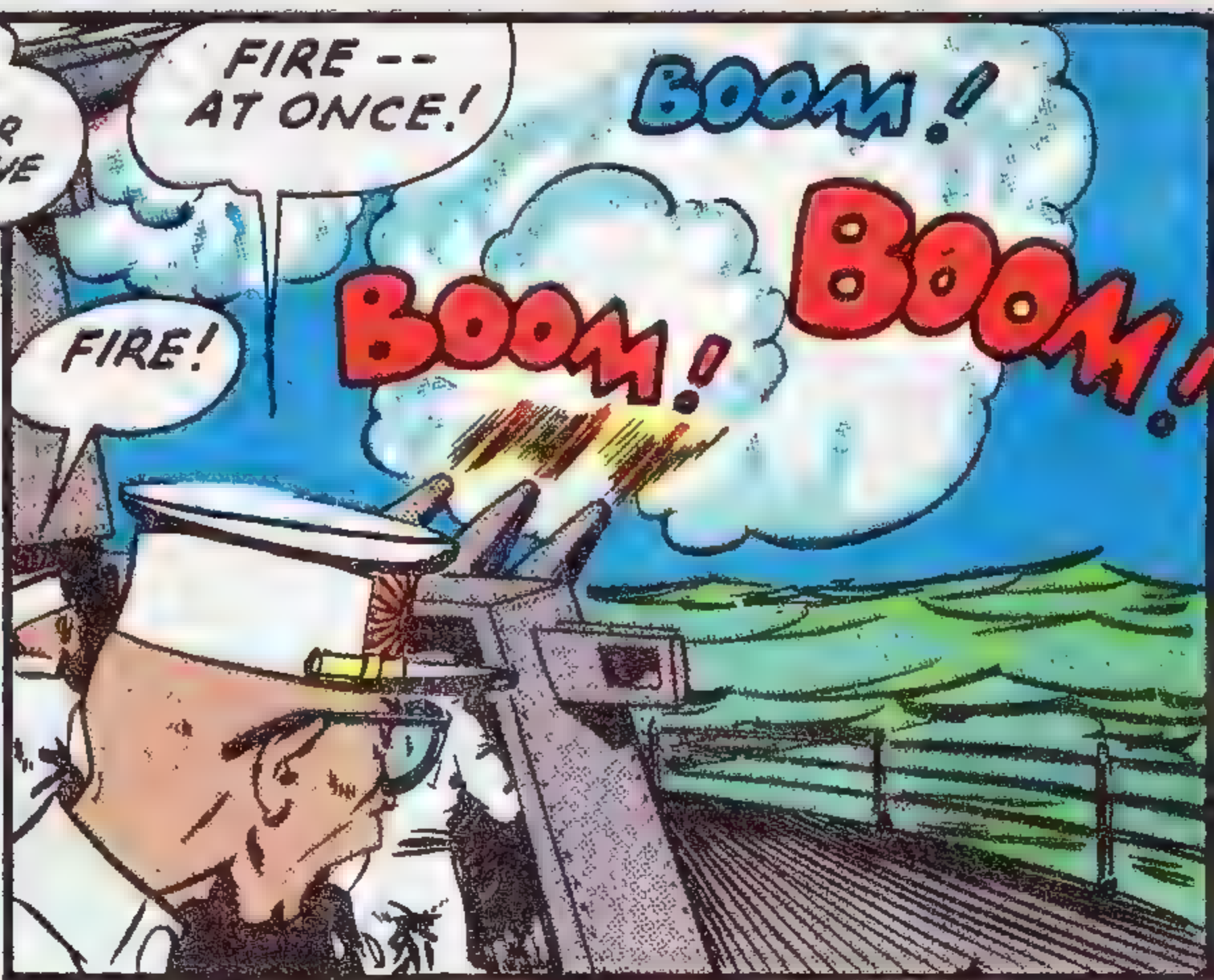




TIME TO SCRAM --

HITOYA!
BLAST THE WATER
DEVIL OUT OF THE
WATER!

AGOYA!



FIRE --
AT ONCE!

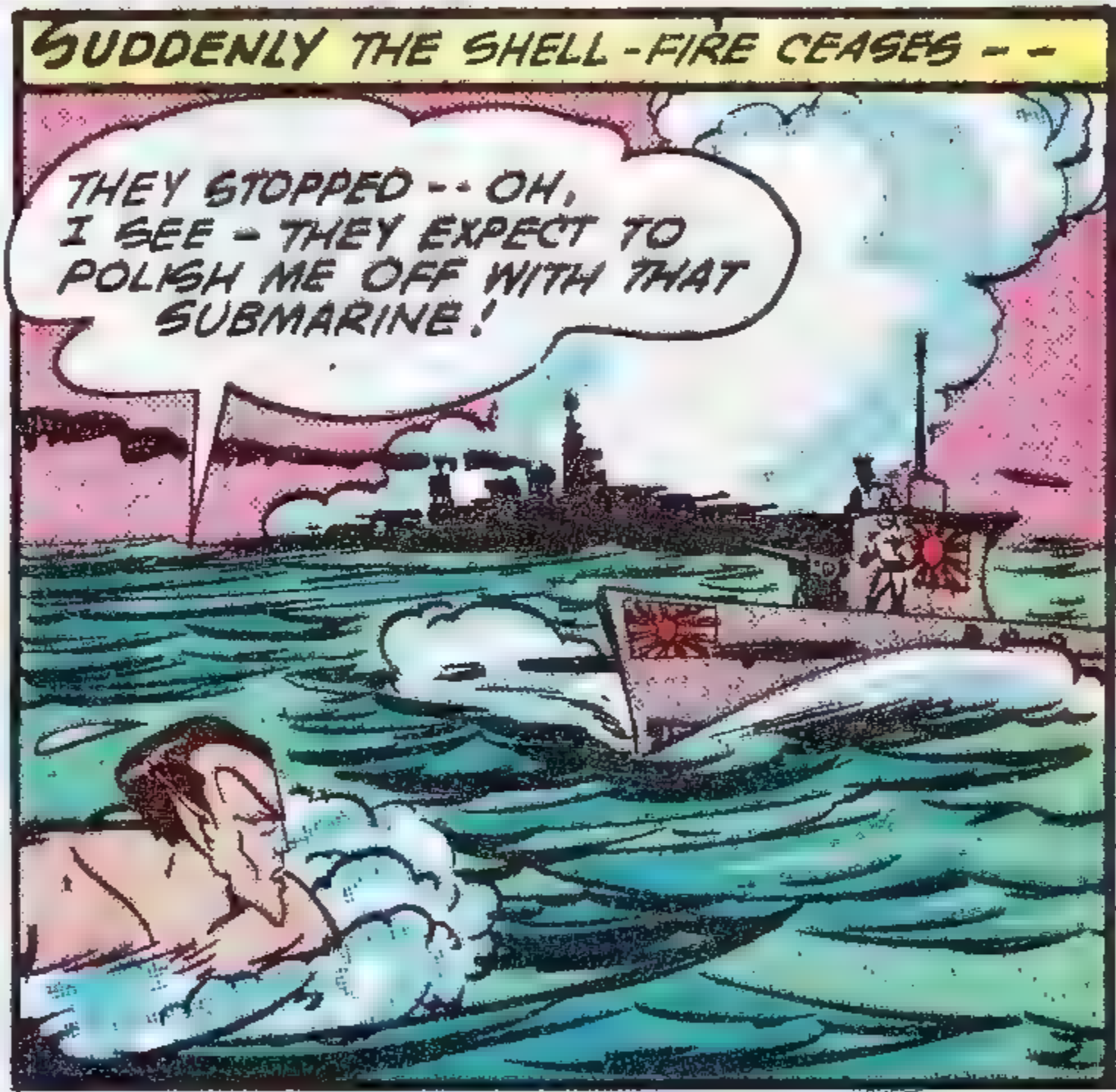
FIRE!

BOOM!
BOOM!



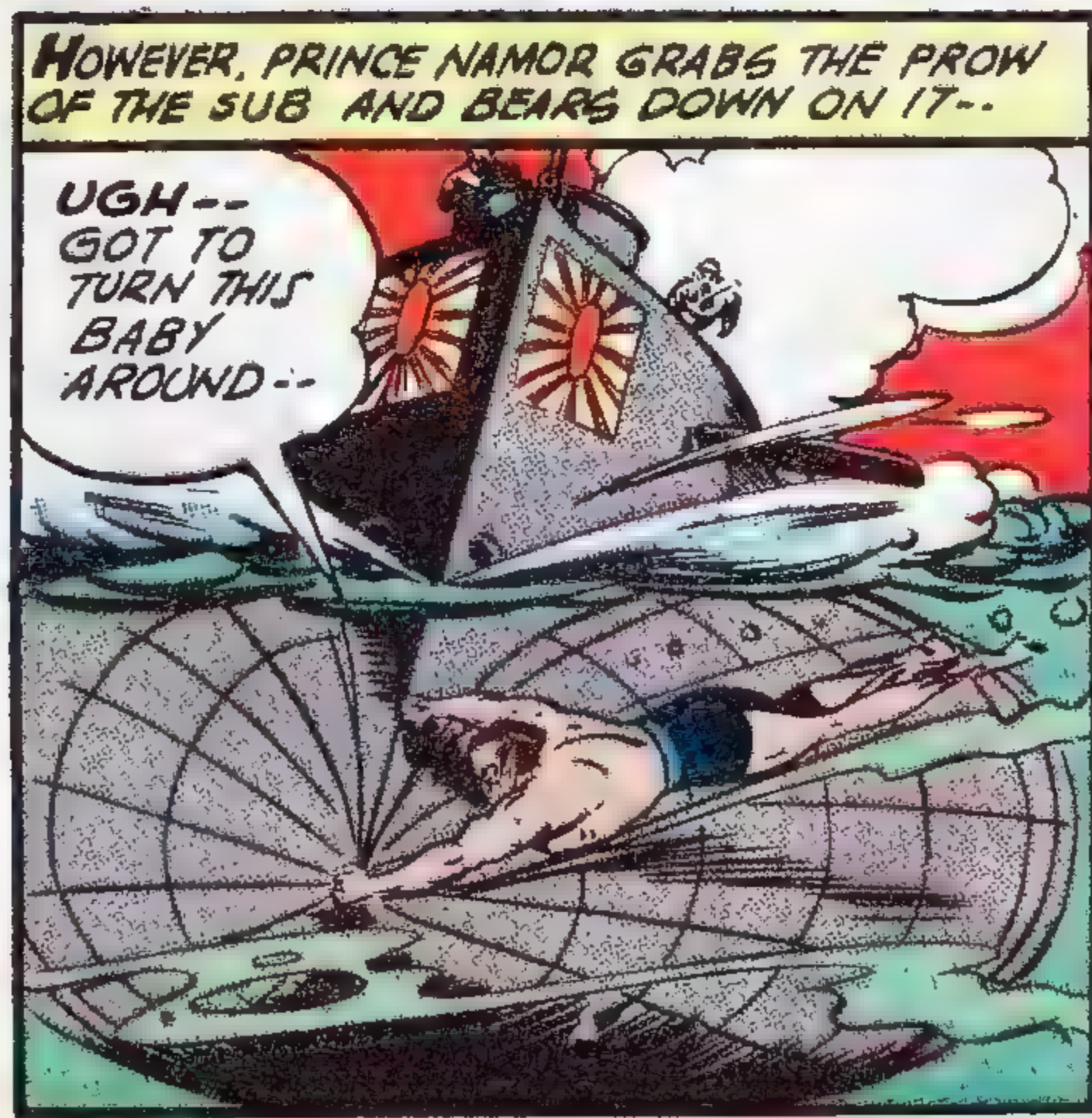
YEOW! THEY'RE
MAKING A TARGET
OUT OF ME!

ZOOM!



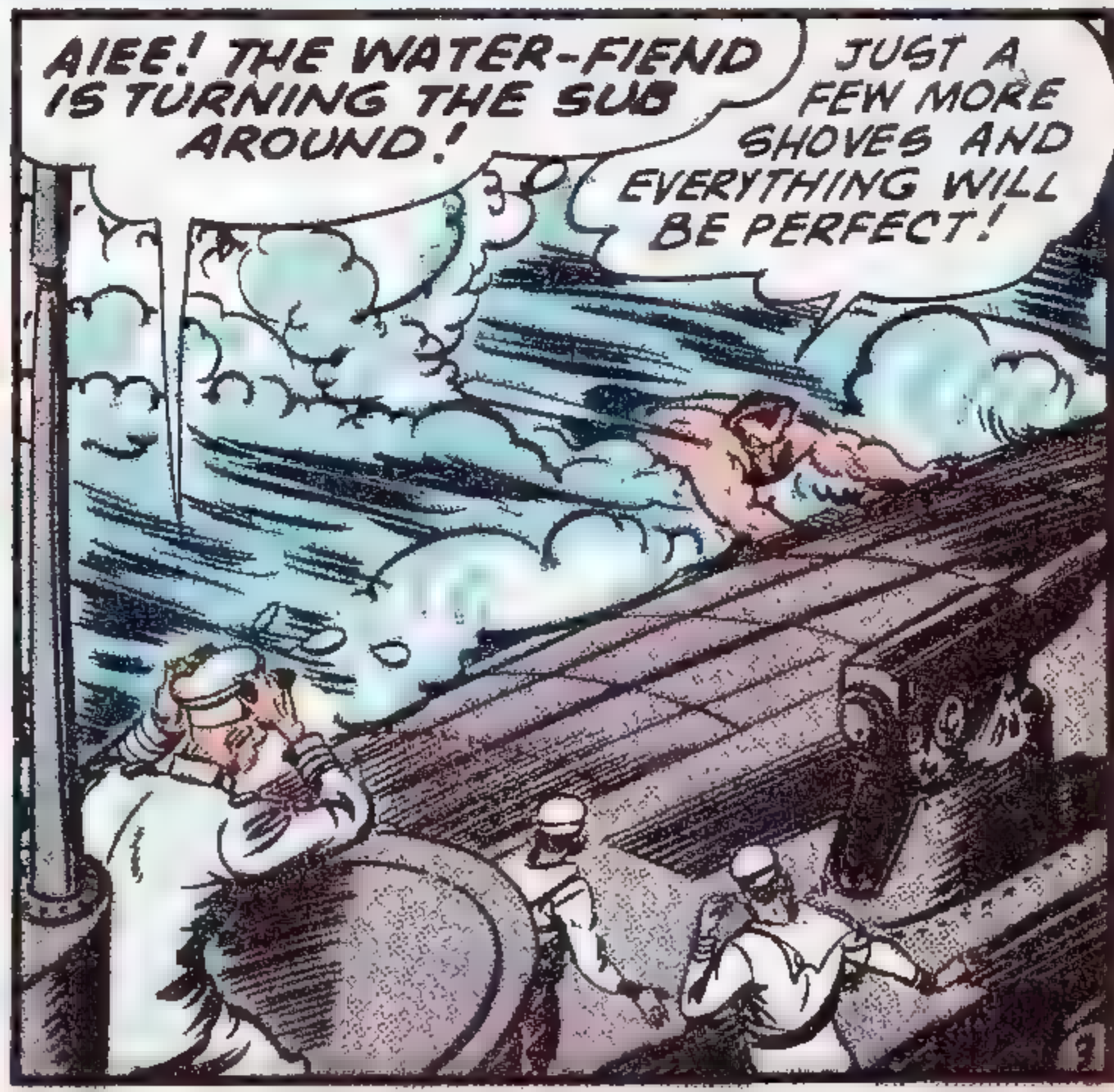
SUDDENLY THE SHELL-FIRE CEASES --

THEY STOPPED -- OH,
I SEE -- THEY EXPECT TO
POLISH ME OFF WITH THAT
SUBMARINE!



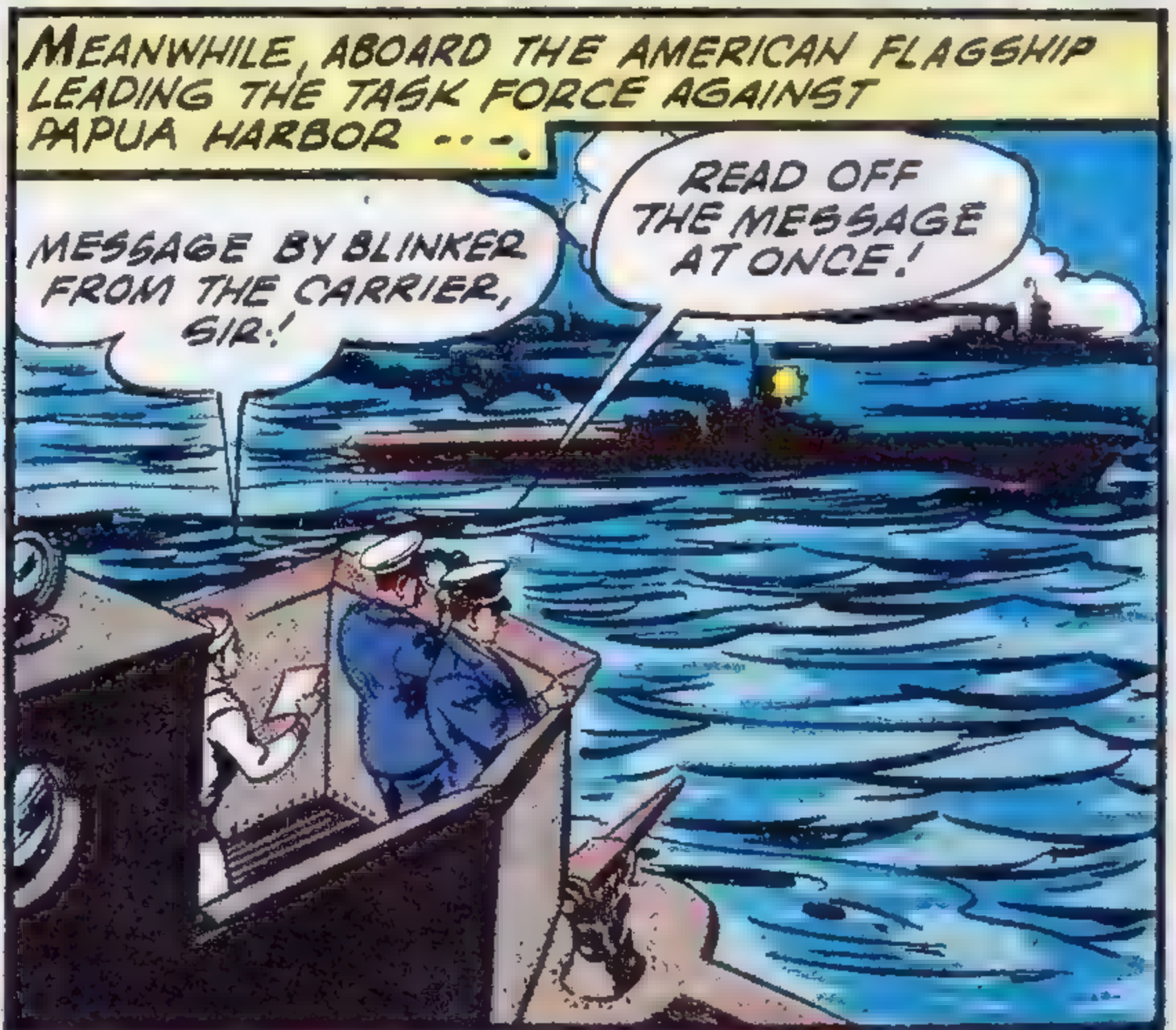
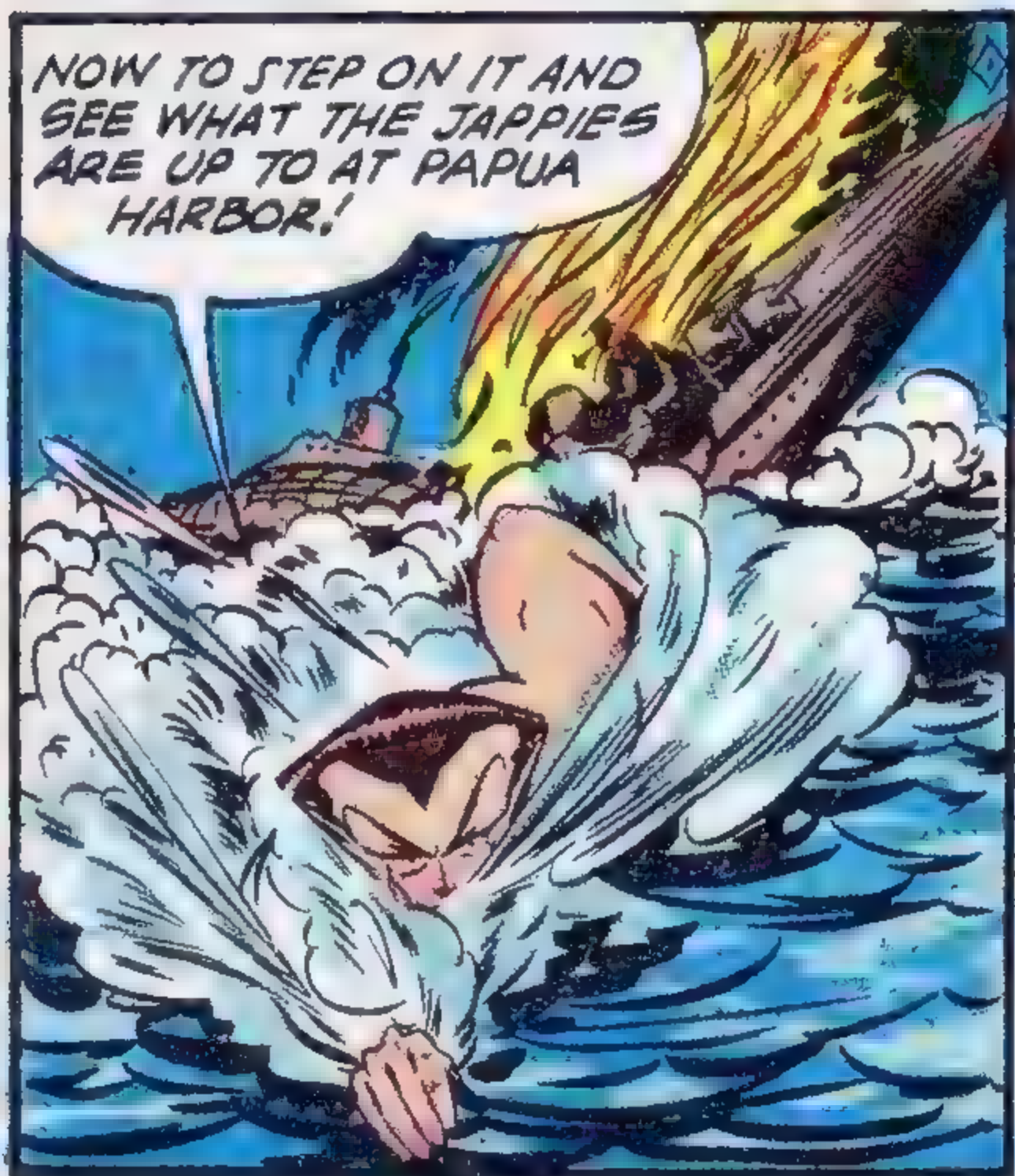
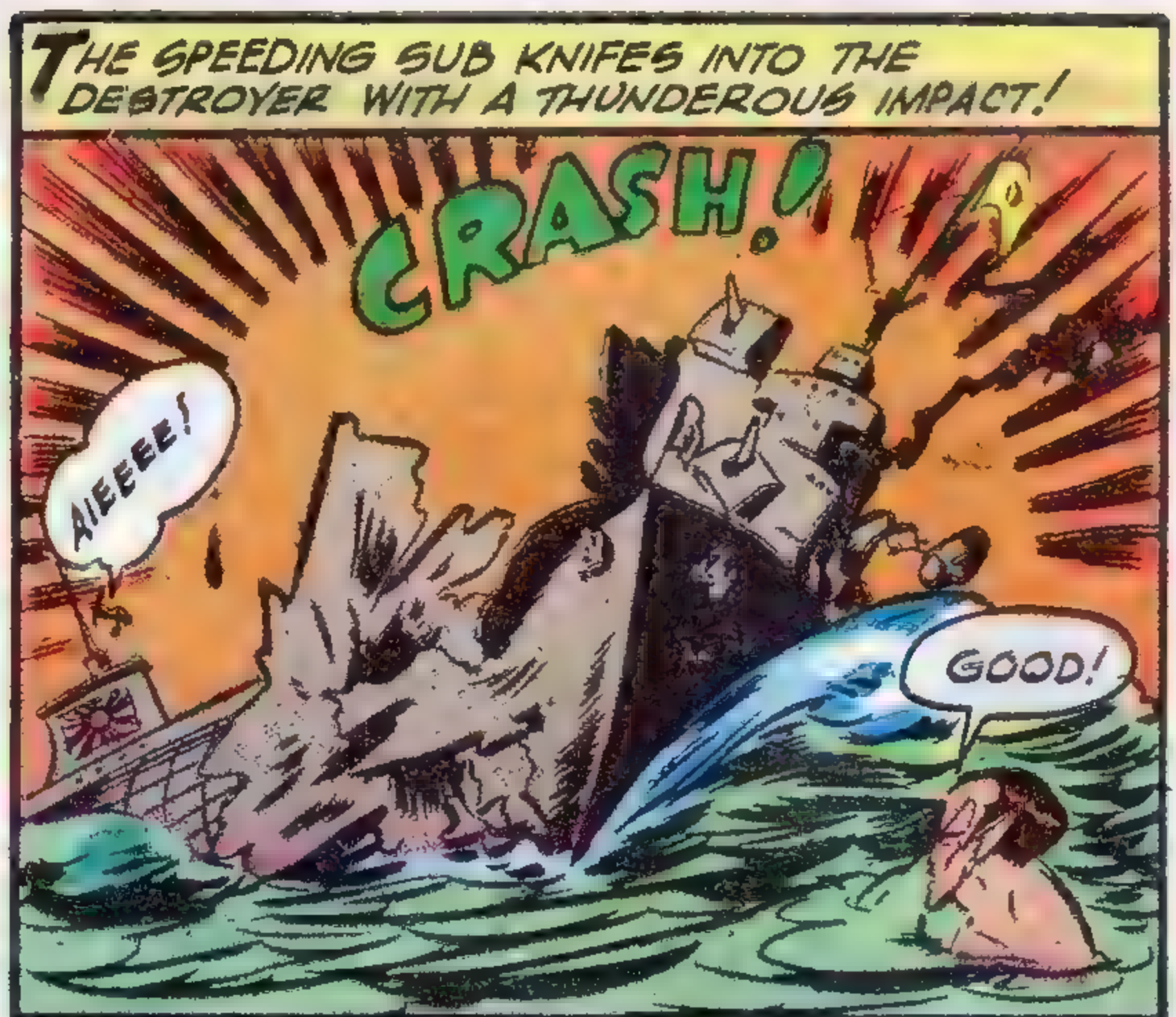
HOWEVER, PRINCE NAMOR GRABS THE PROW
OF THE SUB AND BEARS DOWN ON IT--

UGH--
GOT TO
TURN THIS
BABY
AROUND--

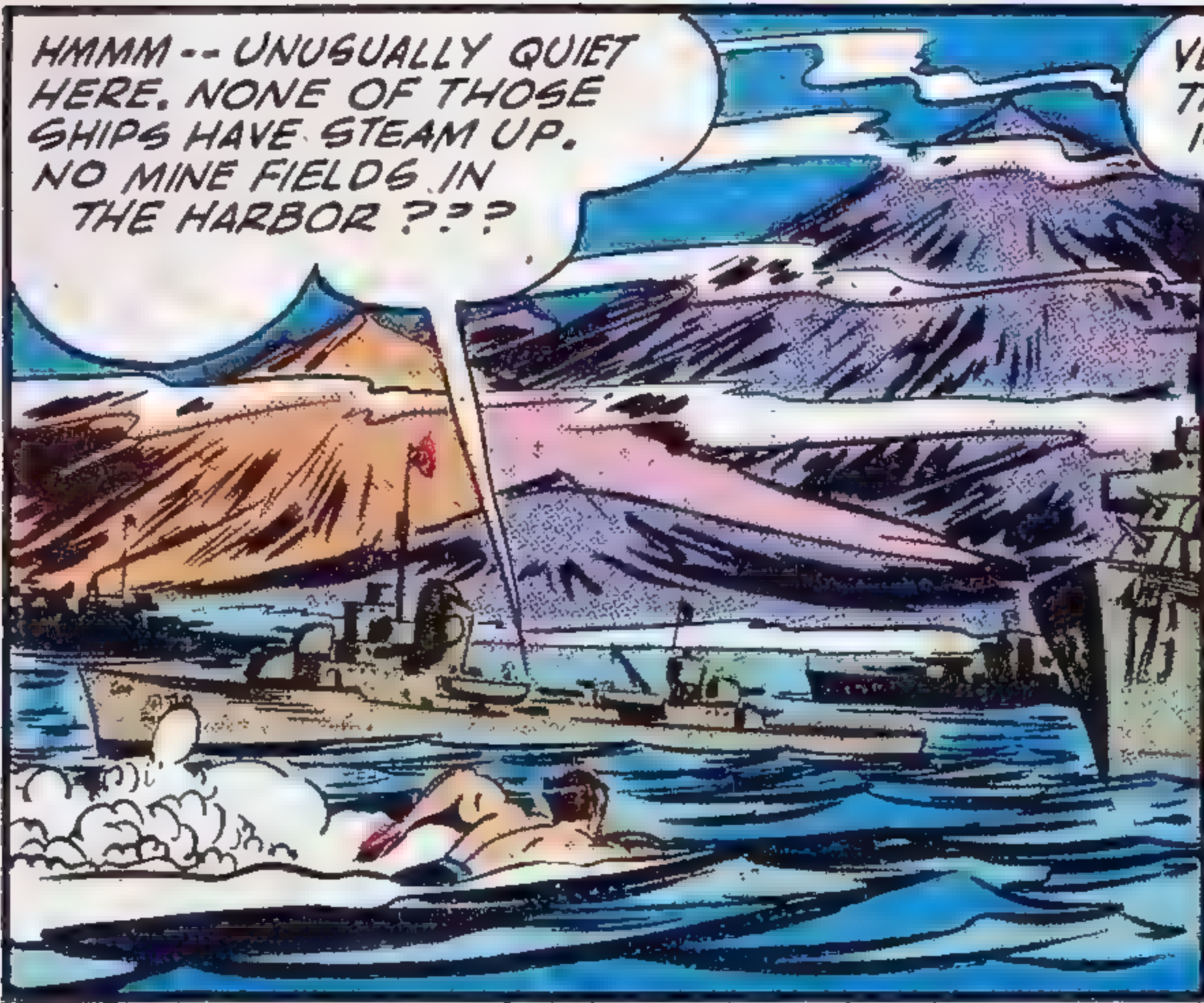


AIEE! THE WATER-FIEND
IS TURNING THE SUB
AROUND!

JUST A
FEW MORE
SHOVES AND
EVERYTHING WILL
BE PERFECT!



HMMM -- UNUSUALLY QUIET
HERE. NONE OF THOSE
SHIPS HAVE STEAM UP.
NO MINE FIELDS IN
THE HARBOR ???

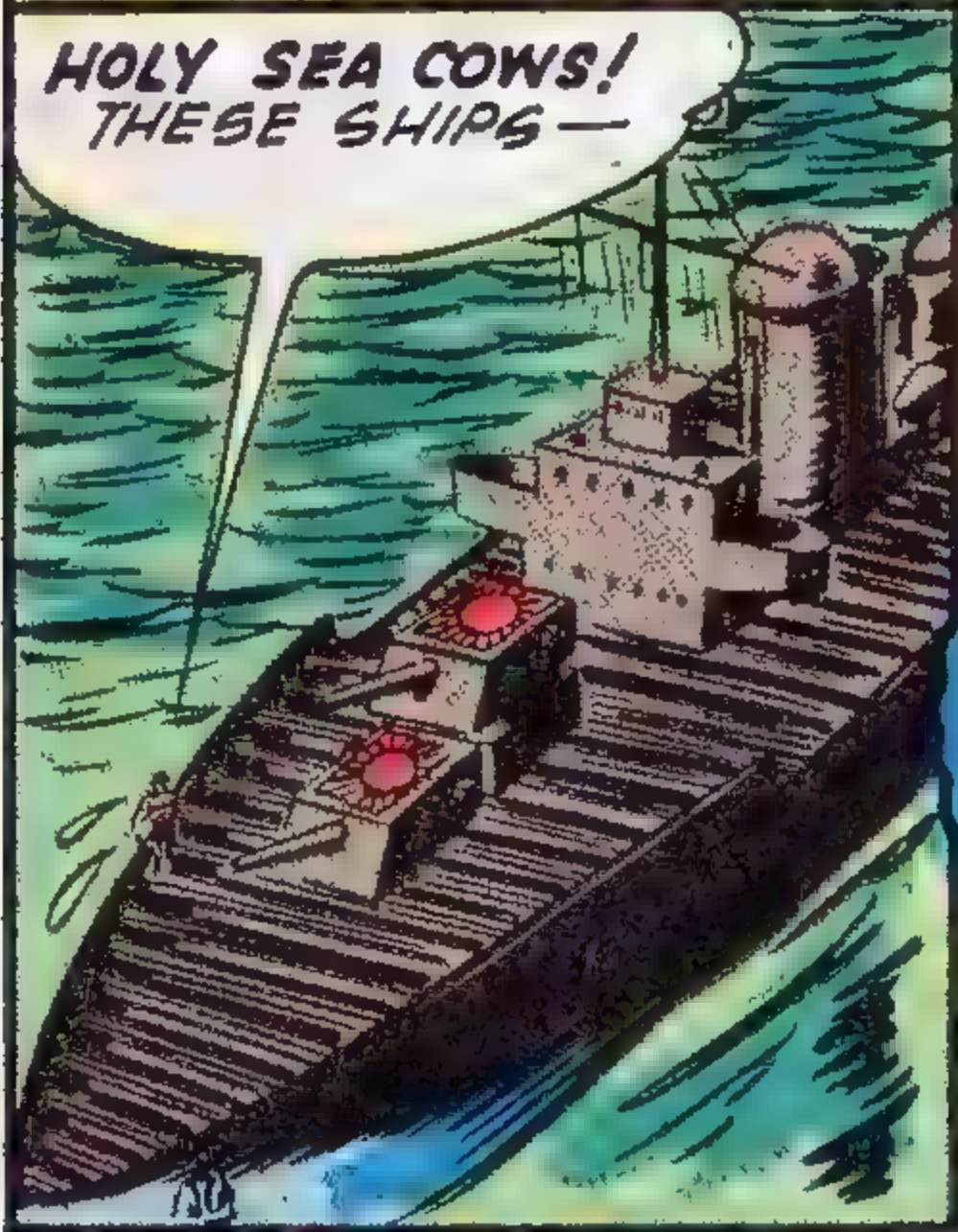


VERY ODD! IT APPEARS
THAT THE WHOLE SHIP
IS DEERTED. I'LL
GO ABOARD!



ONCE ABOARD, NAMOR,
SEES A STRANGE SIGHT--

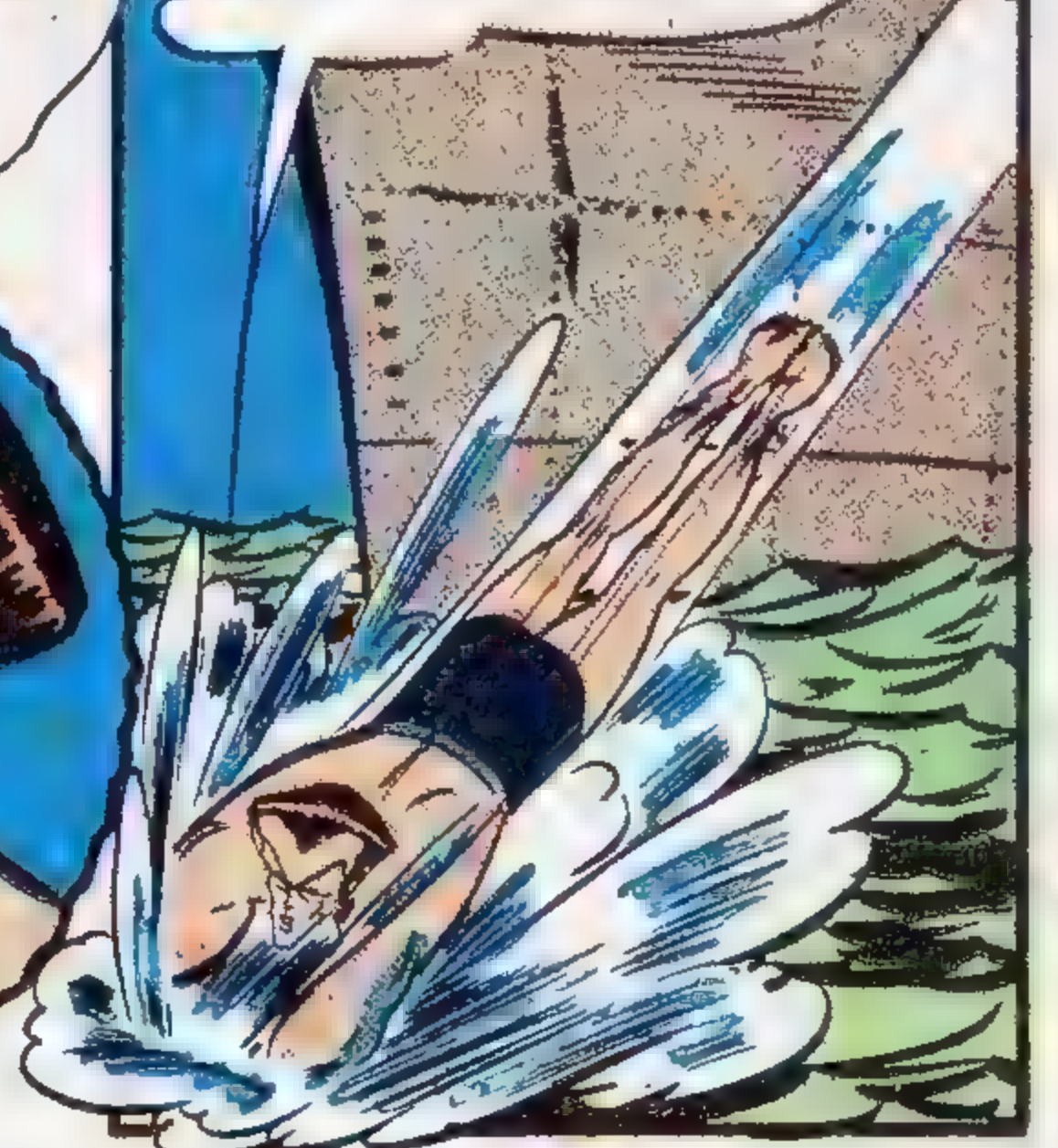
HOLY SEA COWS!
THESE SHIPS --



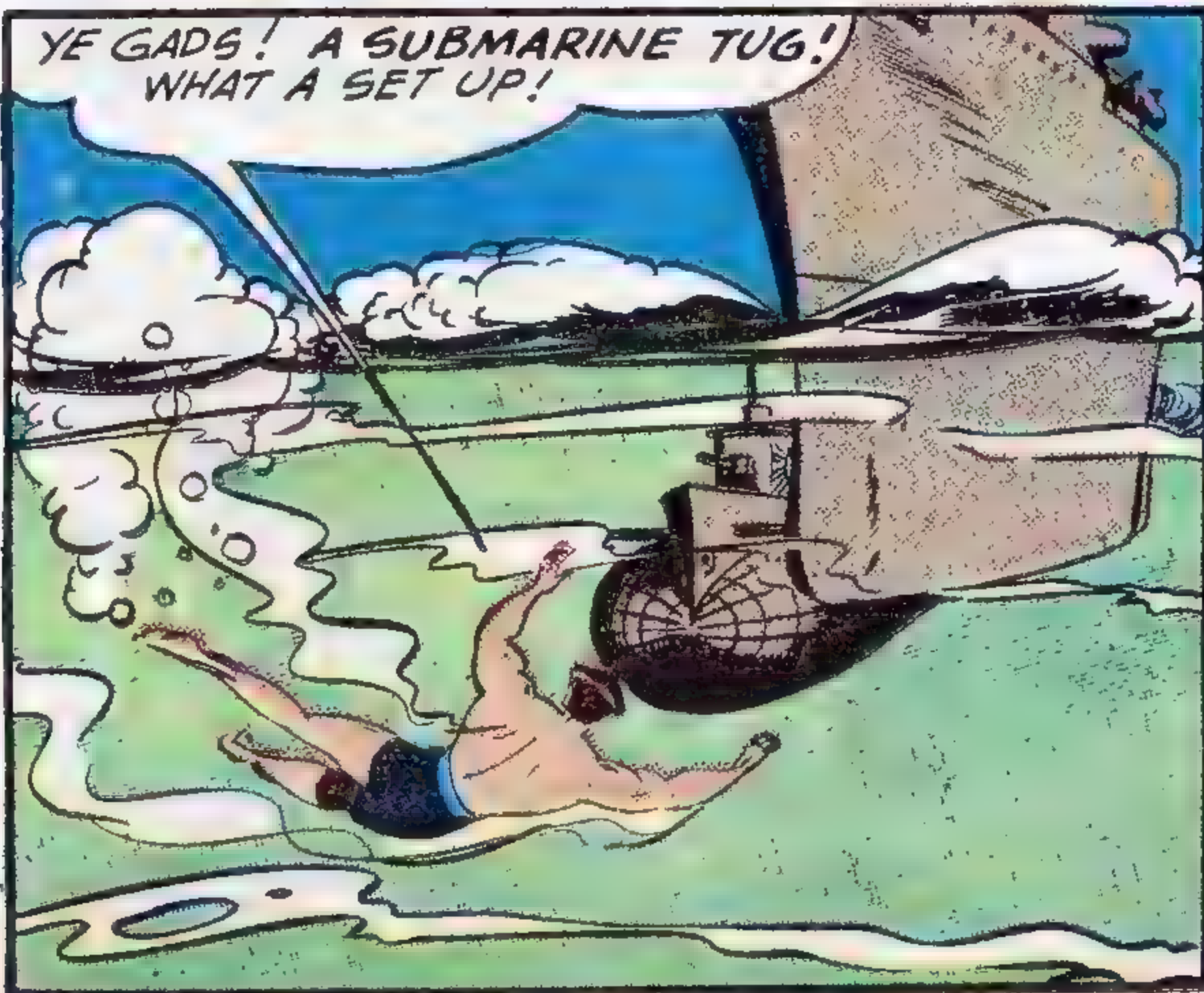
-- THEY'RE ALL WOODEN
DUMMIES! THIS IS
SOME KIND OF TRAP!
SAY! THIS TUB'S
STARTING TO
MOVE!



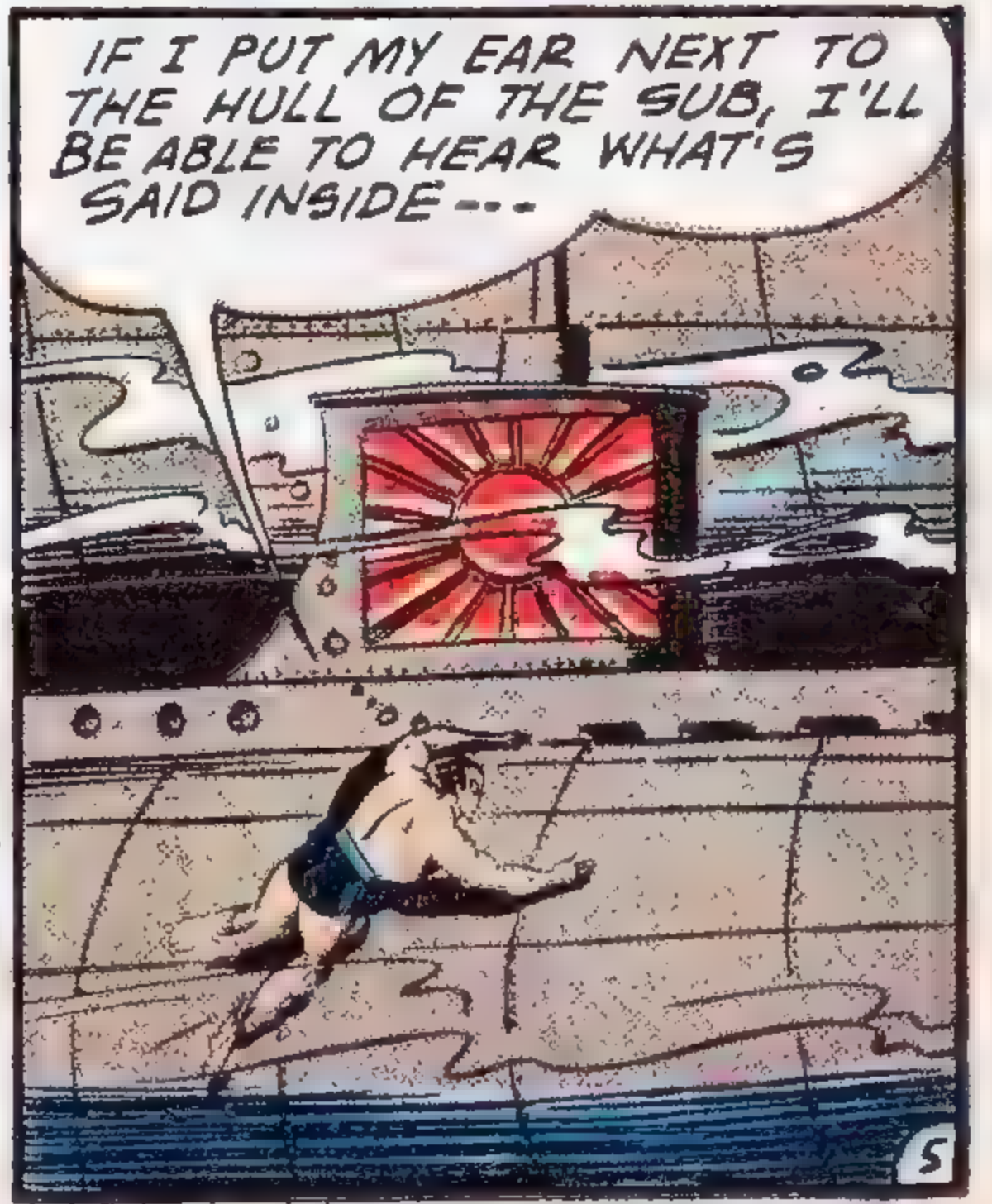
SOME FORCE BELOW IS
TOWING IT -- I MUST
FIND OUT WHAT!

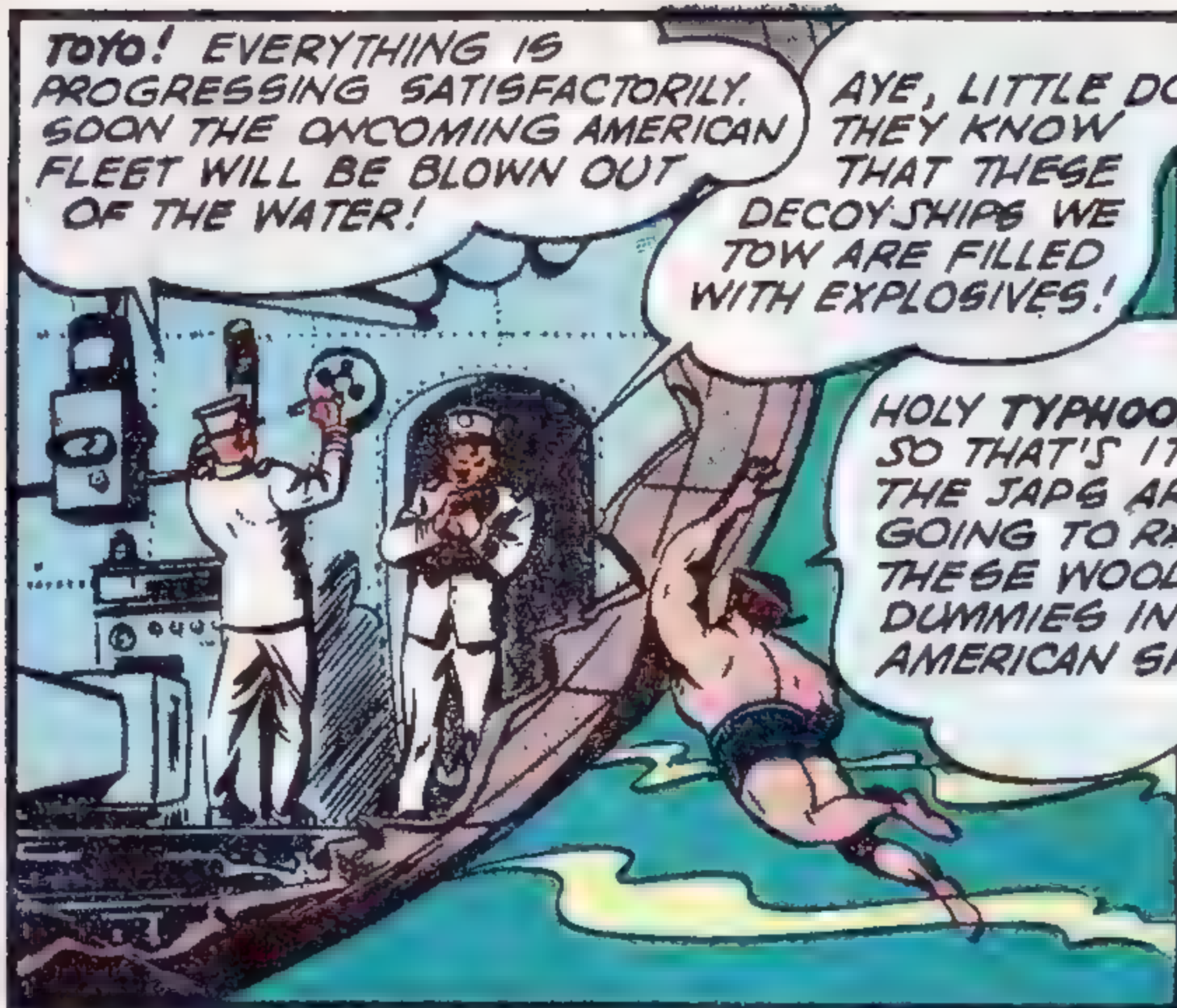


YE GADS! A SUBMARINE TUG!
WHAT A SET UP!



IF I PUT MY EAR NEXT TO
THE HULL OF THE SUB, I'LL
BE ABLE TO HEAR WHAT'S
SAID INSIDE ---

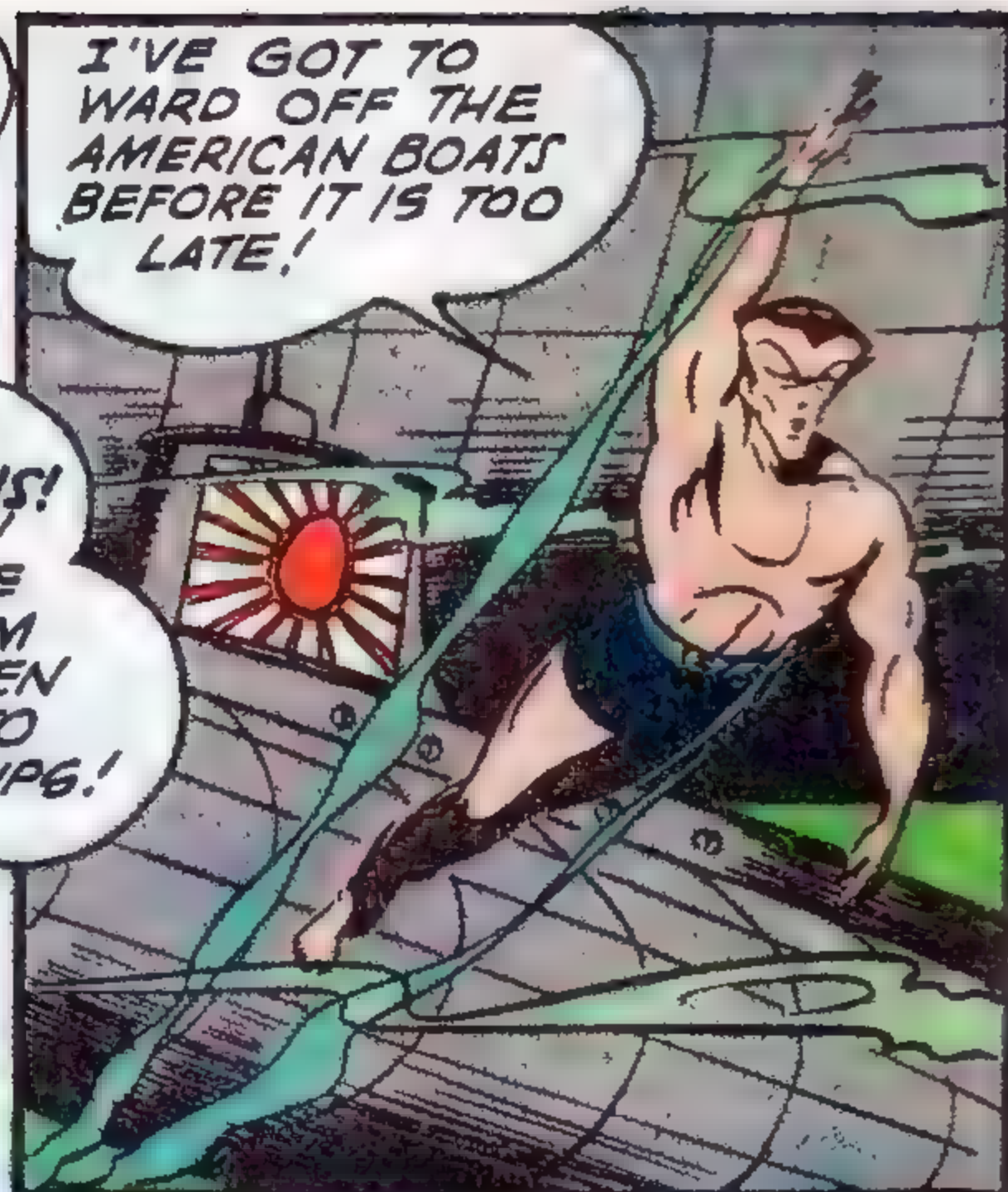




TOYO! EVERYTHING IS PROGRESSING SATISFACTORILY. SOON THE ONCOMING AMERICAN FLEET WILL BE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER!

AYE, LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT THESE DECOY SHIPS WE TOW ARE FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES!

HOLY TYPHOONS! SO THAT'S IT! THE JAPGS ARE GOING TO RAM THESE WOODEN DUMMIES INTO AMERICAN SHIPS!

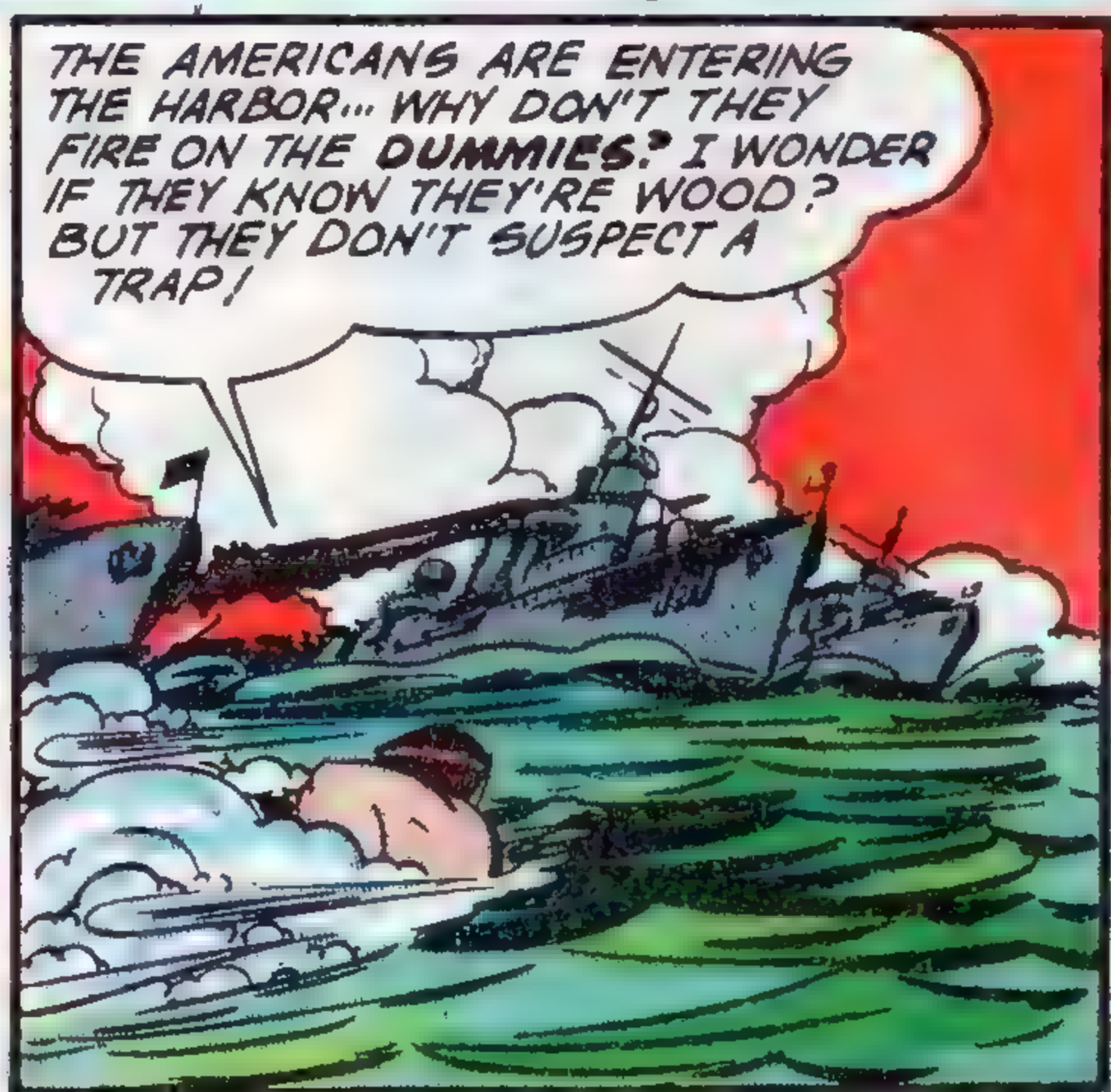


I'VE GOT TO WARD OFF THE AMERICAN BOATS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



NAMOR'S LITHE FORM BREAKS THE WATER'S SURFACE AND ...

GOOD GRIEF! I'M TOO LATE!

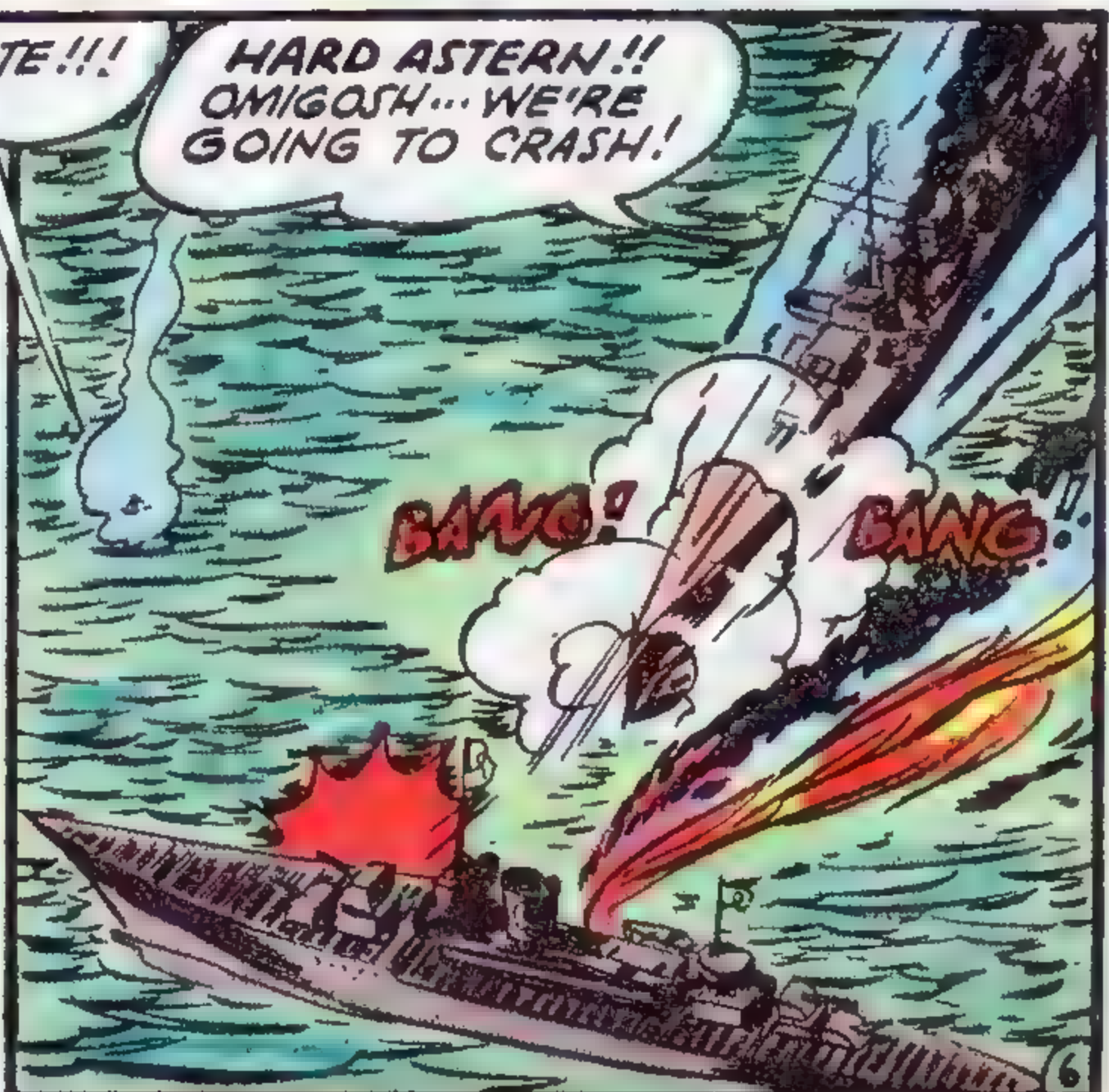


THE AMERICANS ARE ENTERING THE HARBOR... WHY DON'T THEY FIRE ON THE DUMMIES? I WONDER IF THEY KNOW THEY'RE WOOD? BUT THEY DON'T SUSPECT A TRAP!



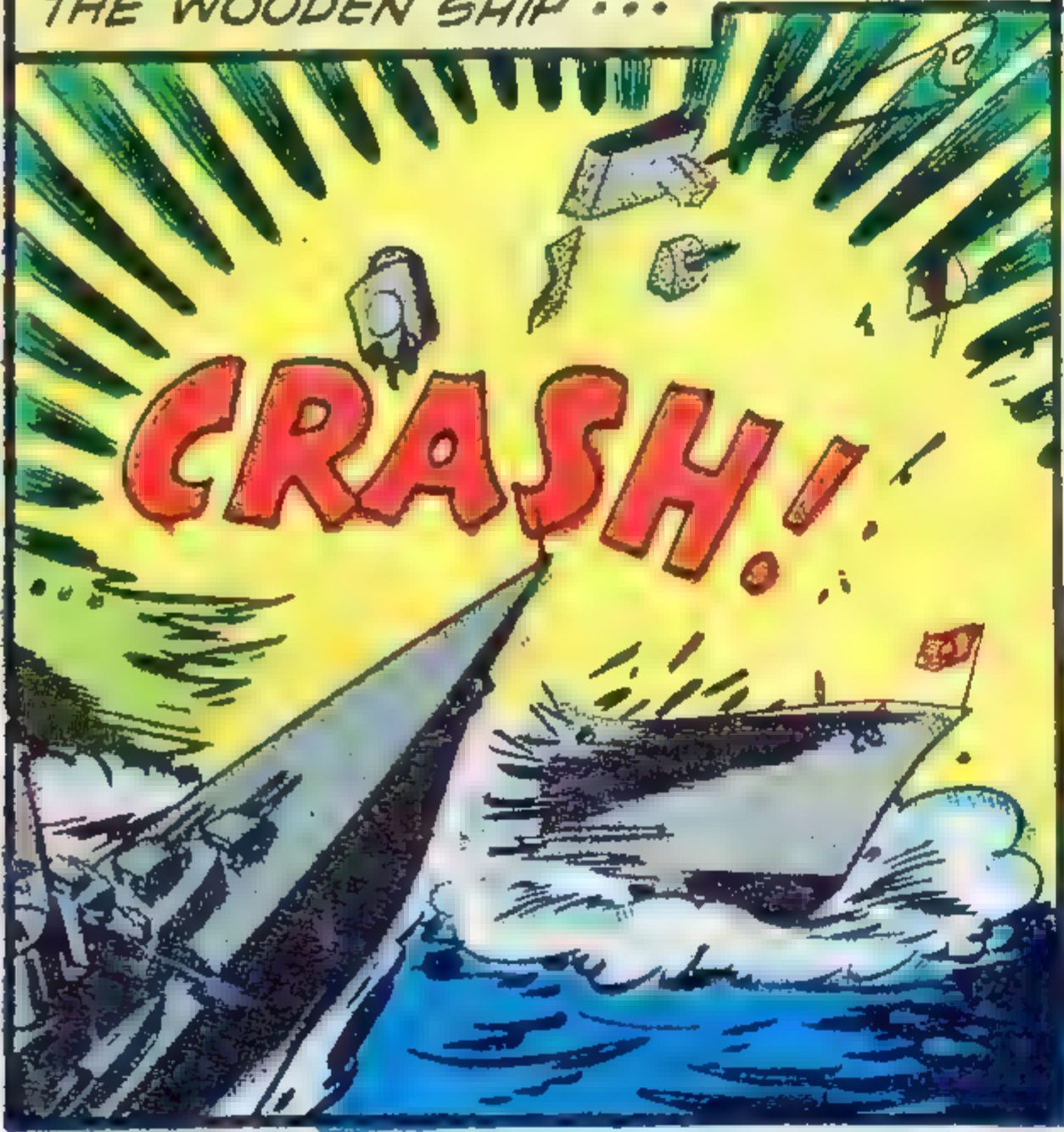
AHOY! BEAR OFF! IT'S A TRAP! YE GADDS! THEY DON'T HEAR ME!

TOO LATE!!!

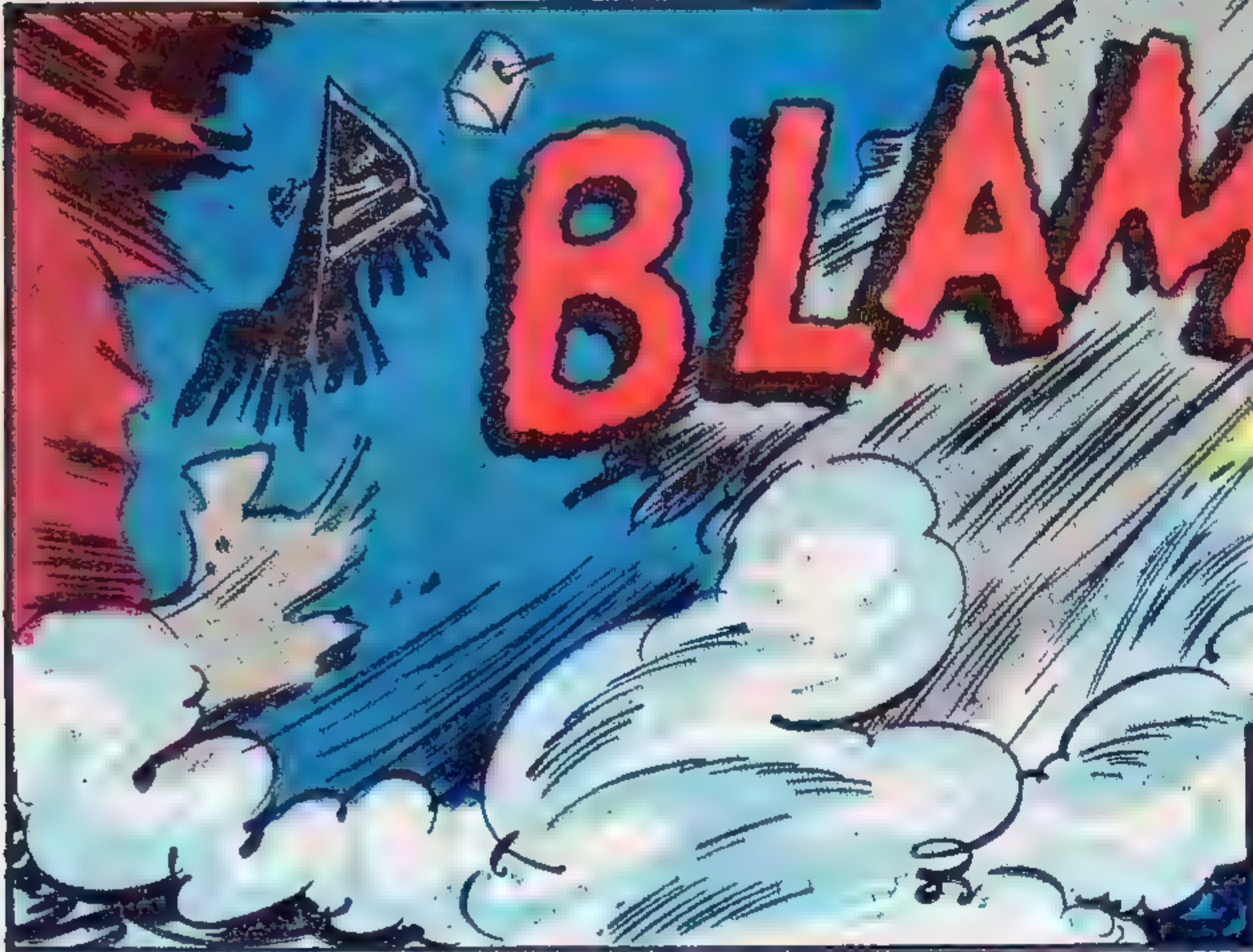
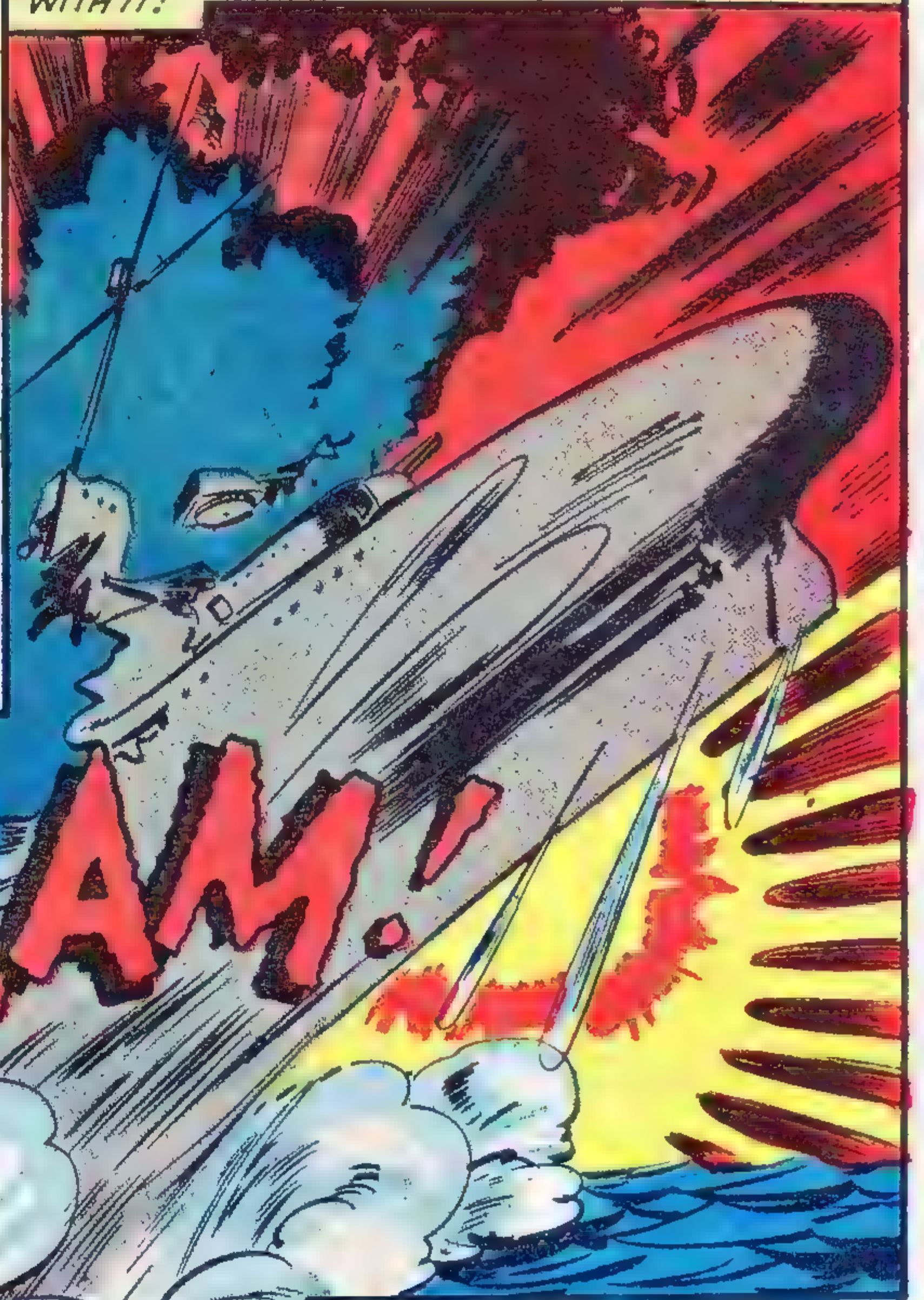


HARD ASTERN!! OMIGOSH... WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

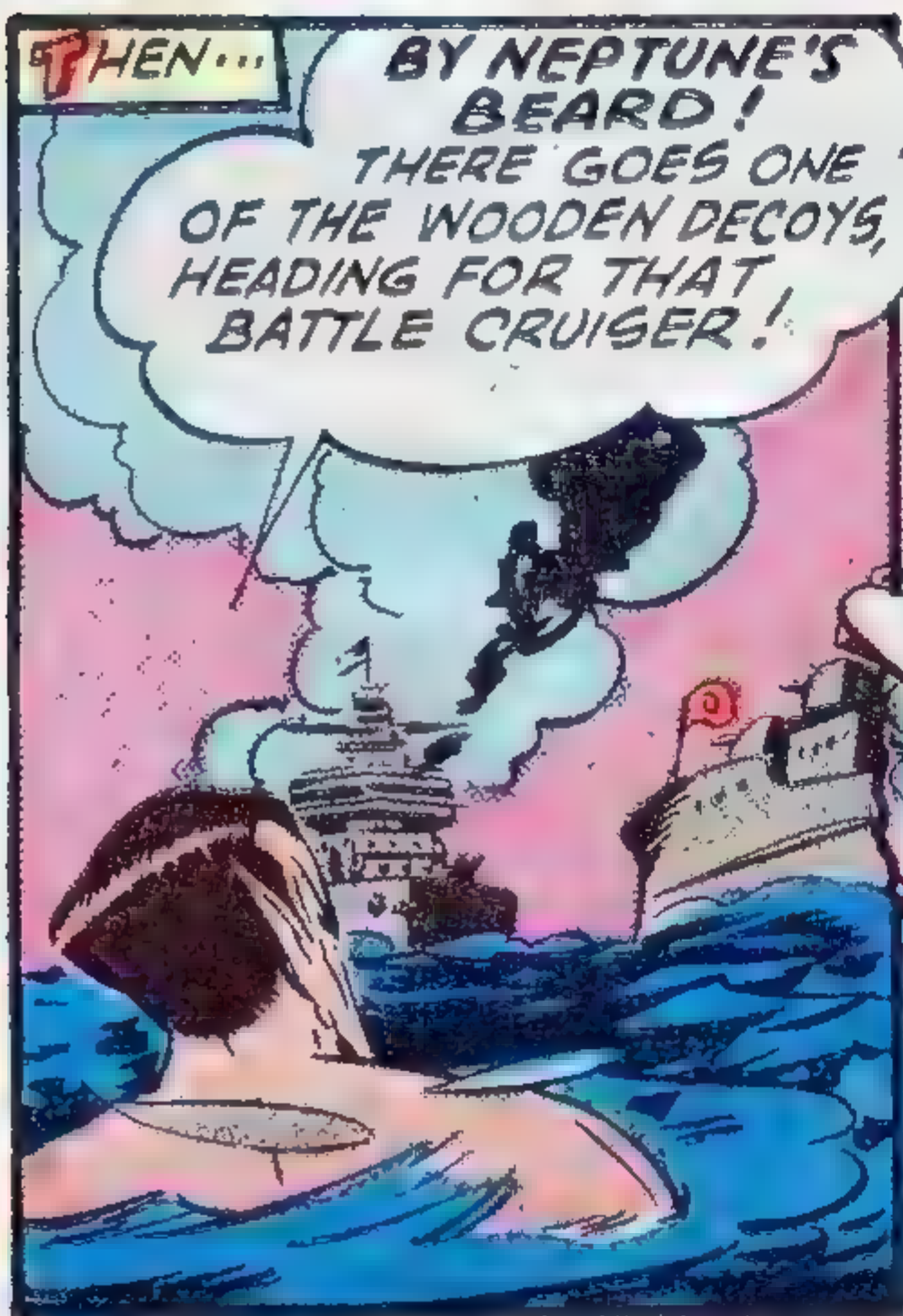
THE DESTROYER RAMS HARD INTO
THE WOODEN SHIP ...



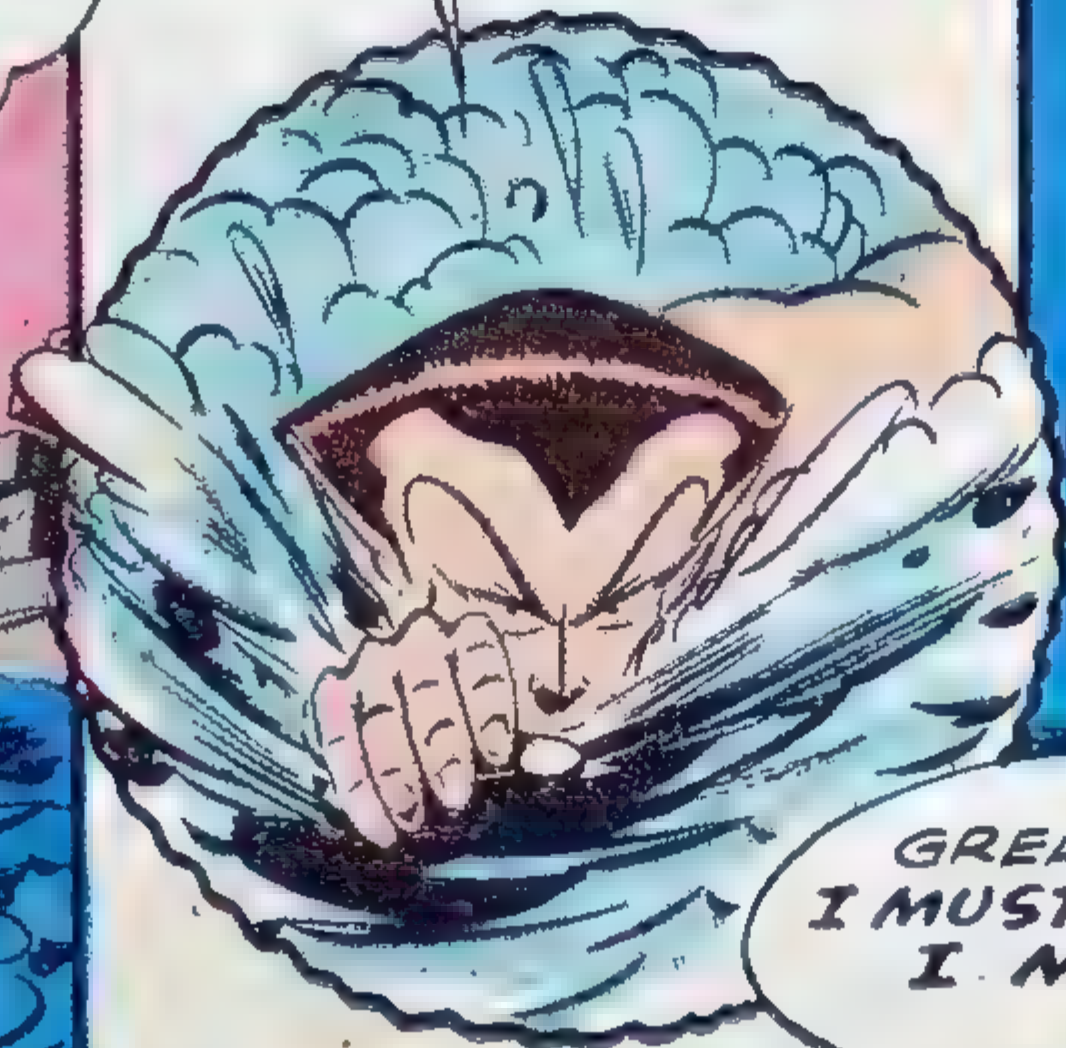
ABRUPTLY THE EXPLOSIVE CACHE ABOARD THE
DECOY SHIP BLOWS UP, CARRYING THE DESTROYER
WITH IT!

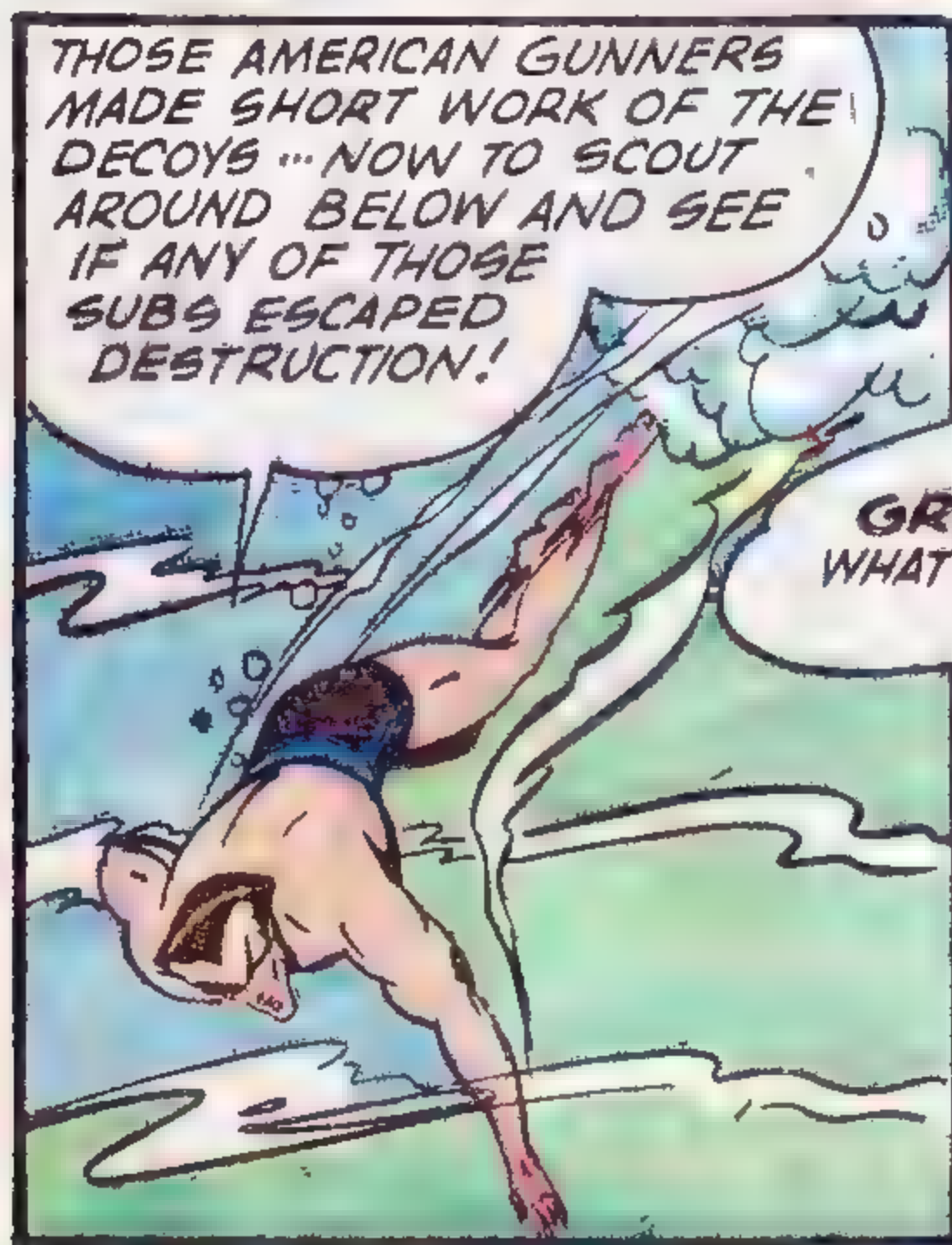
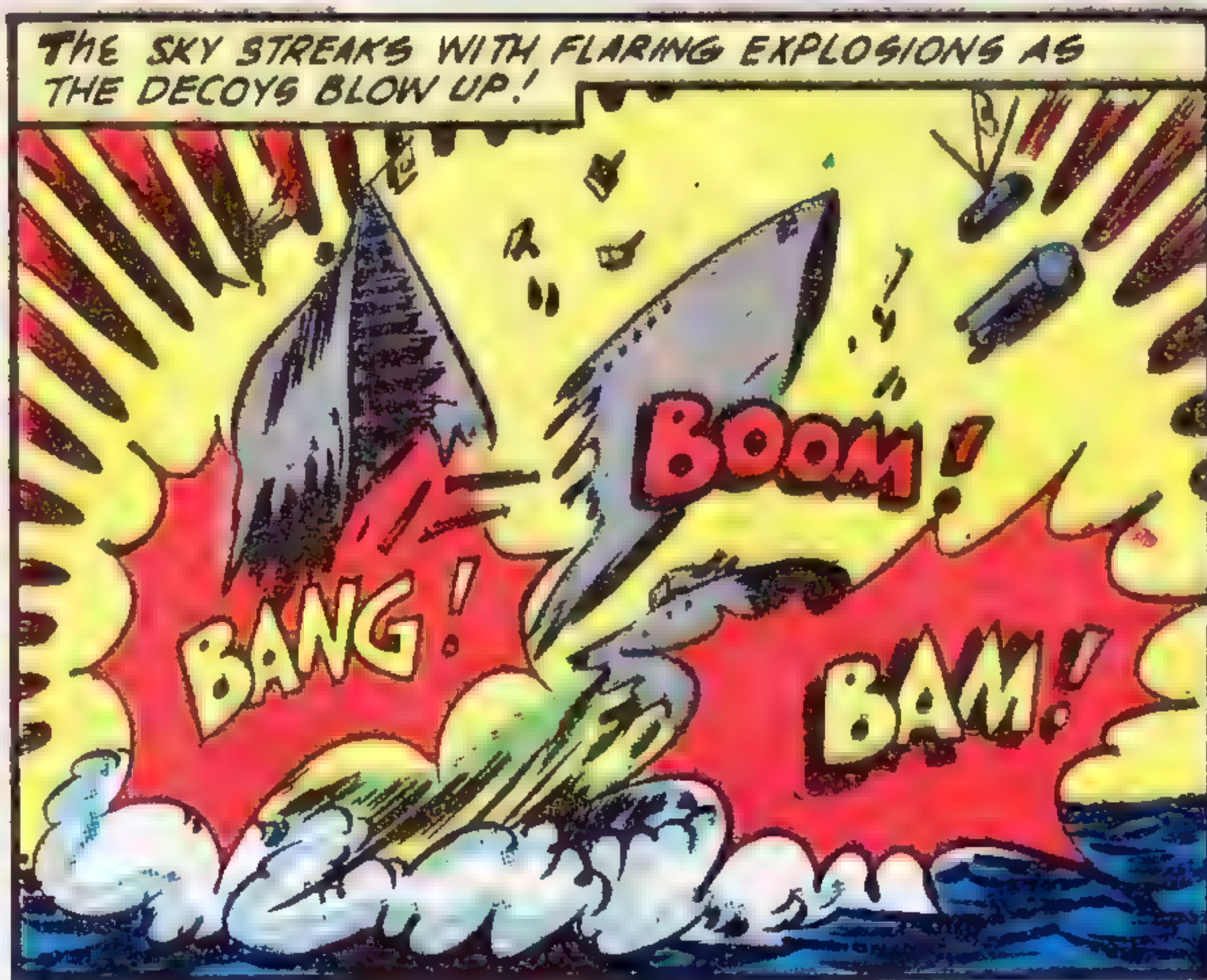
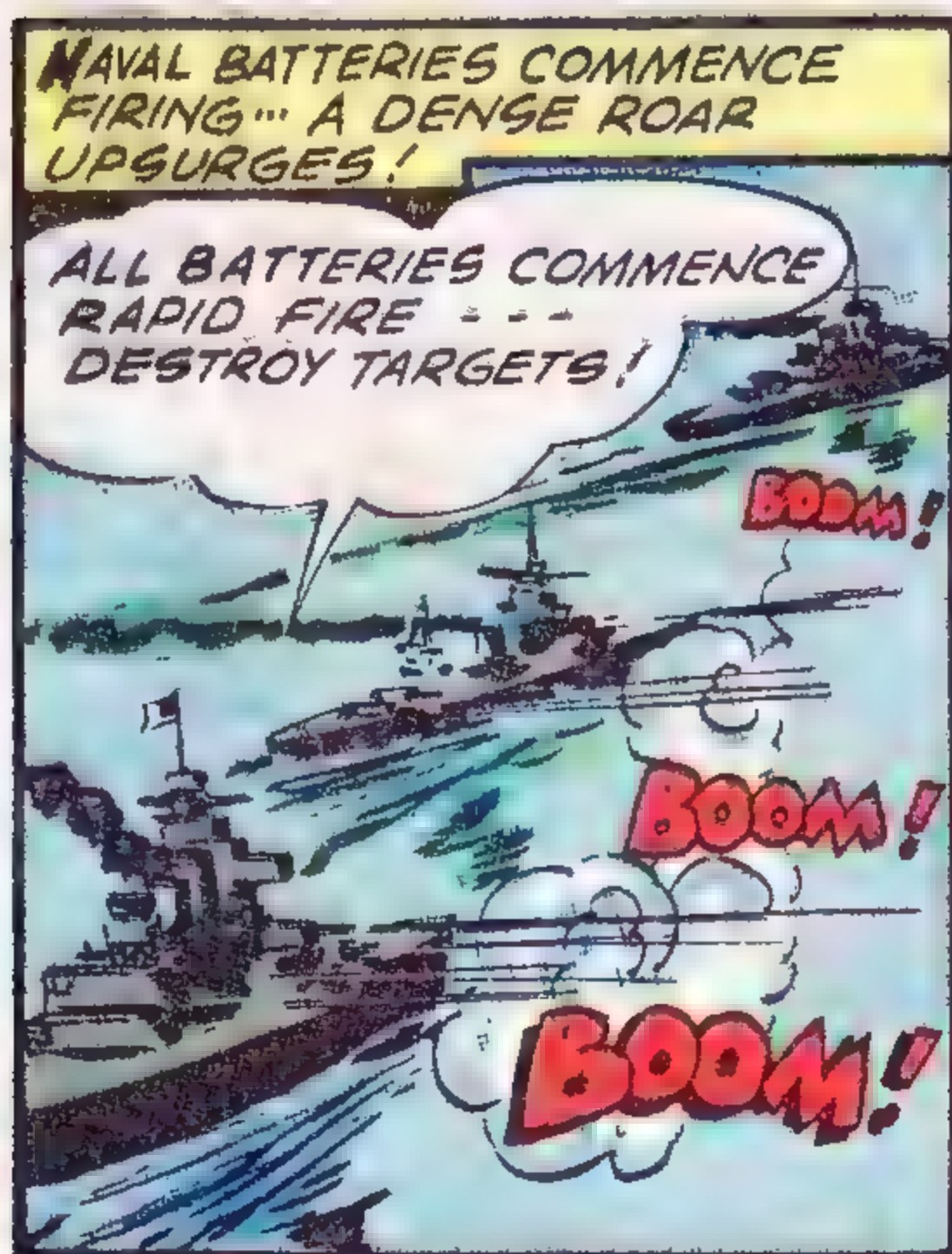
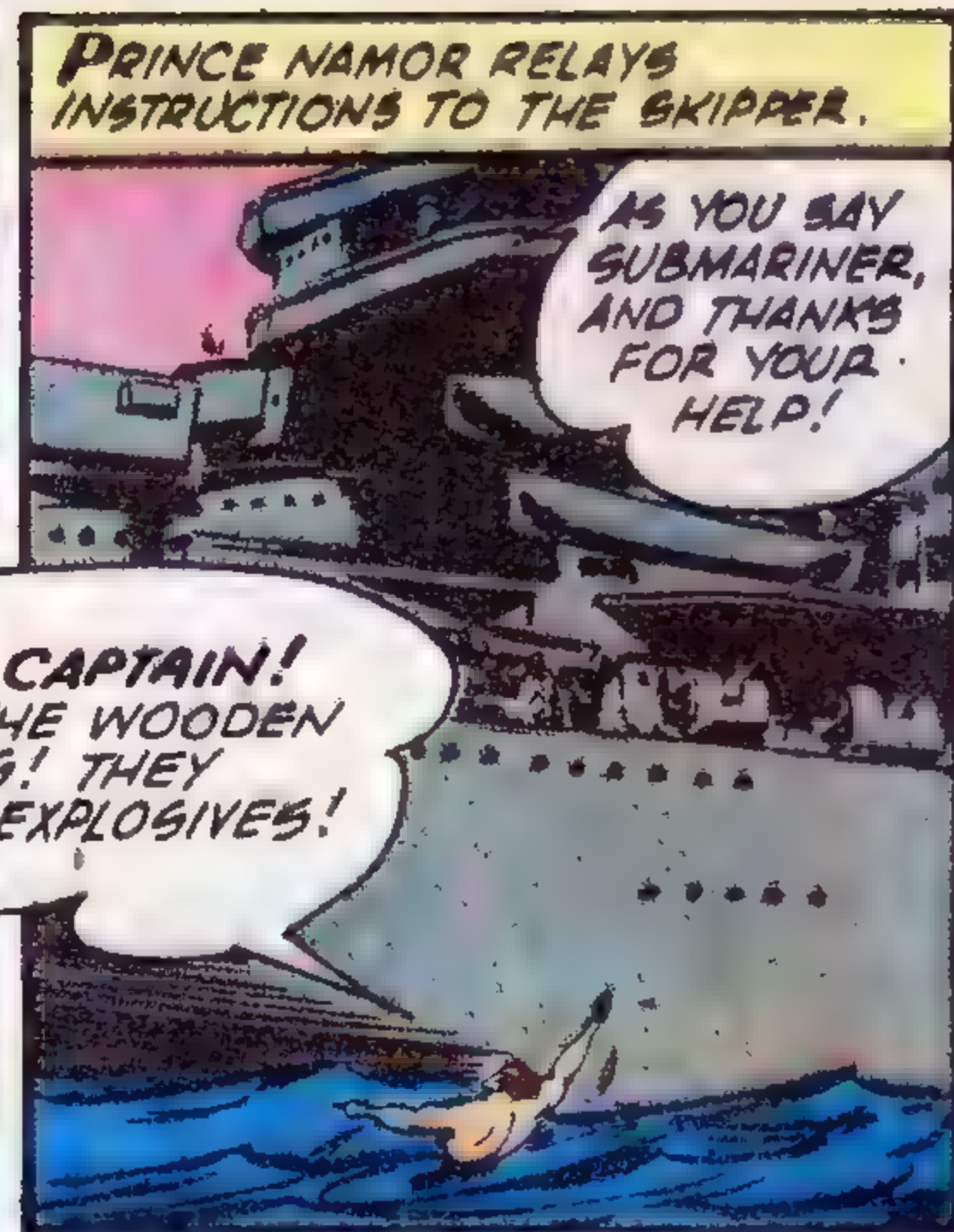
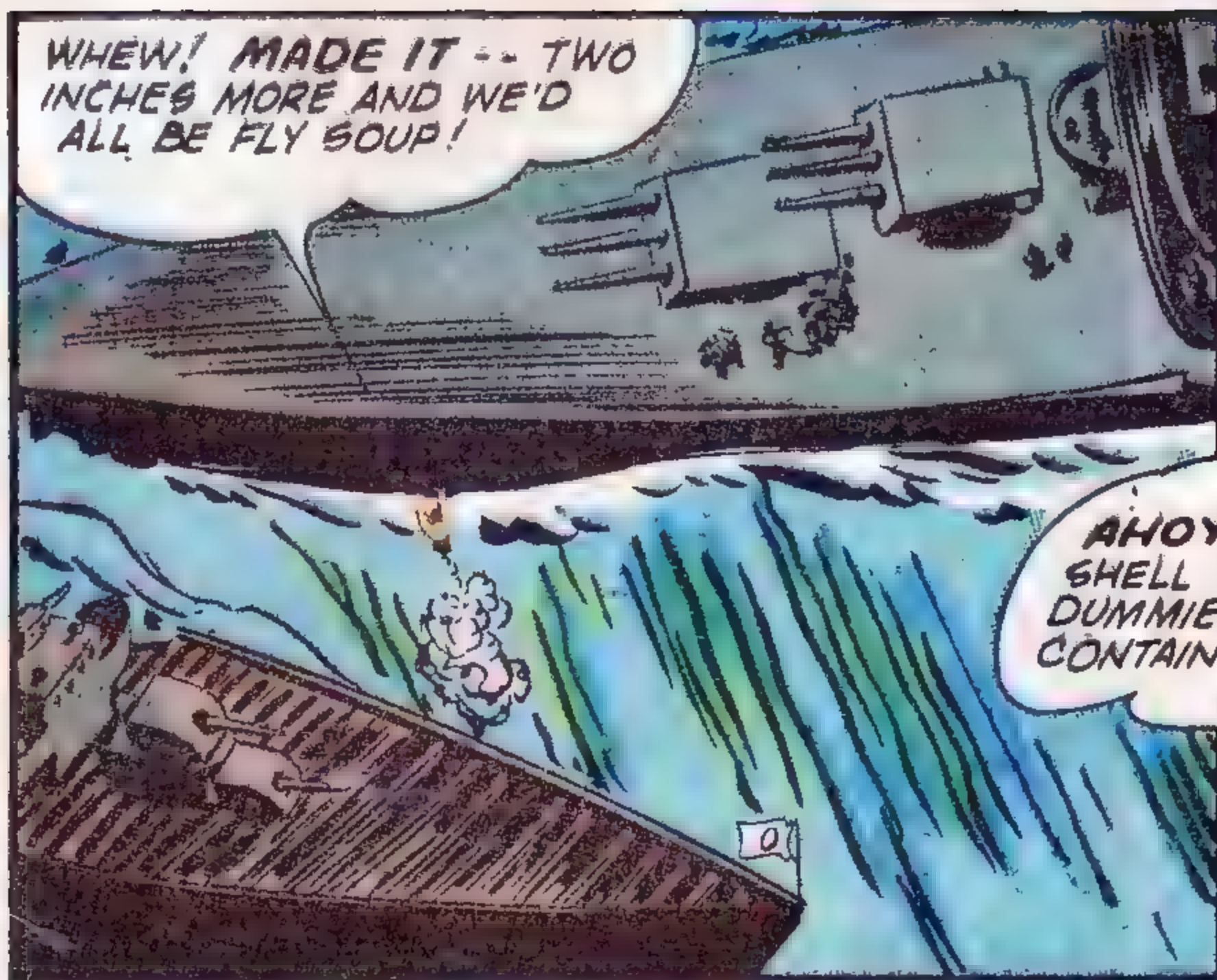


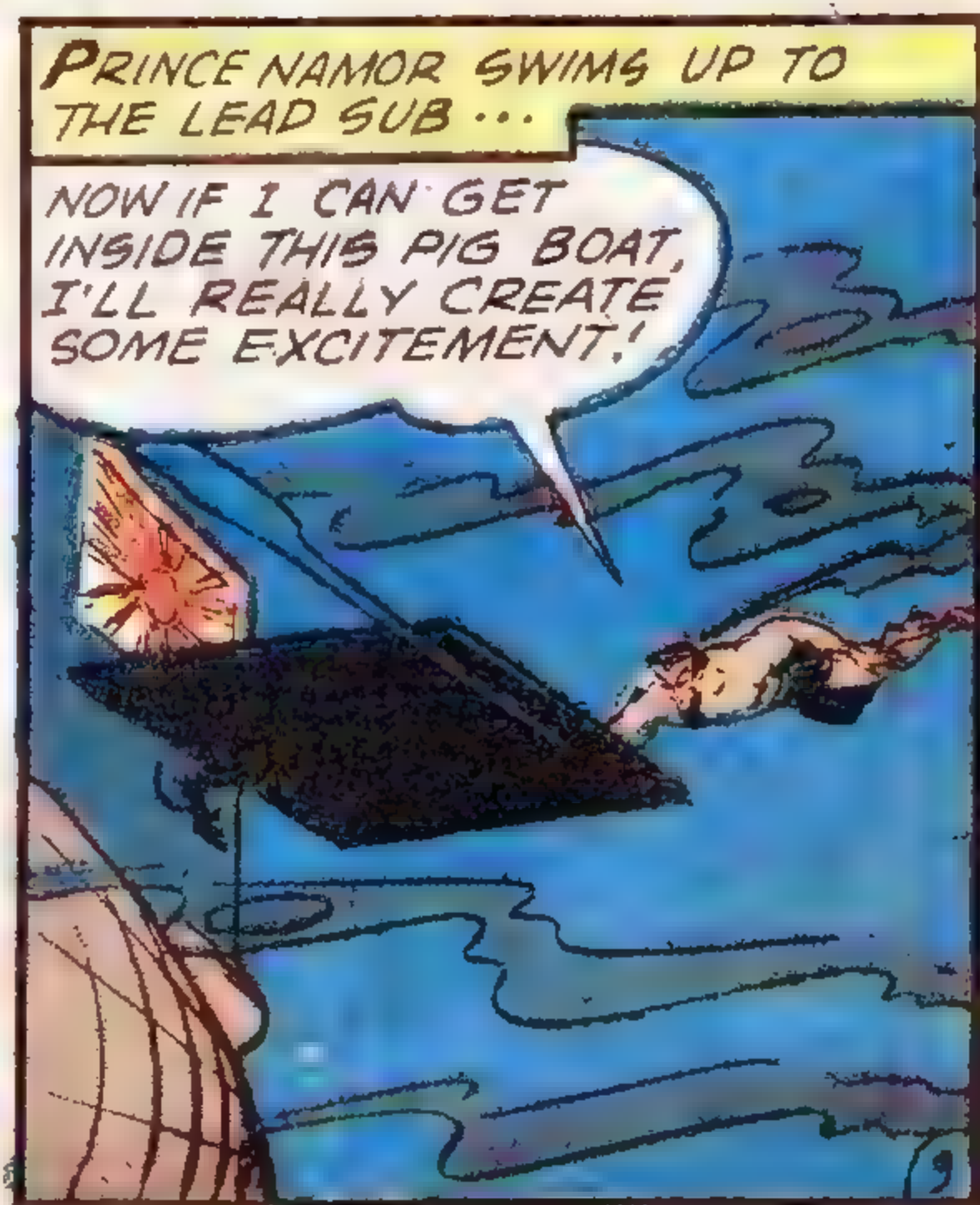
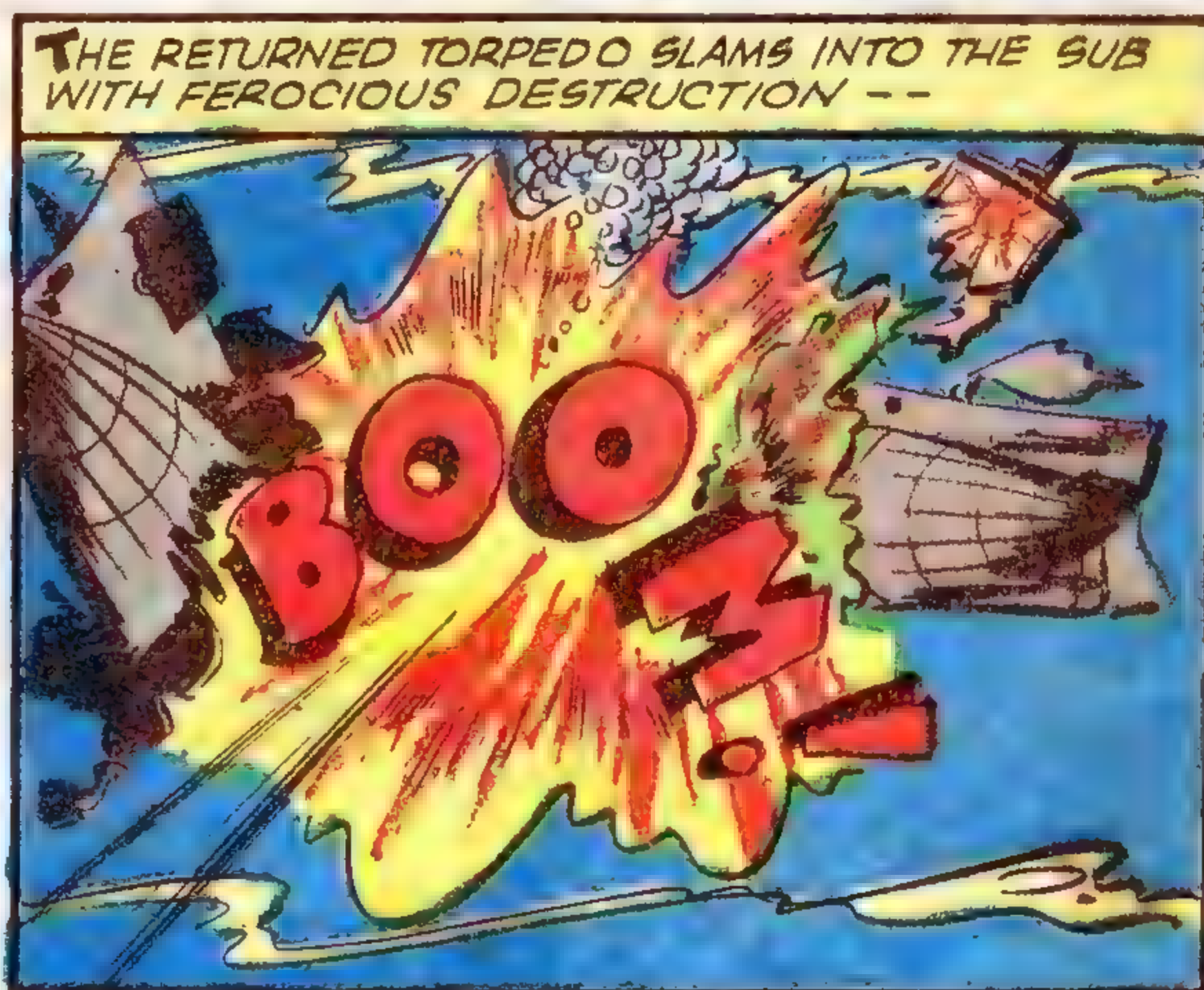
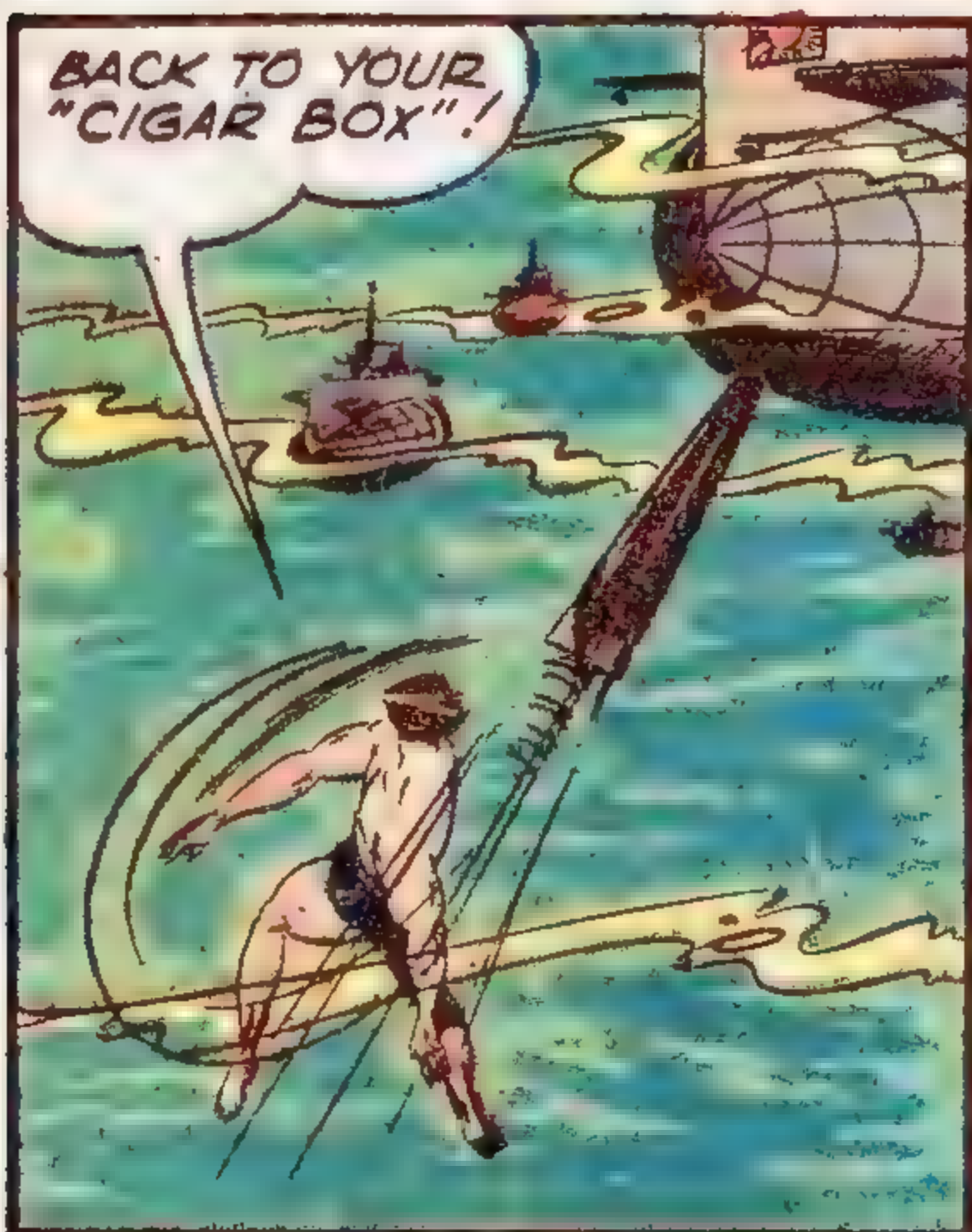
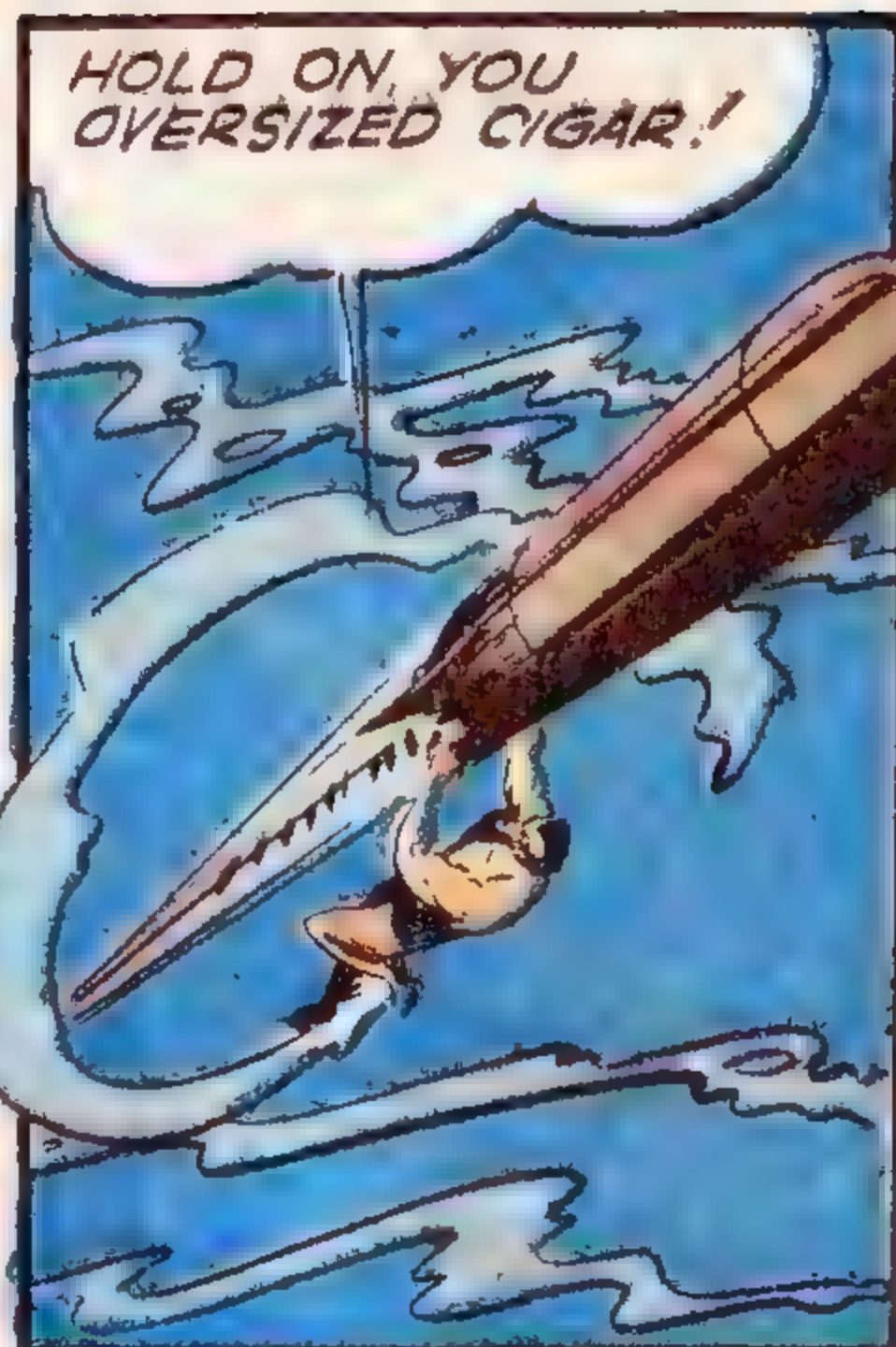
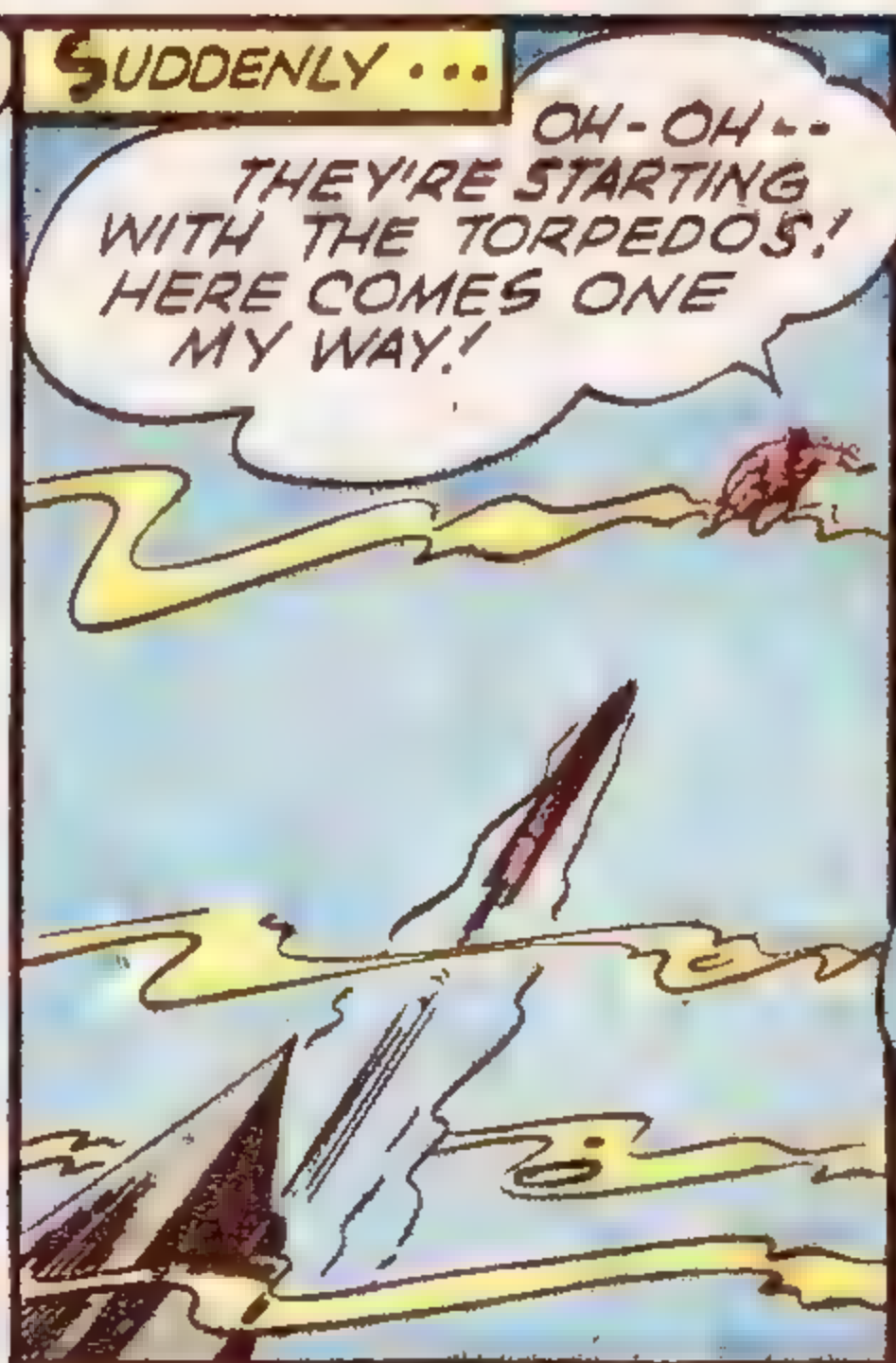
SUMMONING ALL HIS RESERVE
POWER, THE SUBMARINER PLACES
HIS POWERFUL BODY AGAINST
THE PROW OF THE BATTLESHIP
AND...



THIS IS ONE DISASTER,
I HAVE TO PREVENT!







MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE JAP PIG-BOAT,
INTENSE ACTIVITY COMMENCES!

LOAD TORPEDO
NUMBER TWO!

YES,
MASTER!

TORPEDO
TUBE
#2

AYATO!!
IT IS THE
SUBMARINER!

NUMBER TWO TORPEDO TUBE IS OPENED
AND ...

MIND IF I COME IN?

OUT OF MY WAY, PESTS ...
I'VE WORK TO DO!

SMACK!

BAM!

BAP!

THERE IT IS ---
THE RADIO
ROOM!

NAMOR ENTERS THE
RADIO ROOM WITH FORCE.

OKAY, SPARKS, ...
STOP POUNDING
THAT KEY FOR
A MINUTE!

AWAH!

YOU'RE GOING TO RADIO
A MESSAGE TO ALL THE
SUBS FOR ME,
OR YOU DIE!

STOP!
AHAHHHH!
I DO! I DO!

WHAT IS MESSAGE?

ORDER ALL
SUBS TO SURFACE
IMMEDIATELY
-- IN BATTLE
FORMATION!

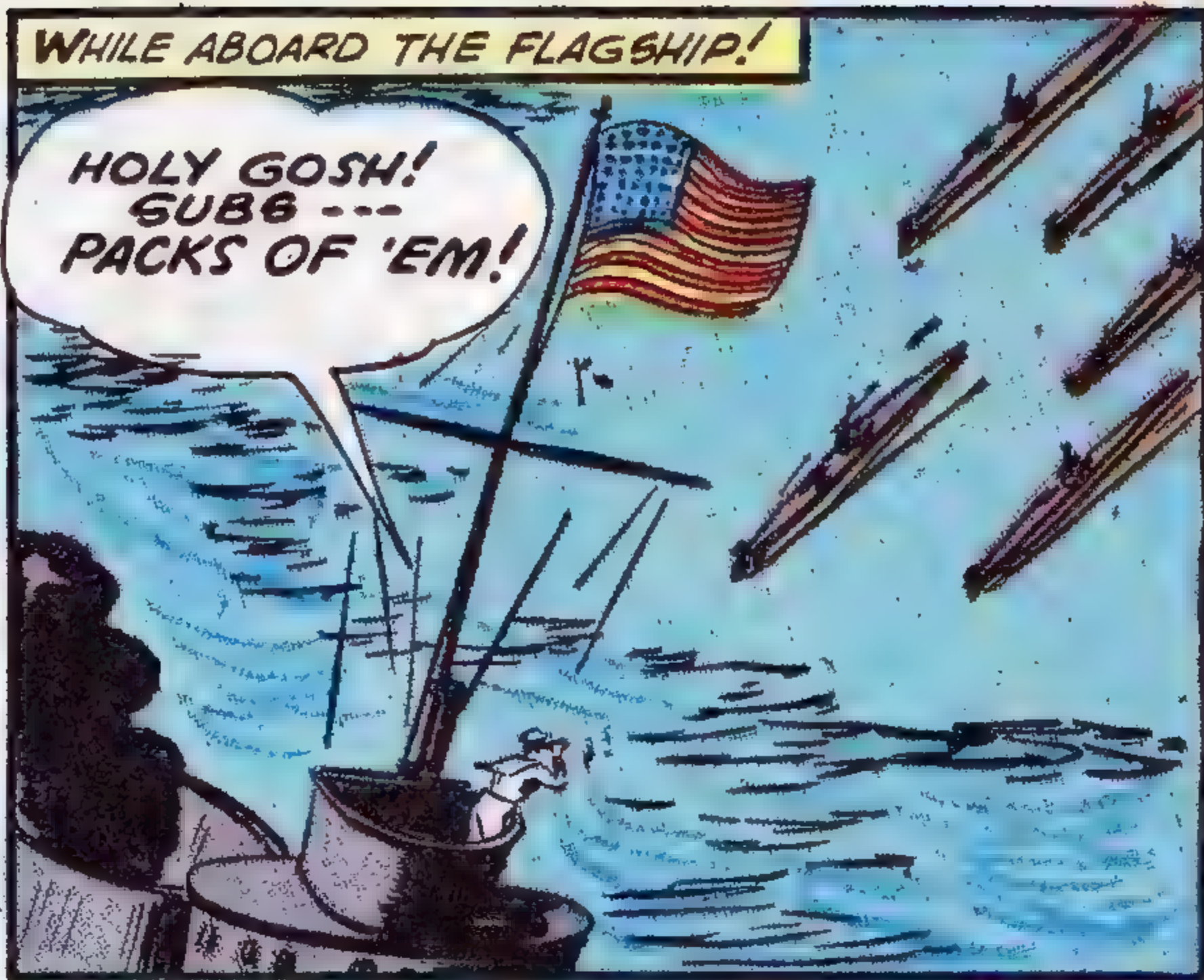
THIS IS THE
ONLY WAY OUR
SHIP'LL HAVE
A FIGHTING
CHANCE TO
BATTLE THE
SUBS ON THE
SURFACE!

THE MESSAGE FLASHES
PROMPTLY TO ALL ENEMY
SUBS ...



ALL SUBMERSIBLES
SURFACE AT ONCE---
SURFACE!

WHILE ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP!



HOLY GOSH!
SUBS ---
PACKS OF 'EM!

SIR-- JAP SUBS ARE SURFACE-
ING ALL AROUND
OUR FORCE ...
MUST BE AT
LEAST THIRTY
OF THEM!

HMM!
MAN ALL
BATTLE
STATIONS.
PREPARE TO
ANNIHILATE
ENEMY FORCE
OF SUBMARINES!

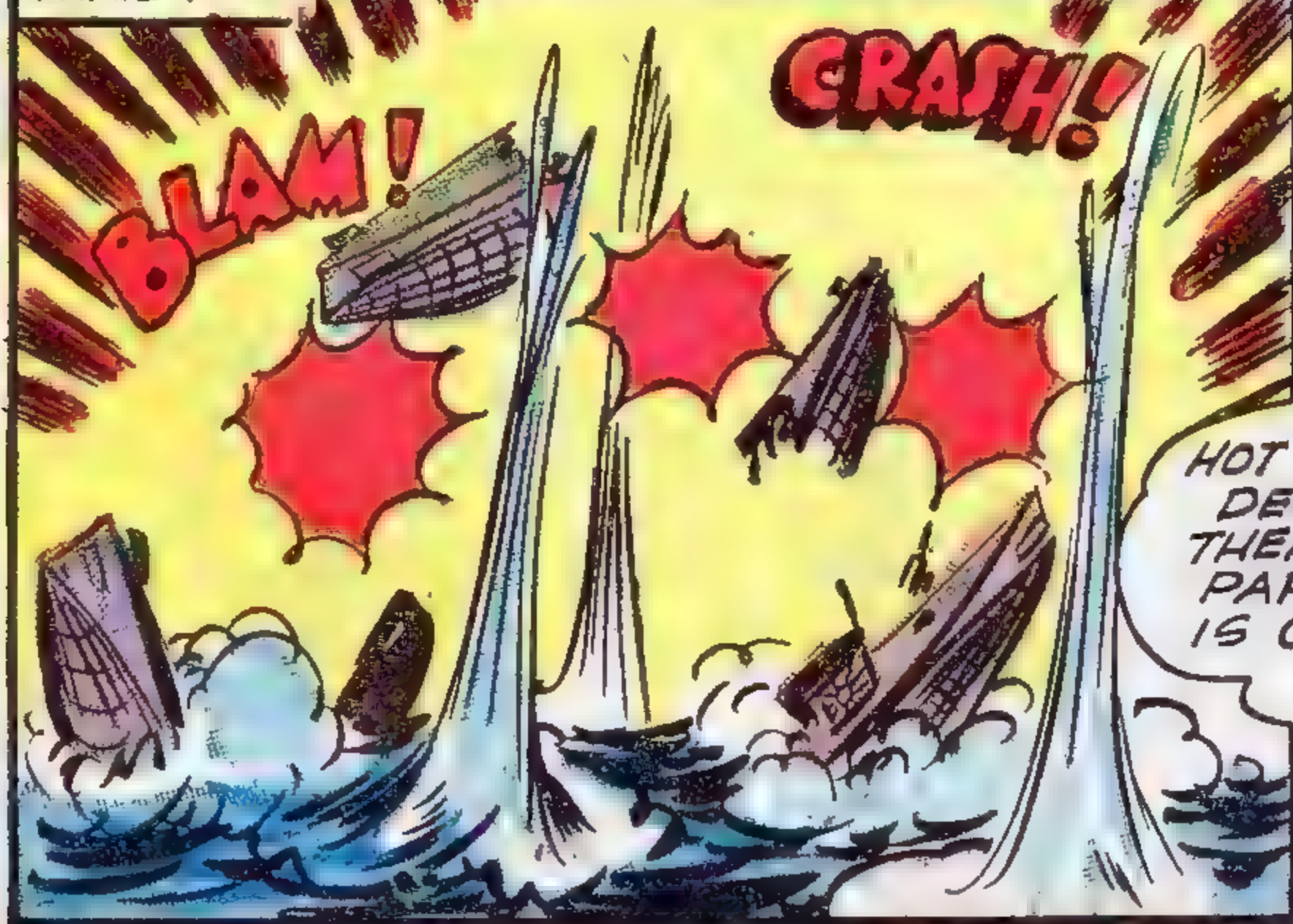


THE AMERICAN SHIPS SURROUND THE JAP PIG
BOATS, HEMMING THEM IN!

COMMENCE FIRING!
DESTROY ENEMY
SUB FLOTILLA!



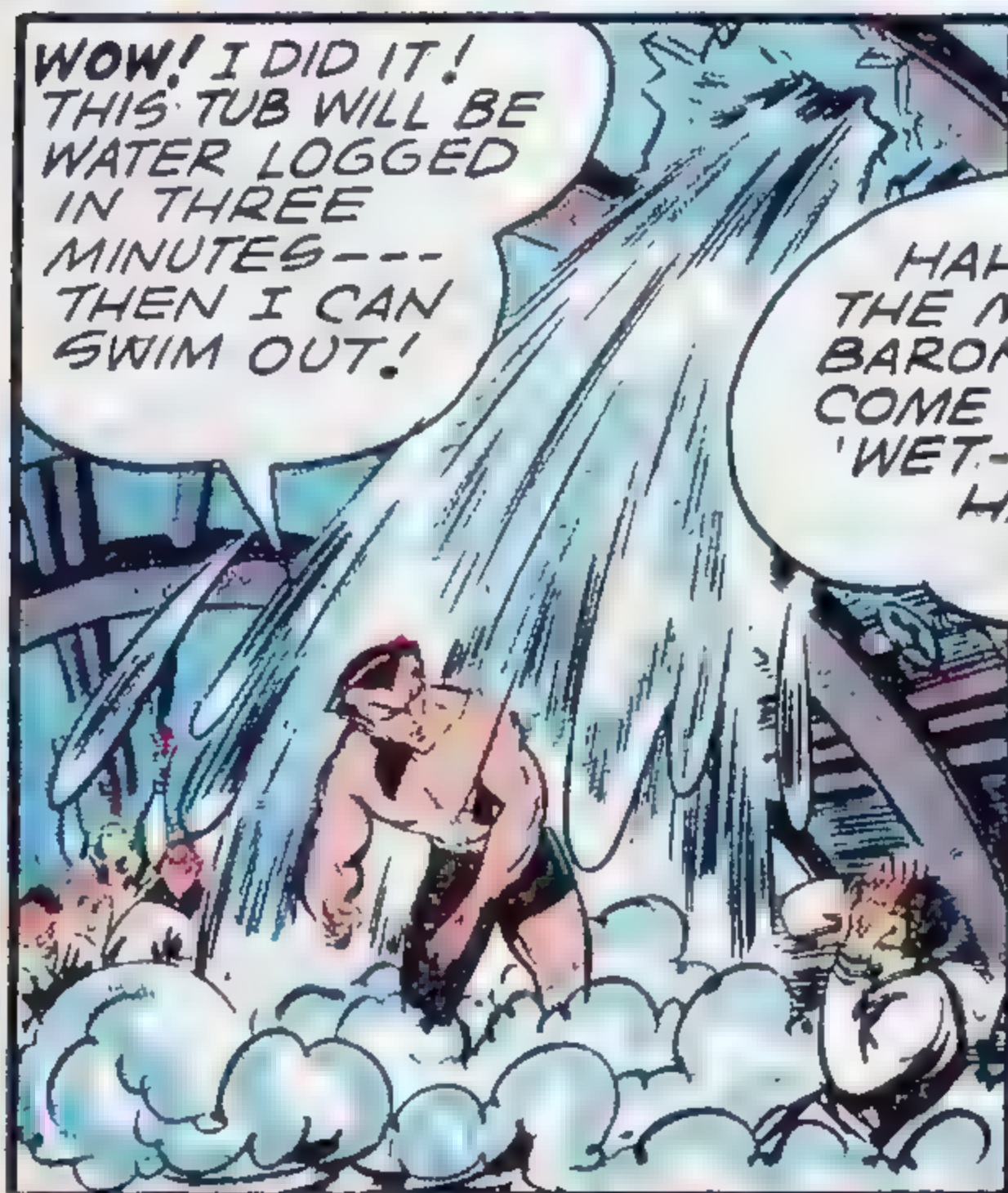
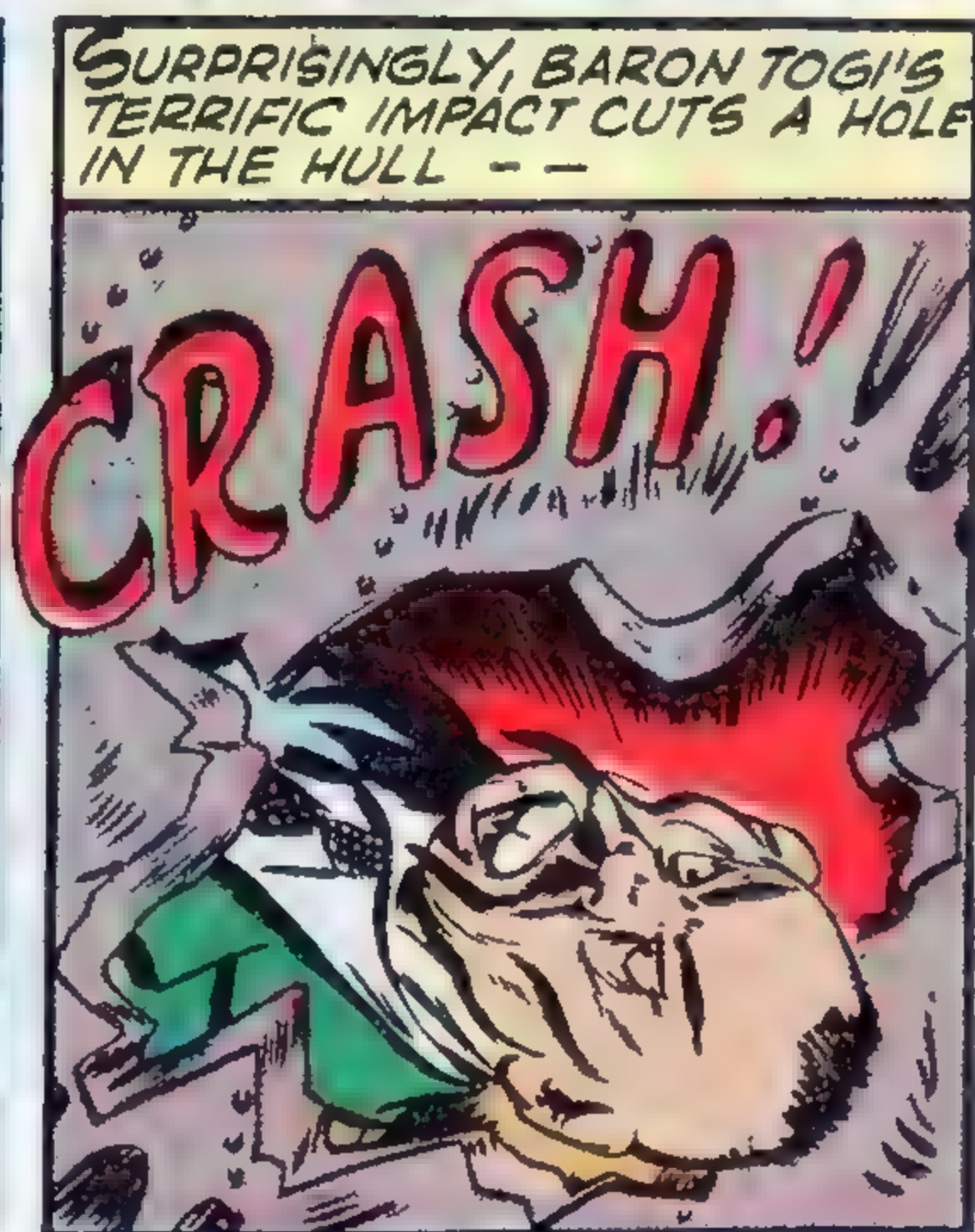
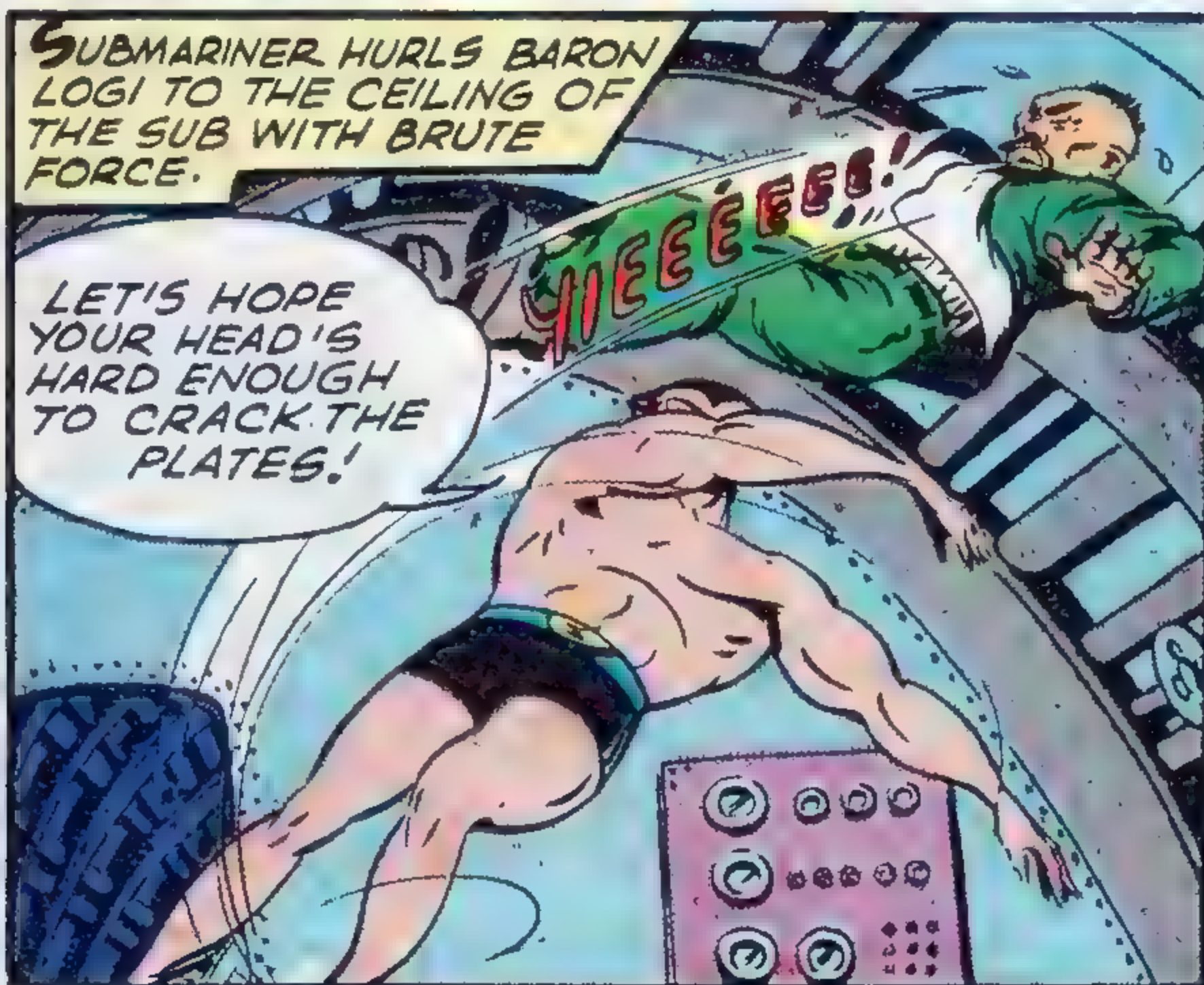
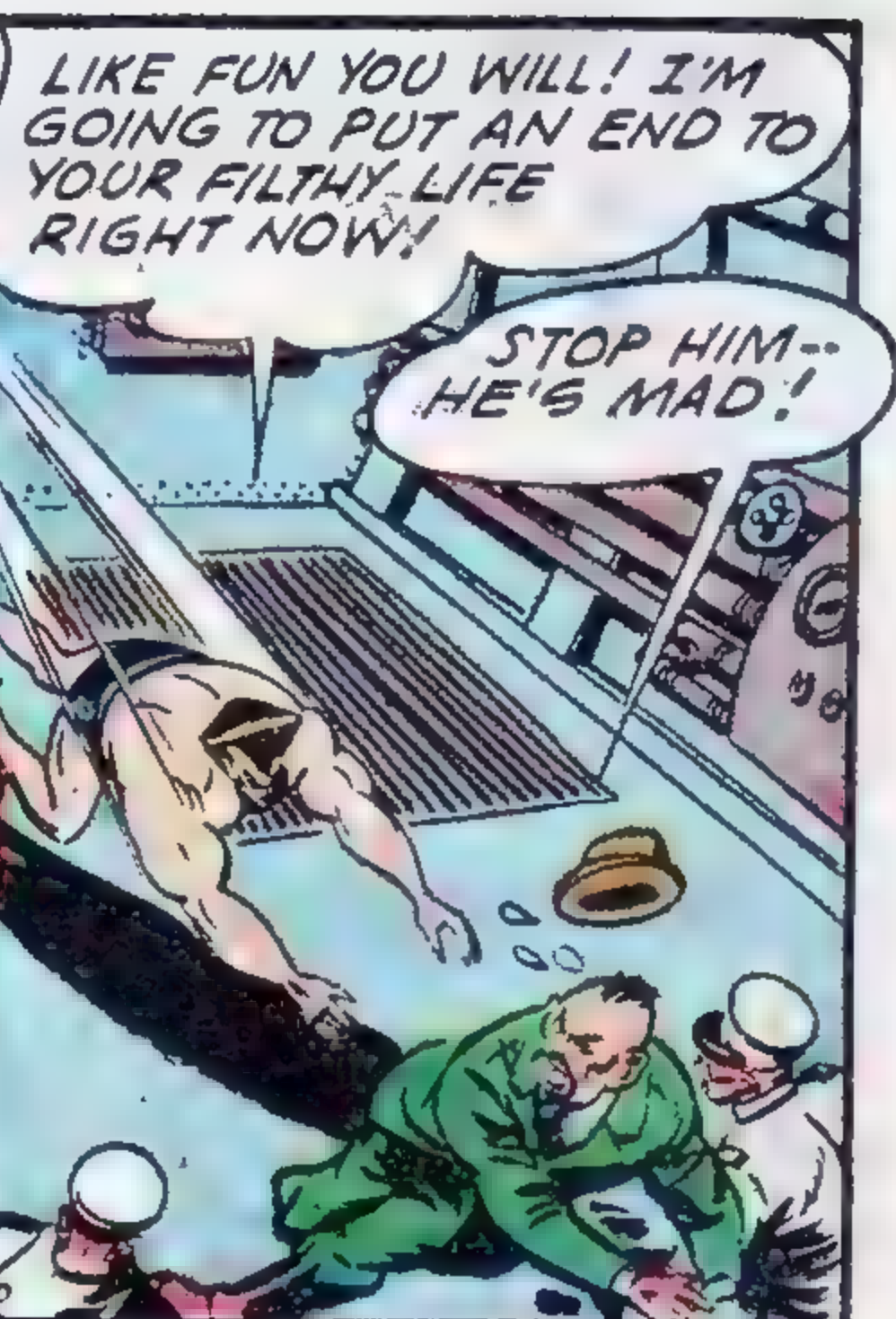
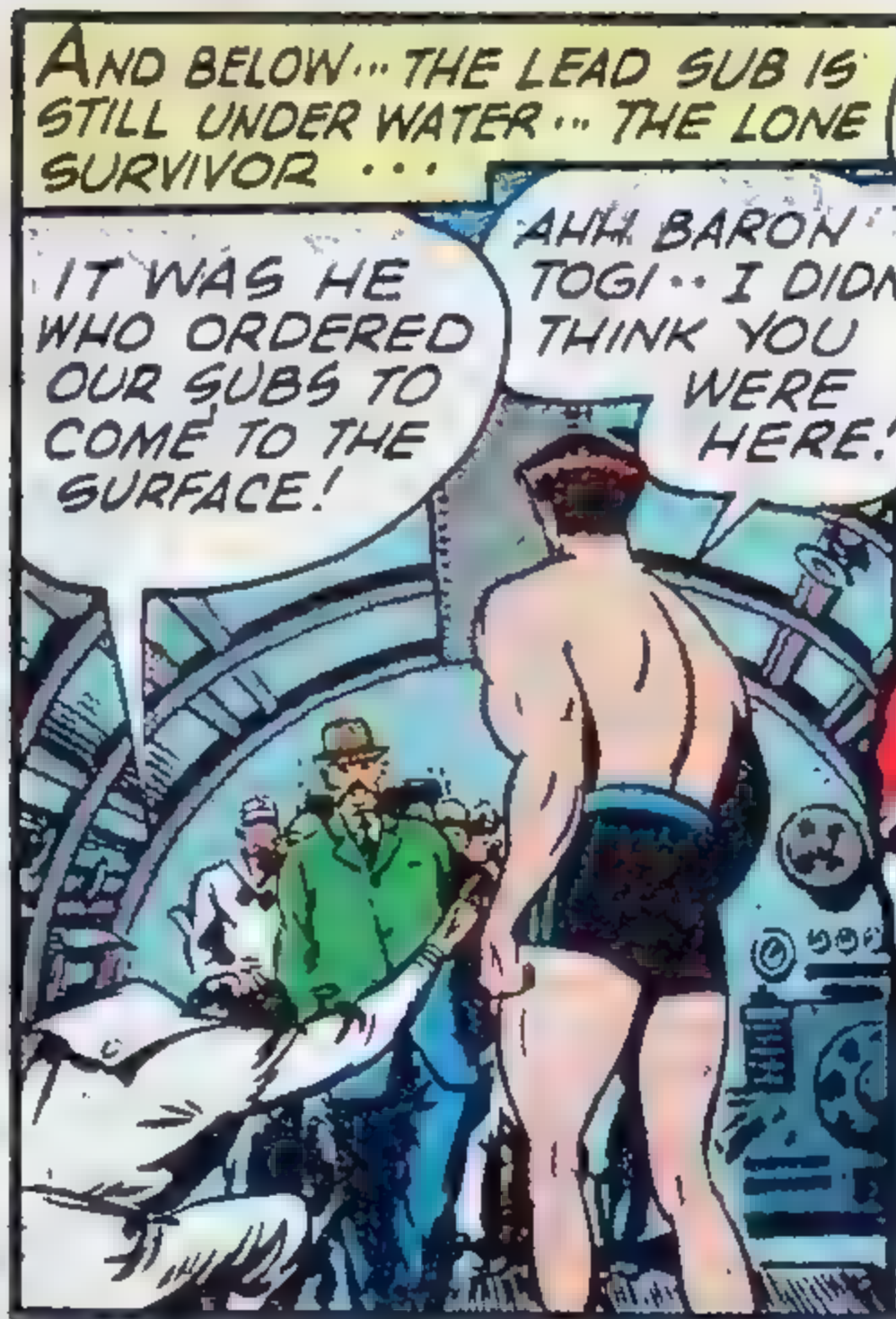
UNDER UNMERCIFUL, WITHERING FIRE THE JAP
SUBS ARE CUT APART... THEY SCATTER, BUT TO NO
AVAIL ---



FIVE MINUTES LATER -- THE
TERRIFIC NAVAL BOMBARDMENT
HALTS ---



HOT DOG! WE'VE
DESTROYED
THEM ALL...
PAPUA
IS OURS!



Terry Vance

The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

LOOK, ALL I WANT TO DO IS FISH AND RELAX IN THE SUN.

SURE! YOU CAN DO THAT TOO! BUT STILL I WANT YOU TO MEET NICKIE---AND SEE THE GLIDER WE'VE BEEN FIXING UP!

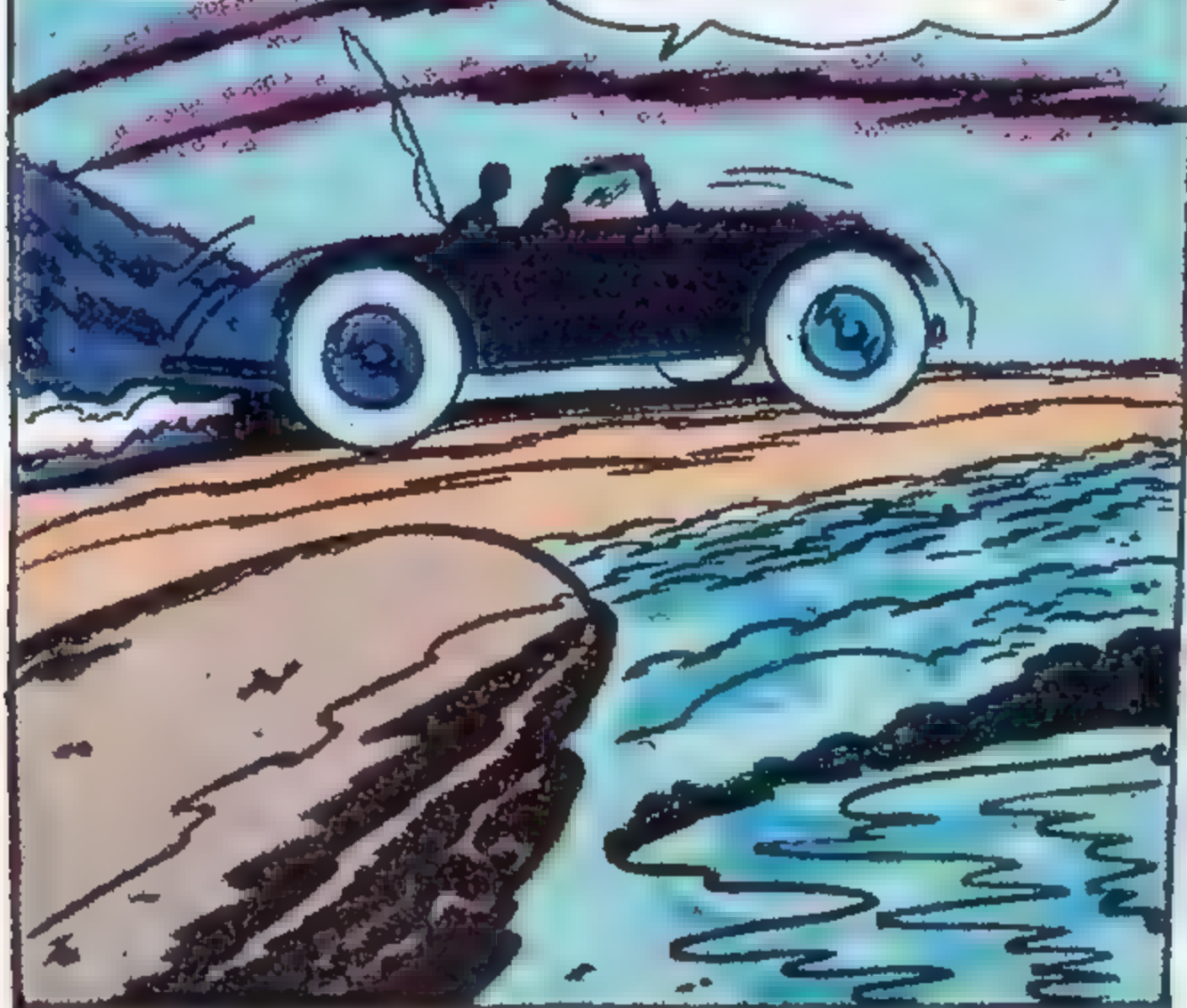
TERRY AND DEADLINE FIND A FRIEND AND FINISH AN ENEMY IN THIS... THEIR LATEST ADVENTURE THAT STARTED AS PEACEFUL AS CAN BE!
DEADLINE DAWSON'S DAY OFF!

THIS AREA RESTRICTED AFTER SUNDOWN
U.S. ARMY



OKAY... HOW MUCH FURTHER IS THIS PLACE?

CAT'S EYE COVE-- RIGHT OVER THAT NEXT SAND DUNE... WAIT'LL YOU SEE THAT GLIDER PAL!

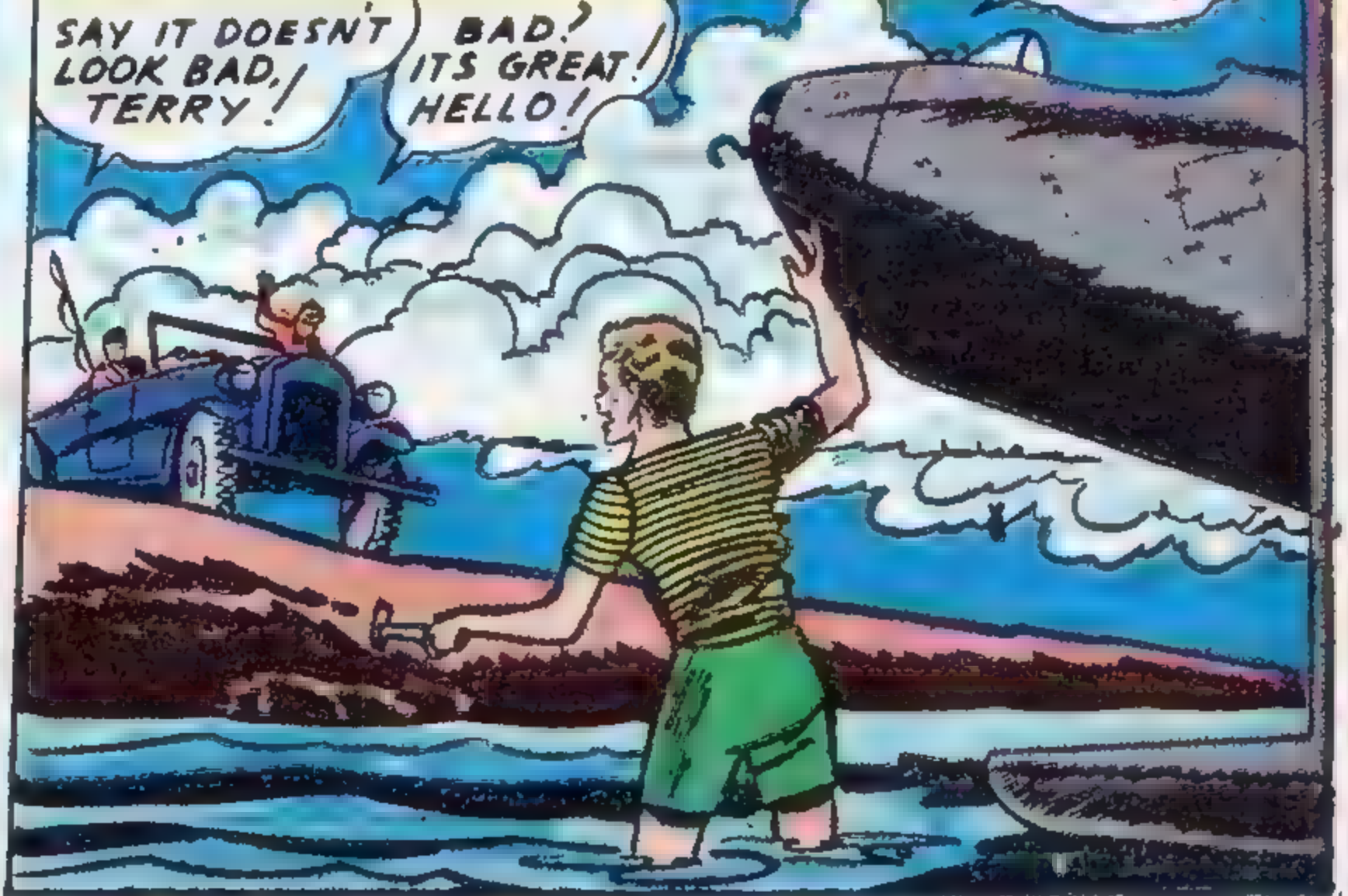


A FEW SECONDS LATER-- CAT'S COVE! THE CENTER OF RUM RUNNING ACTIVITIES IN THE HEY DAY OF PROHIBITION!

SAY IT DOESN'T LOOK BAD, TERRY!

BAD? ITS GREAT! HELLO!

HI, TERRY... ITS ABOUT TIME!

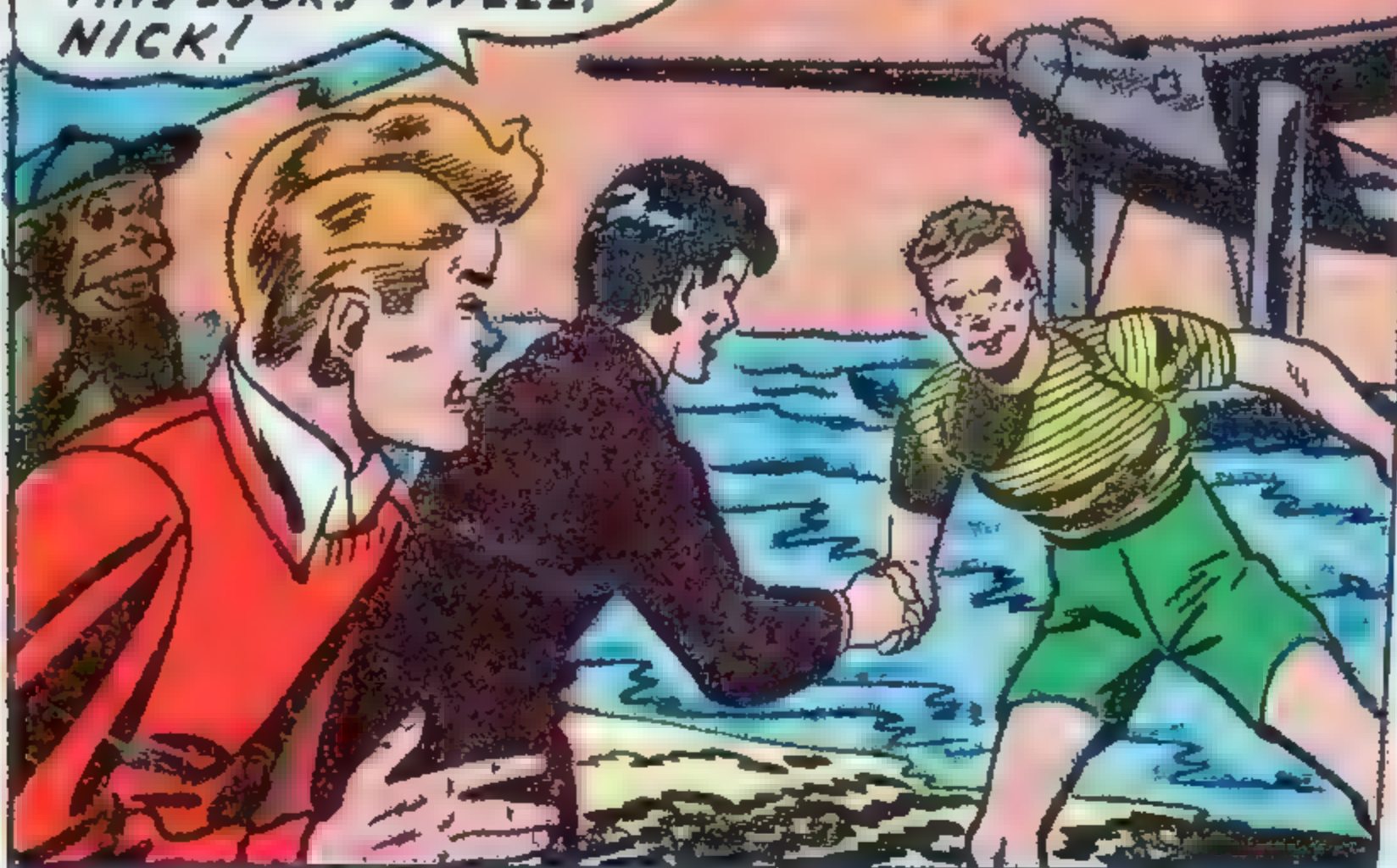


DEADLINE MEETS NICKIE FOR THE FIRST TIME---

NICKIE, MEET DEADLINE DAWSON-- THE TOWN'S BEST CUB REPORTER! THIS LOOKS SWELL, NICK!

HI!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, DEADLINE!



THIS IS A PRETTY TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD TO FOOL AROUND IN, ISN'T IT?

THE OLD RUM RUNNERS? NAW-- THEY'VE SWITCHED TO CLAM DIGGING!

HOW'S ABOUT A HOP, NICK?

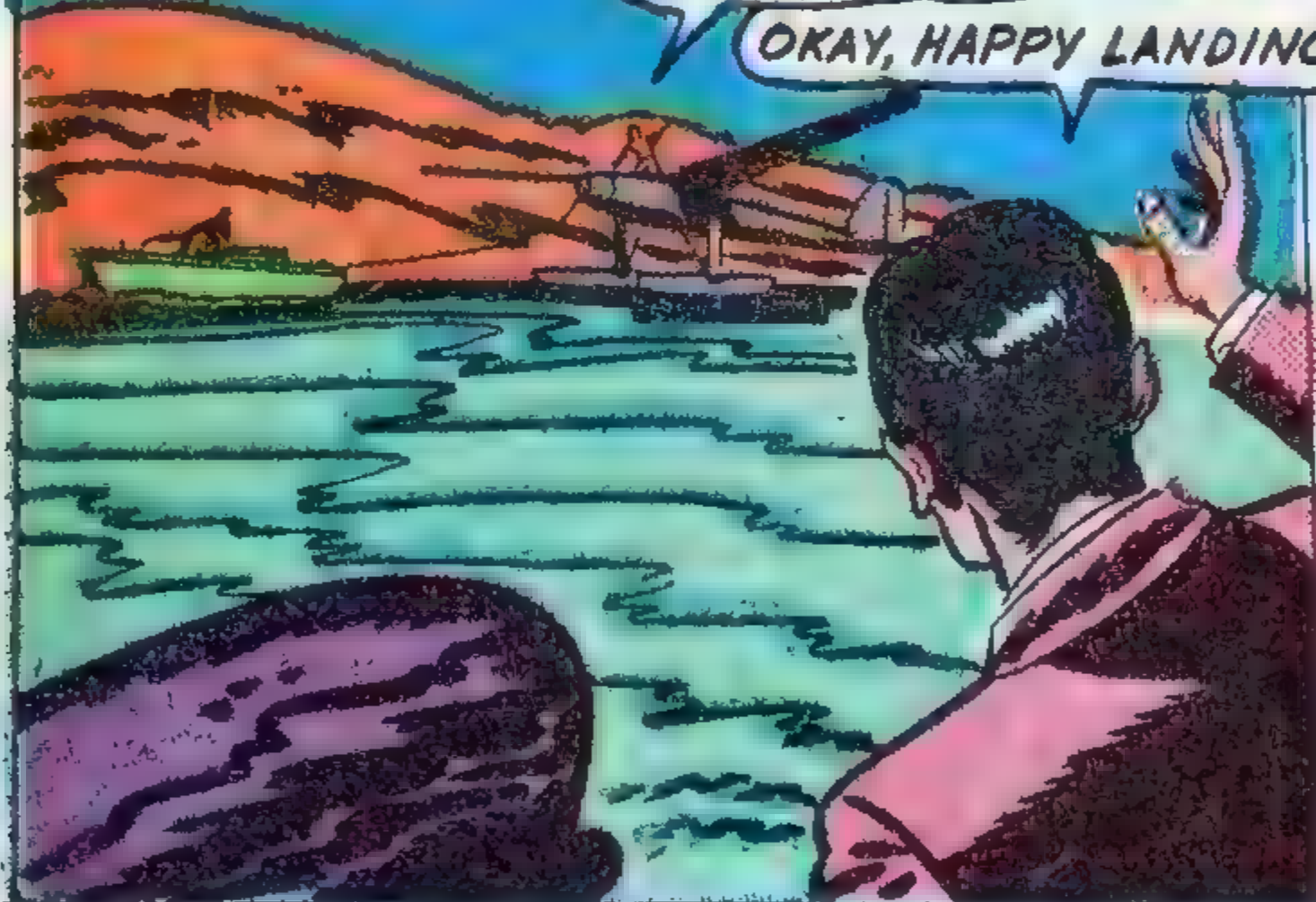


NICK CLIMBS INTO THE MOTOR BOAT---

FASTEN THE TOW ROPE-- I'LL RUN THE BOAT---

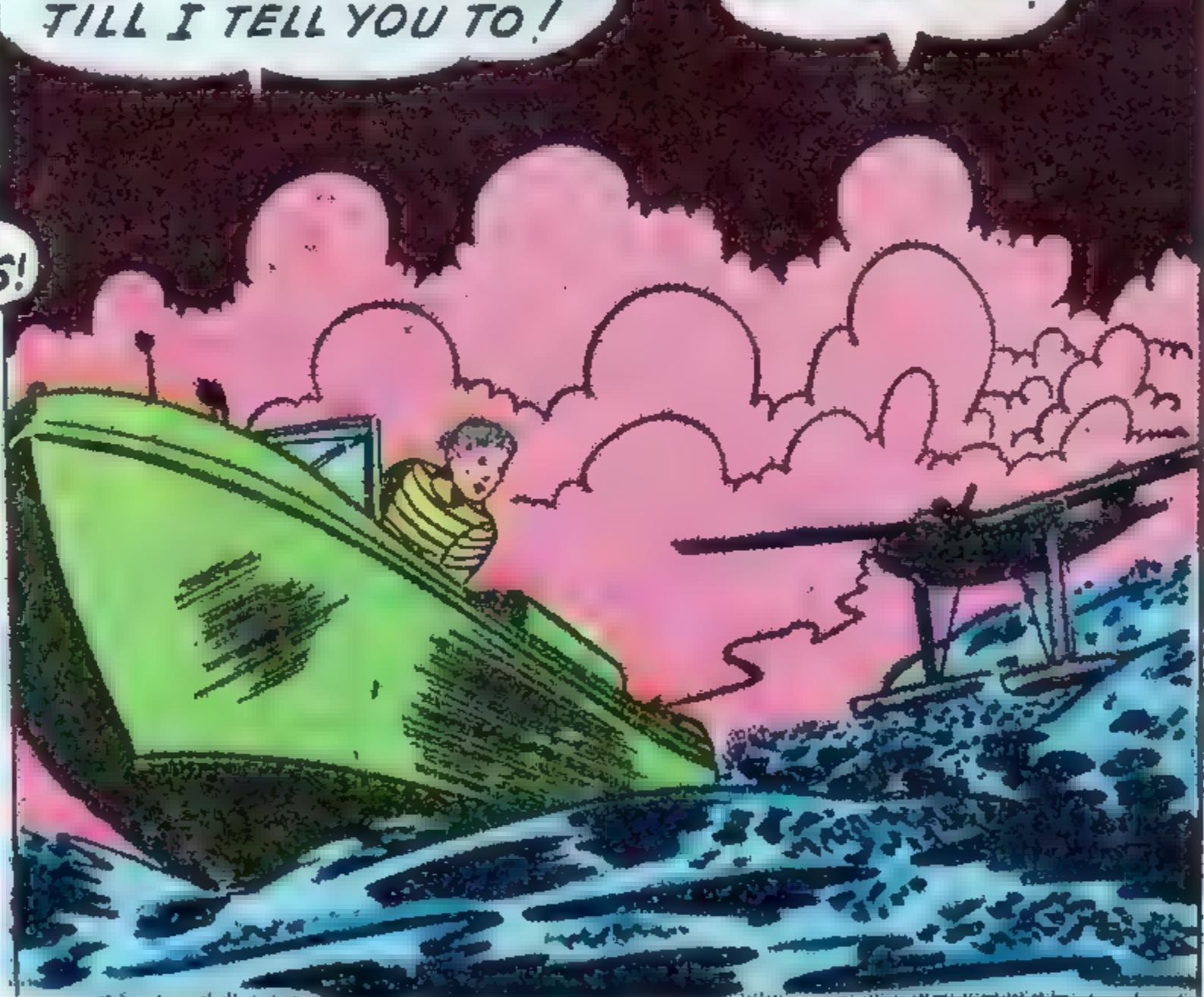
THANKS--THINK I'LL TAKE DR. WATSON UP WITH ME! SEE YOU LATER, DEADLINE!

OKAY, HAPPY LANDINGS!



DON'T DROP THE ROPE TILL I TELL YOU TO!

LET'ER RIP!

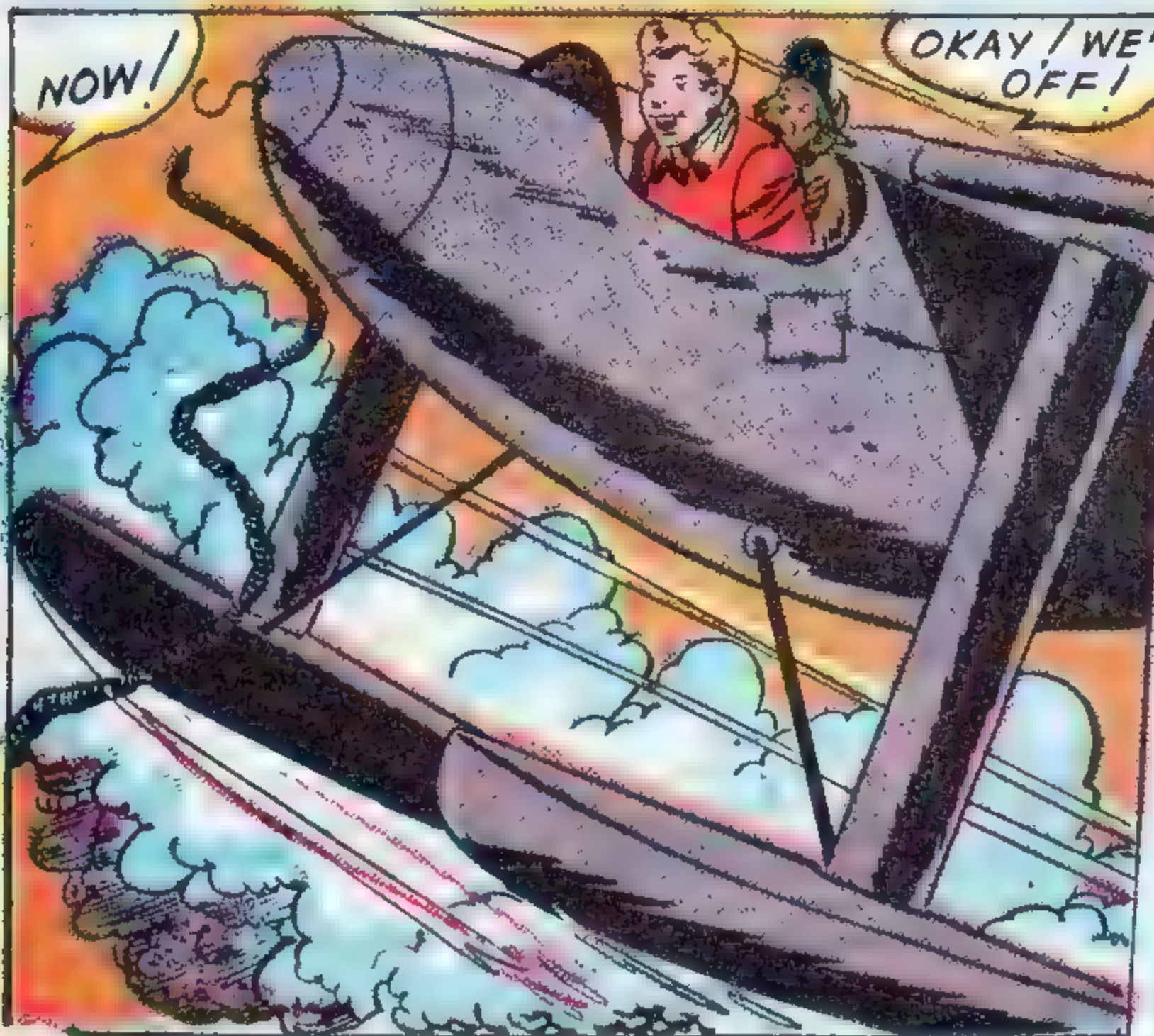


NOW!

OKAY! WE'RE OFF!

LOOK AT THAT! BOY, DEADLINE, GLIDING IS GREAT FUN!

SURE...SURE... BUT SO IS FISHING--AND HECK OF A LOT SAFER!



ALWAYS THE NEWSPAPER MAN,
DEADLINE BEGINS TO ASK QUESTIONS.

YES... AND TERRY INTENDS TO
STAY CAREFUL, HOWEVER...

THE THERMAL UPDRAFT PROVES
TO BE MUCH STRONGER THAN
TERRY SUEPCTED!

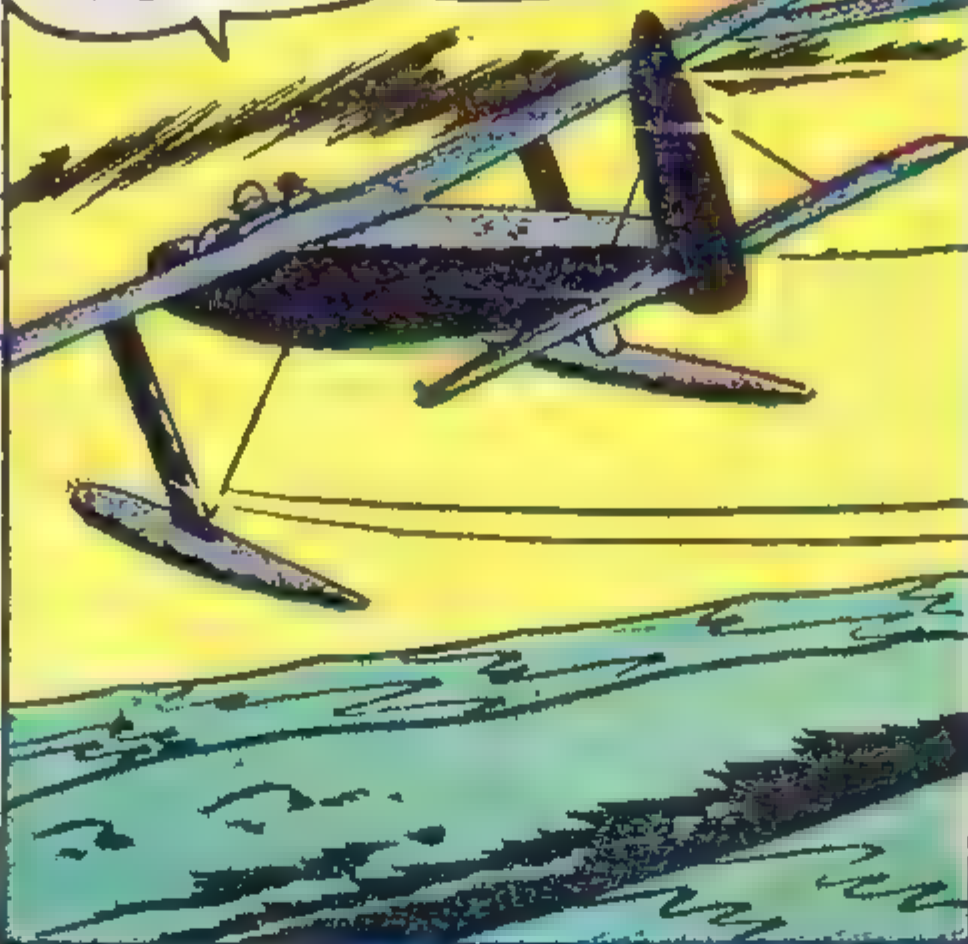
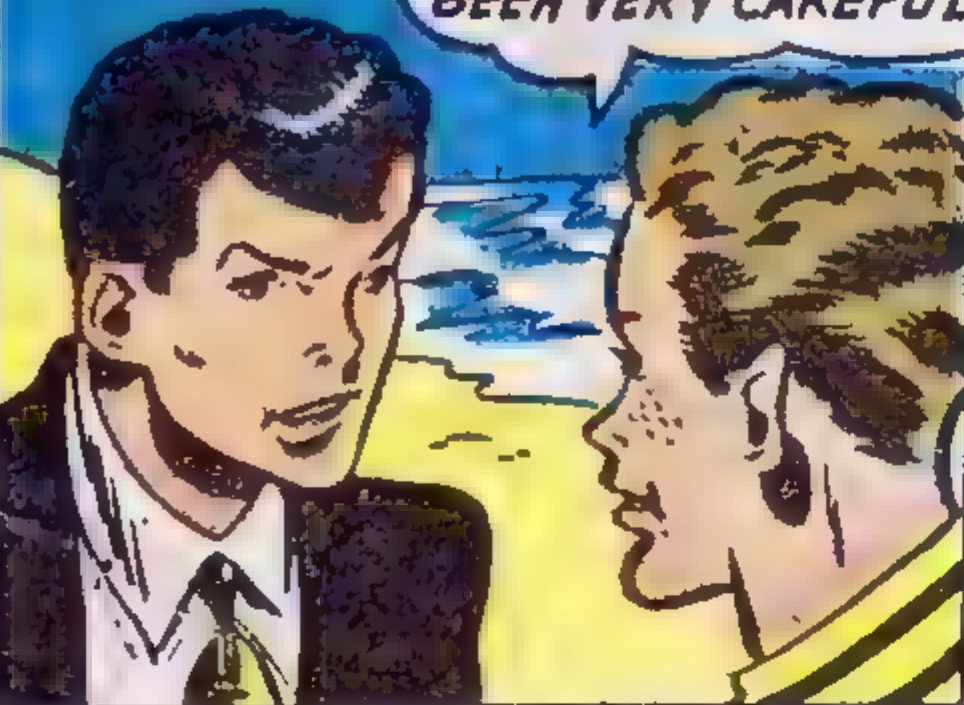
SAY, NICKIE-- DOESN'T
THE COAST GUARD HOLLER
ABOUT YOU GUYS FLYING
THAT THING SO CLOSE
TO THEIR FIELD OF
ACTION?

WELL, I DID
ASK ONE
SAILOR, HE
SAID WE'D
BE OKAY SO
LONG AS
WE DIDN'T

FLY OUT OVER THE
SAND BAR, WE'VE
BEEN VERY CAREFUL...

WE'LL GAIN SOME
ALTITUDE FROM THE HEAT
WAVES REFLECTED OFF THE
SAND BAR, DR. WATSON
AND ---

OHHHH! THERE GOES MY
STOMACH! HANG
ON, DR. WATSON
WE'RE HEADING
OUT TO SEA!!



UH-OH! THAT UPDRAFT
DID IT!... AND THE
WIND HAS HIM NOW!

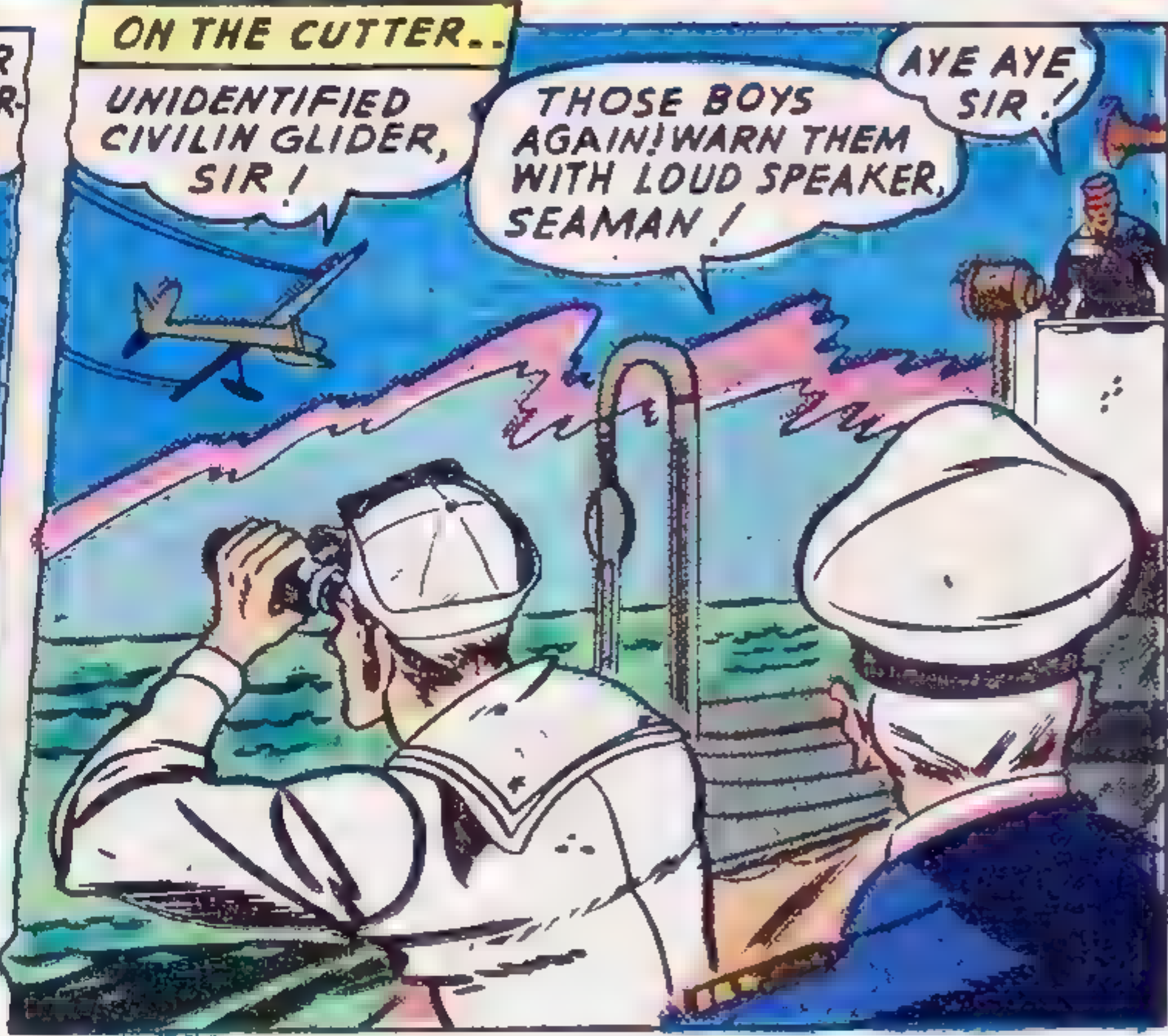
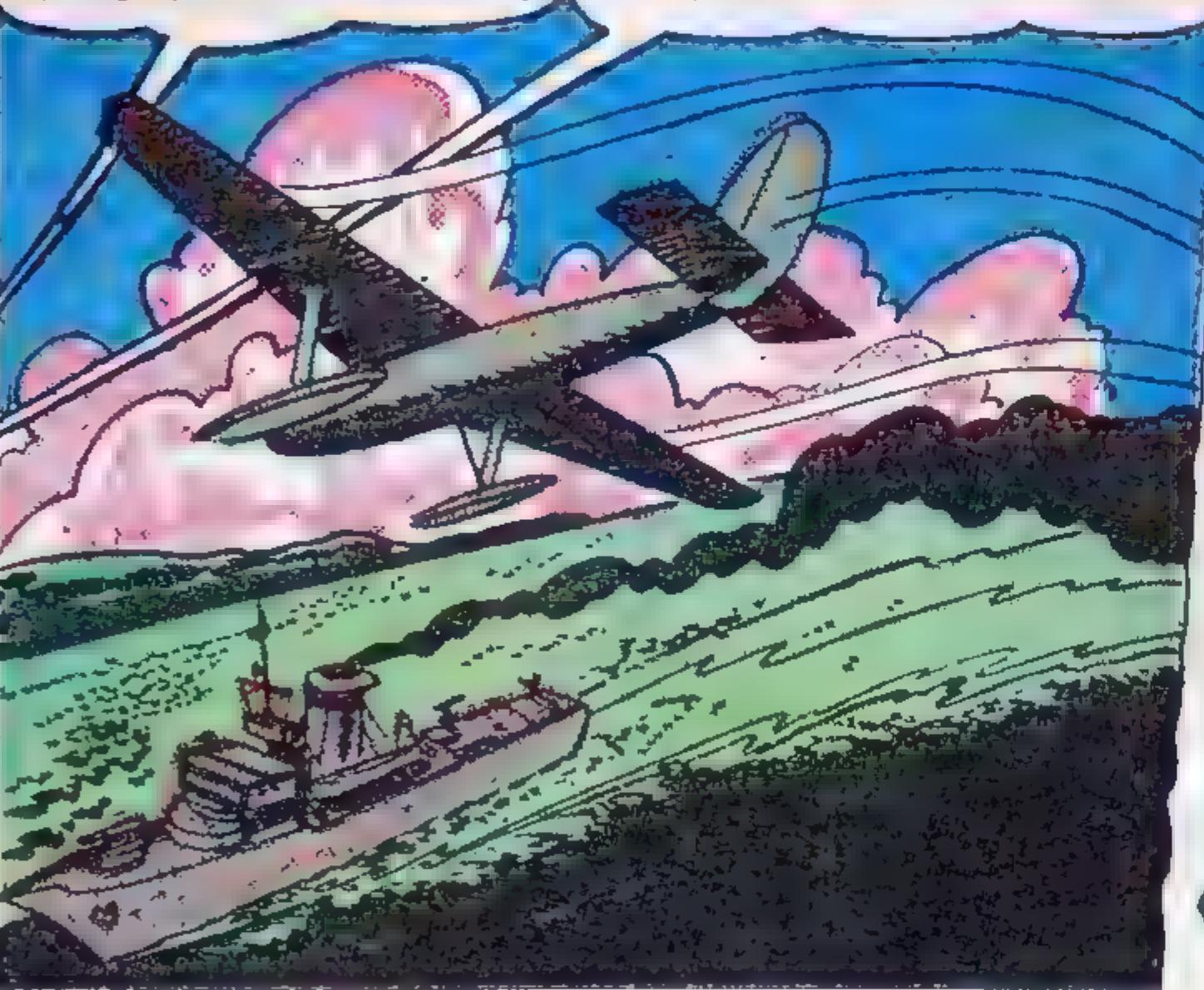
YEAH AND HE'S RIGHT OVER
THAT COAST GUARD CUTTER--
THEY CAN'T MISS HIM!

ON THE CUTTER...

UNIDENTIFIED
CIVILIAN GLIDER,
SIR!

THOSE BOYS
AGAIN! WARN THEM
WITH LOUD SPEAKER,
SEAMAN!

AYE AYE
SIR!

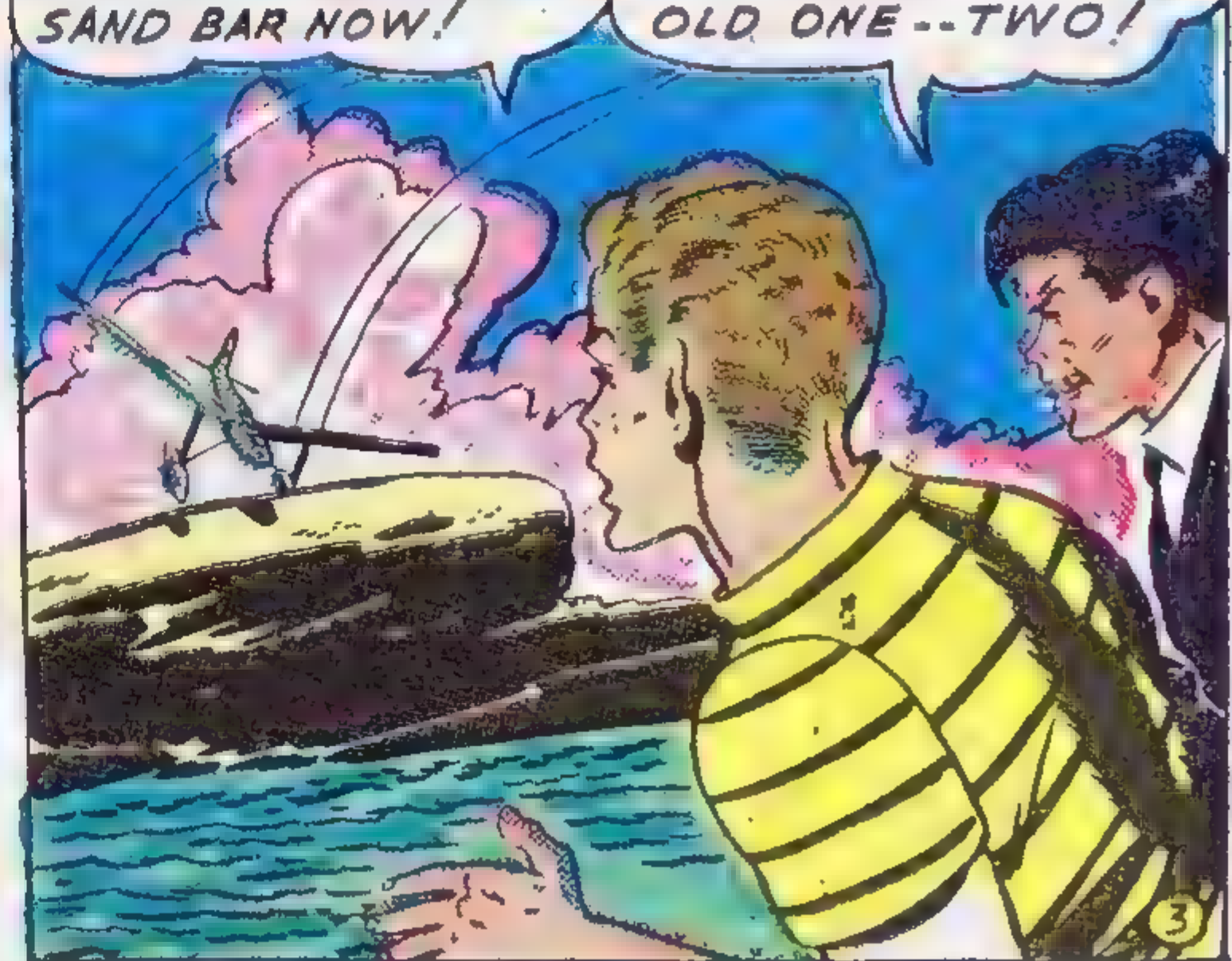
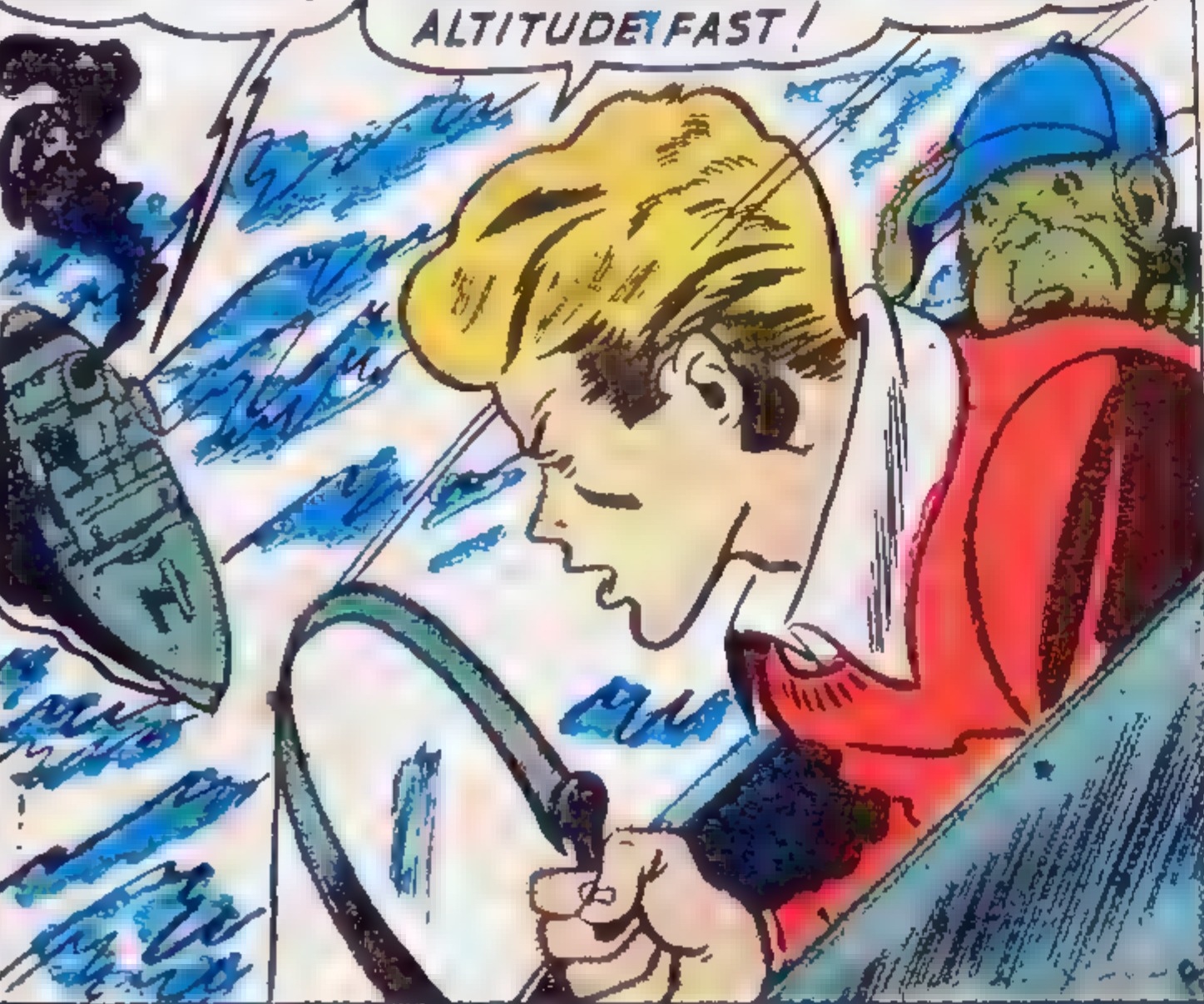


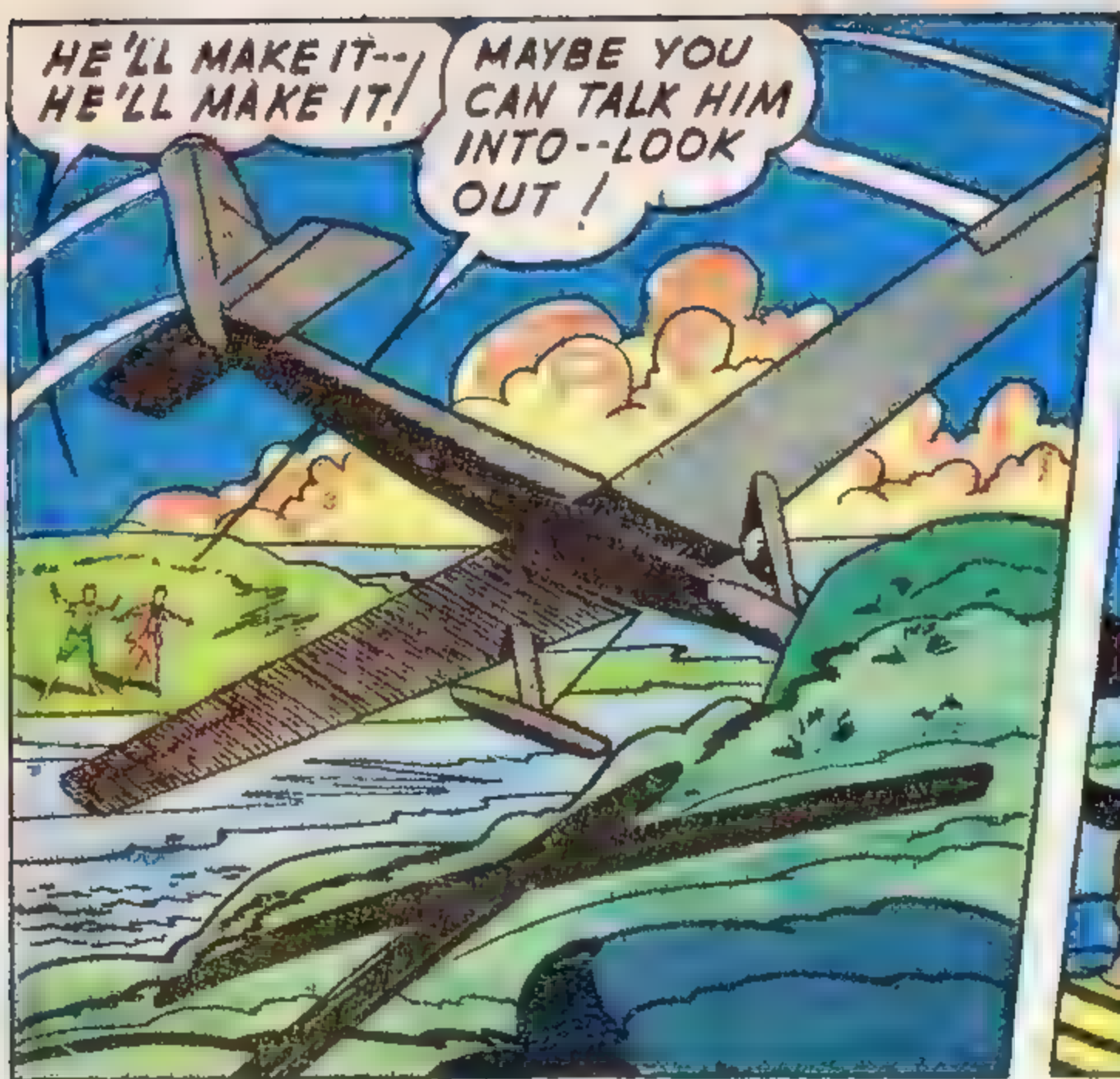
GET OUT OF
RESTRICTED
AREA.. FAST!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I PLAN
TO DO--- GRAB SOMETHING,
DR. WATSON... WE'RE LOSING
ALTITUDE FAST!

HOLY SMOKES, HE LOST
THE THERMAL-- HE'LL
NEVER GET OVER THAT
SAND BAR NOW!

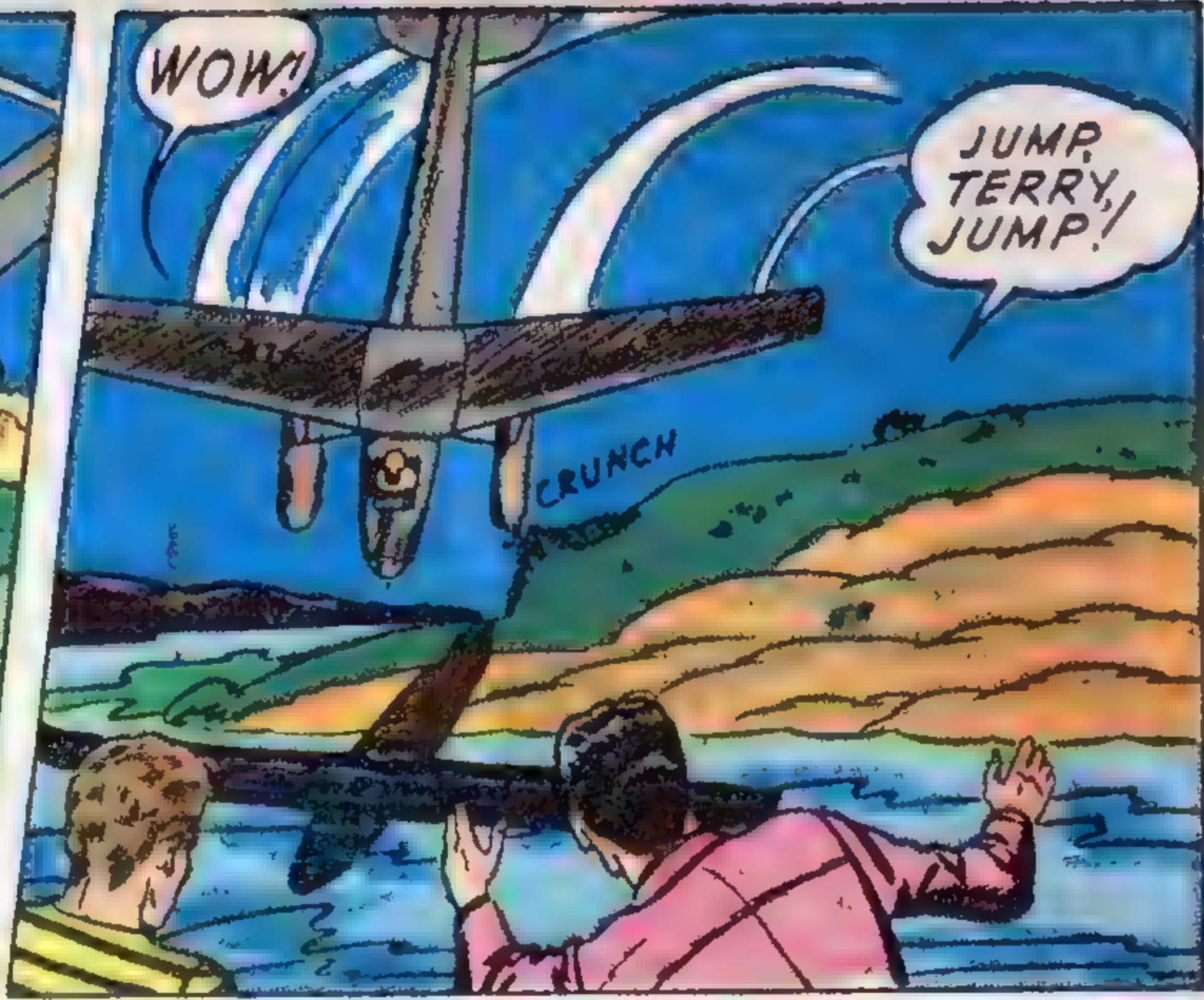
AND HE CANT LAND OUT
THERE... COME ON,
TERRY-- GIVE IT THE
OLD ONE-- TWO!





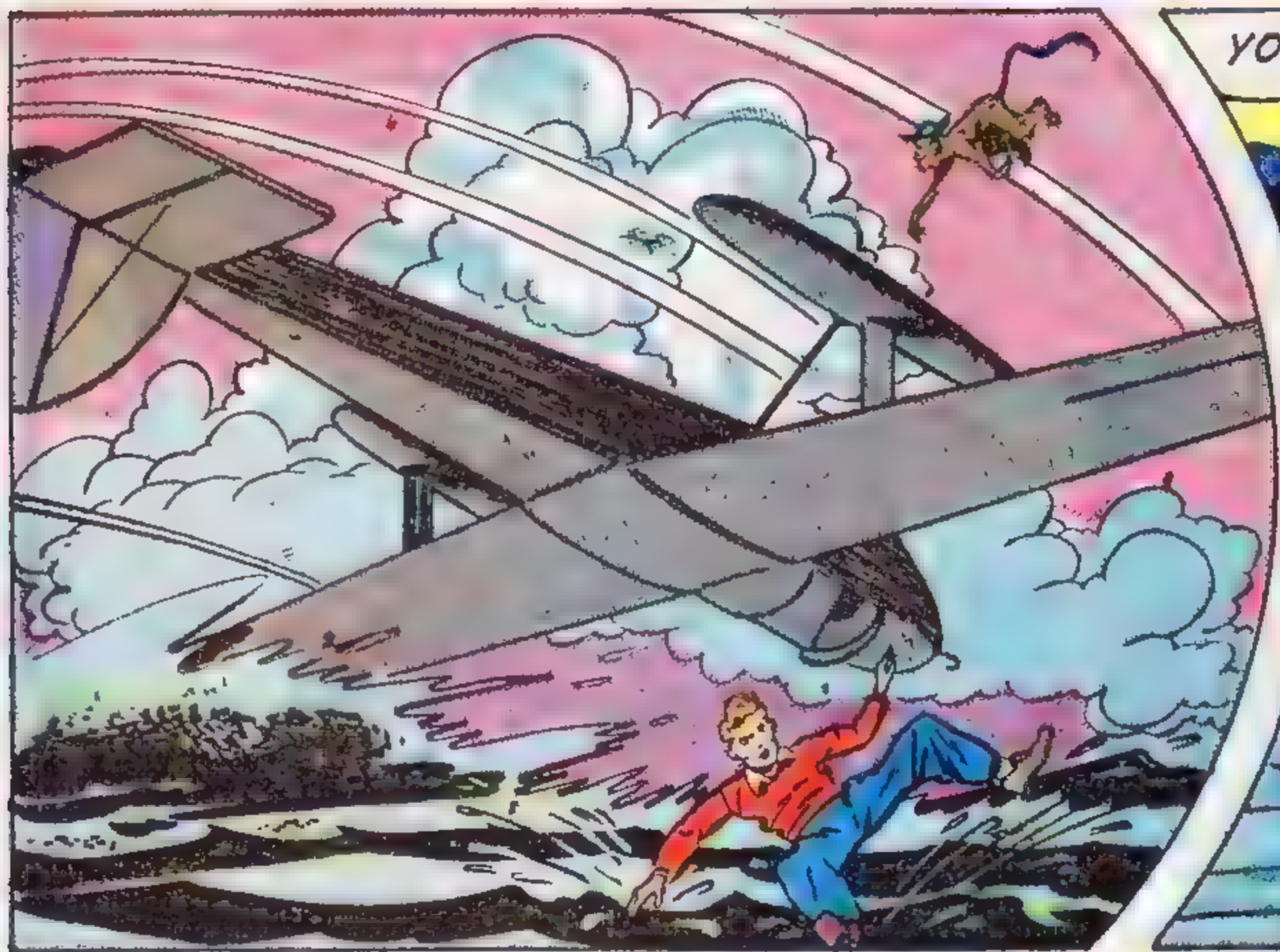
HE'LL MAKE IT--
HE'LL MAKE IT!

MAYBE YOU
CAN TALK HIM
INTO--LOOK
OUT!



WOW!

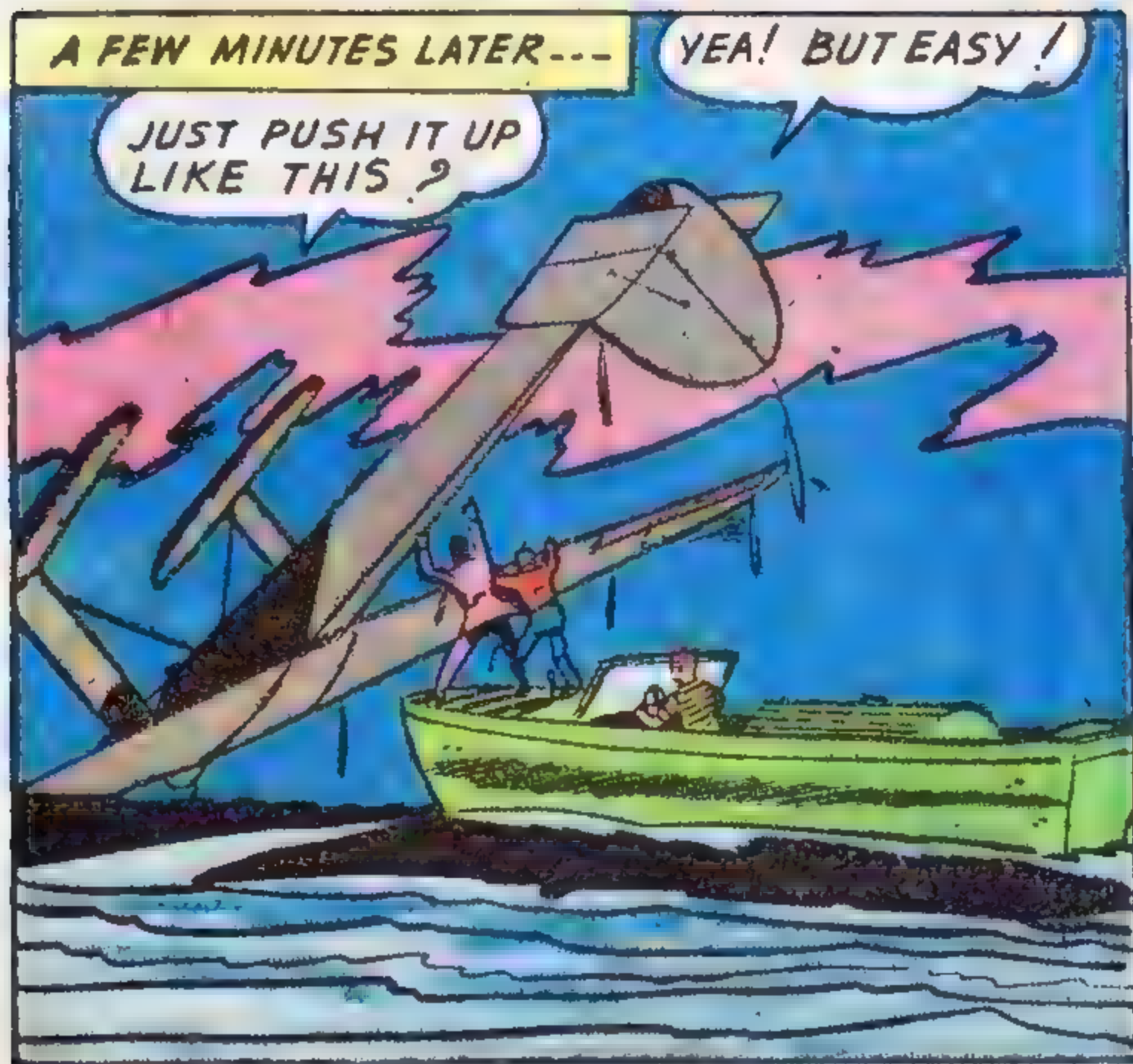
JUMP,
TERRY,
JUMP!



YOU FEEL OK, PAL?

YEAH BUT I
FEEL LIKE A
SCREW-BALL!

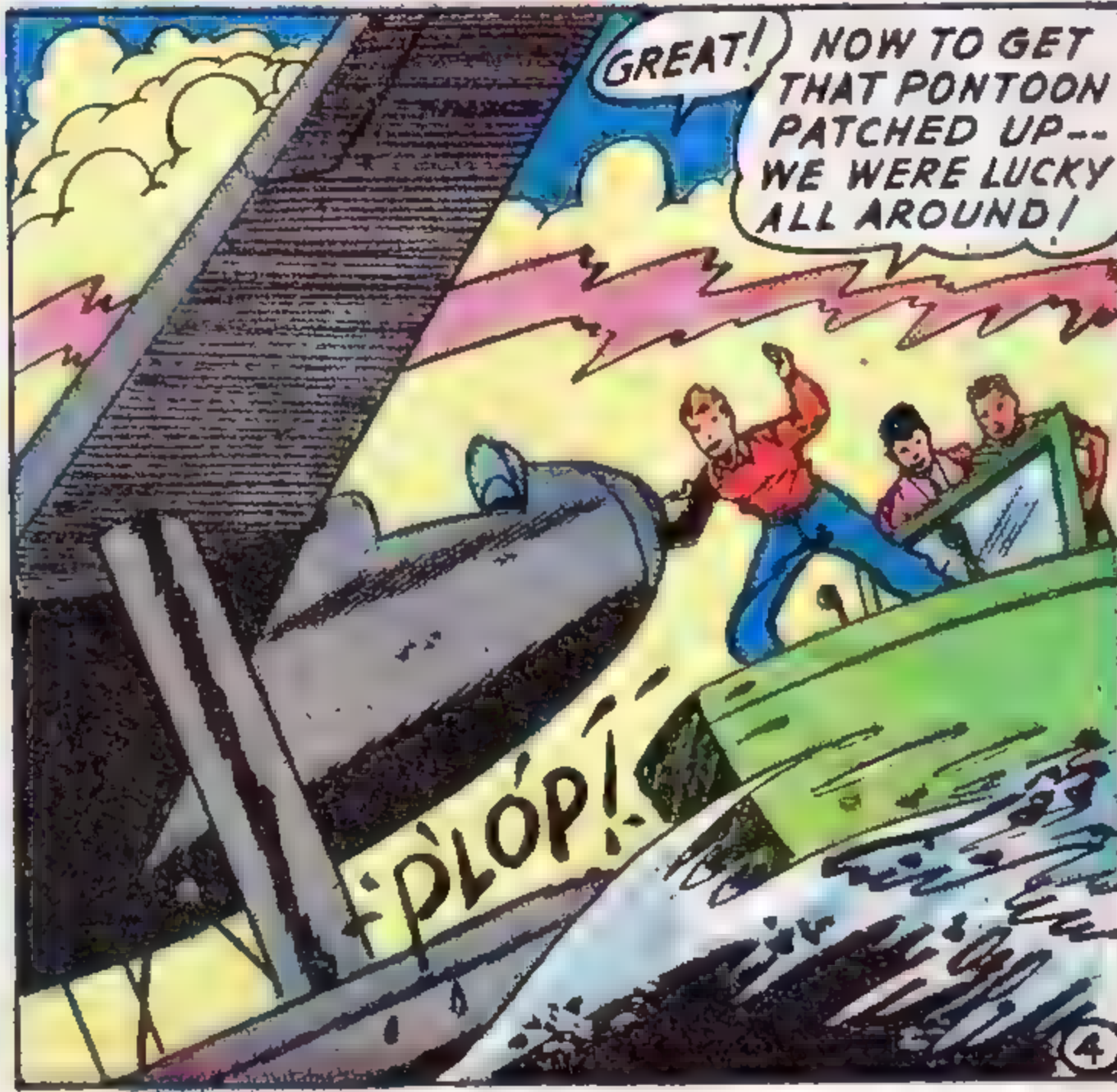
WHY? THAT CAN
HAPPEN TO ANY-
BODY! I'LL GET
THE BOAT AND
WE'LL TOW THE
GLIDER ACROSS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

JUST PUSH IT UP
LIKE THIS?

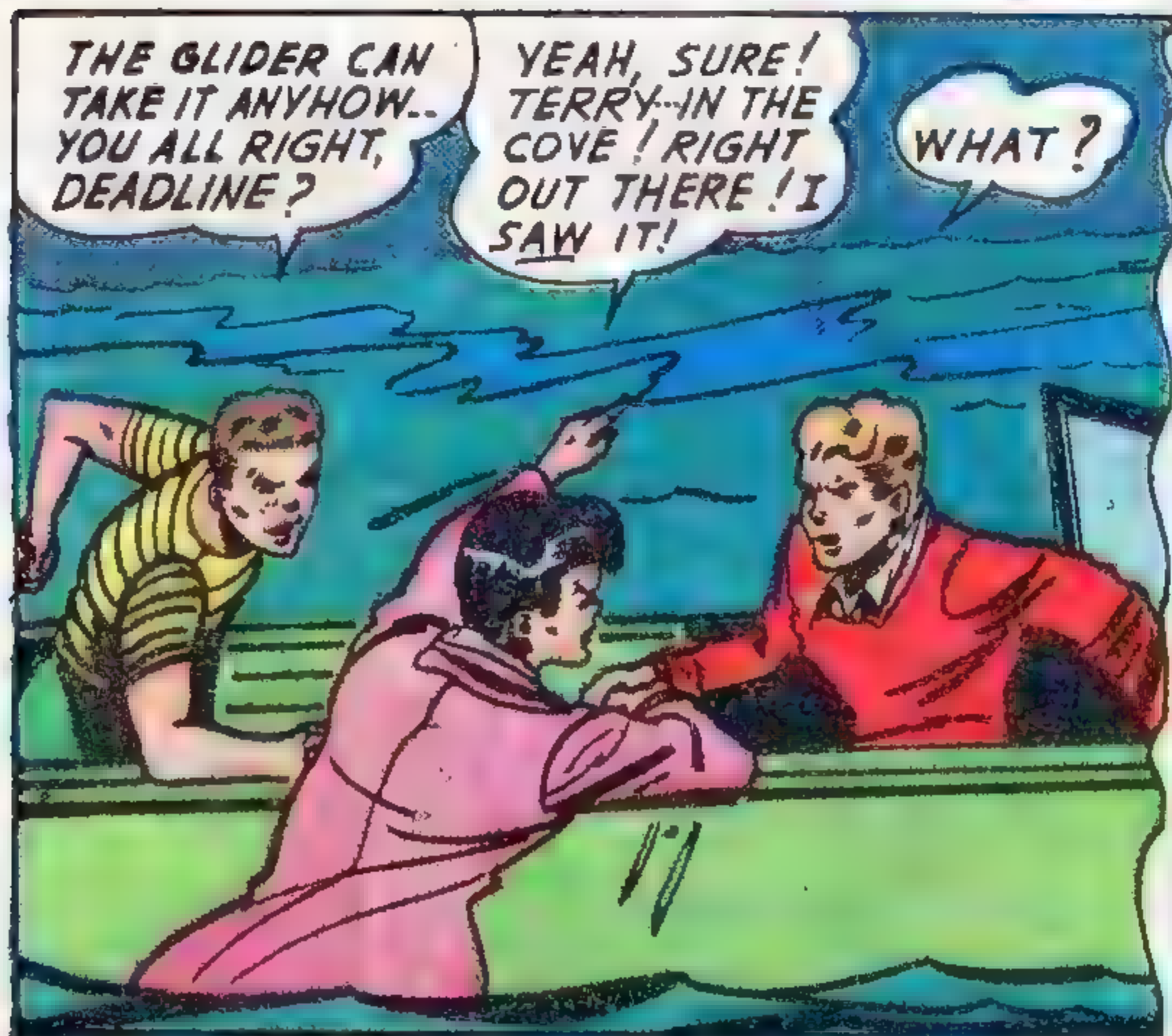
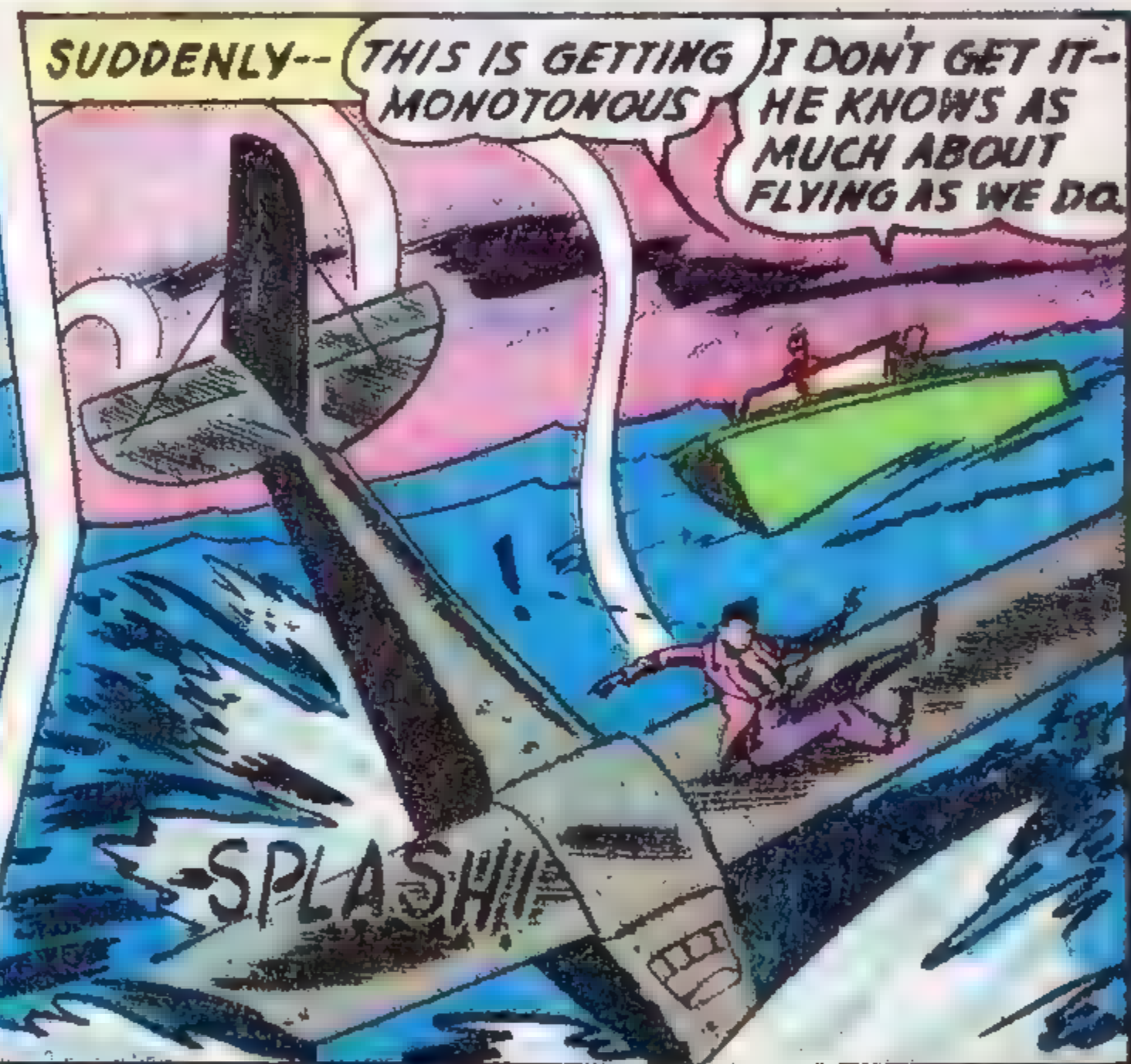
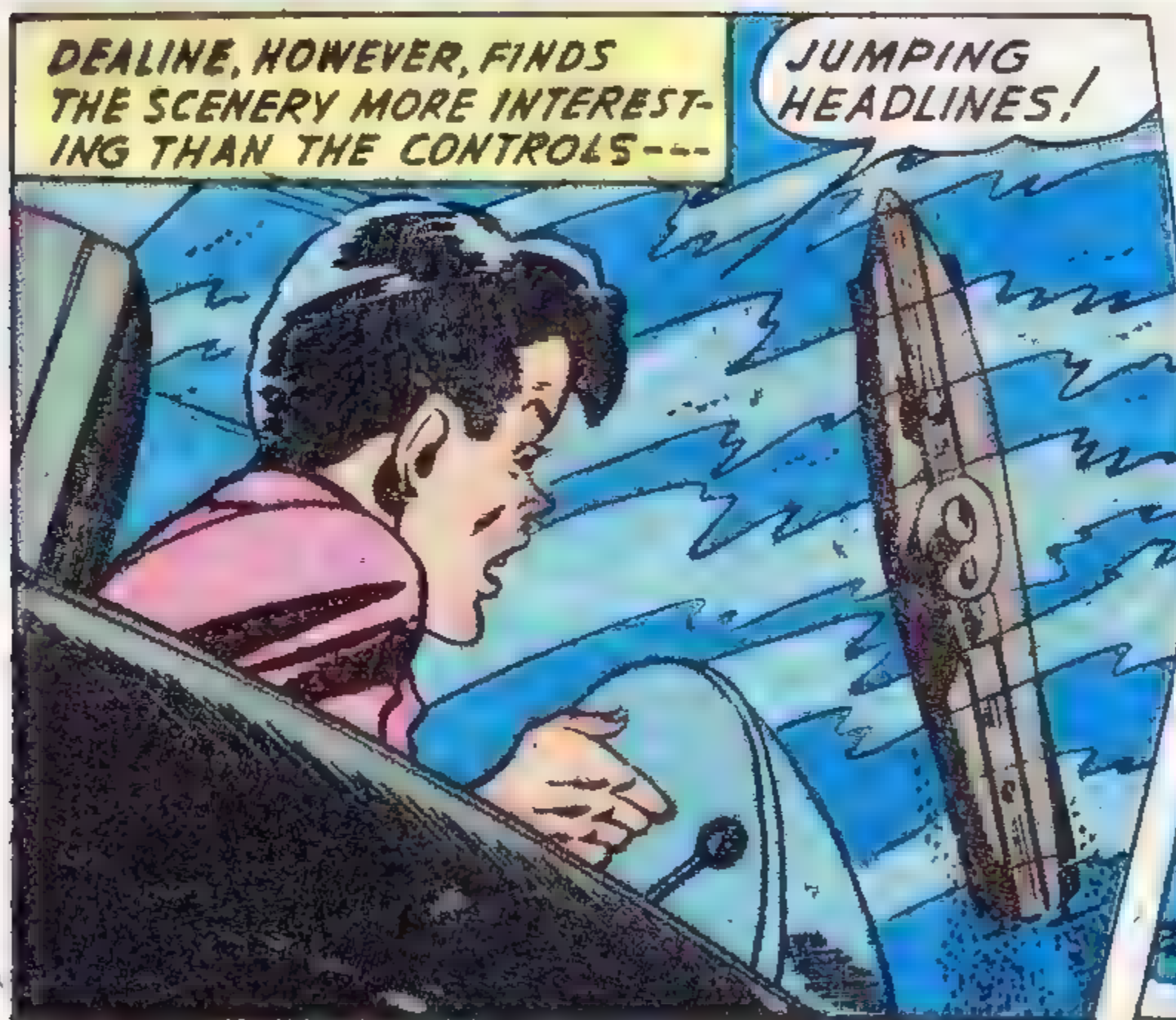
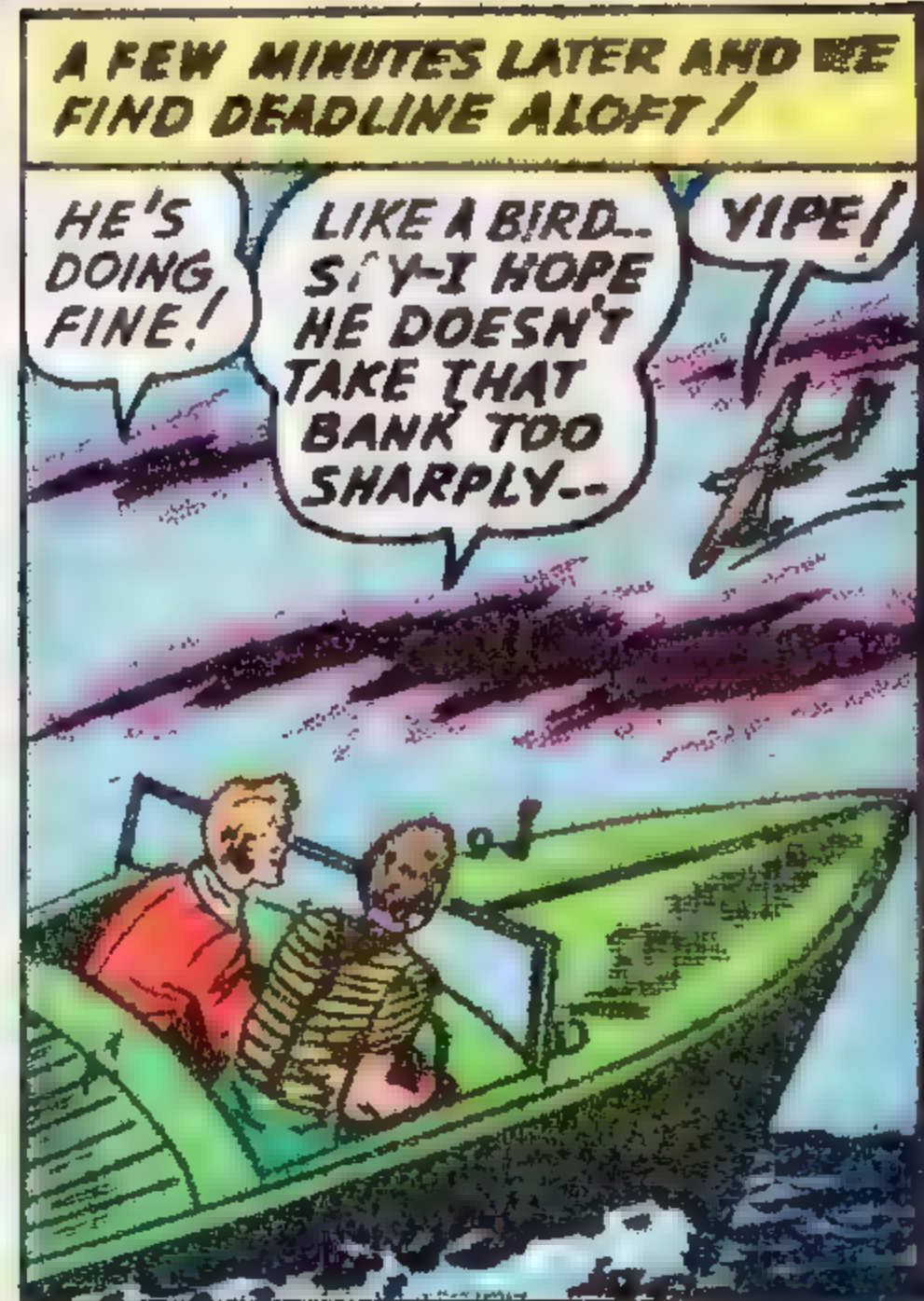
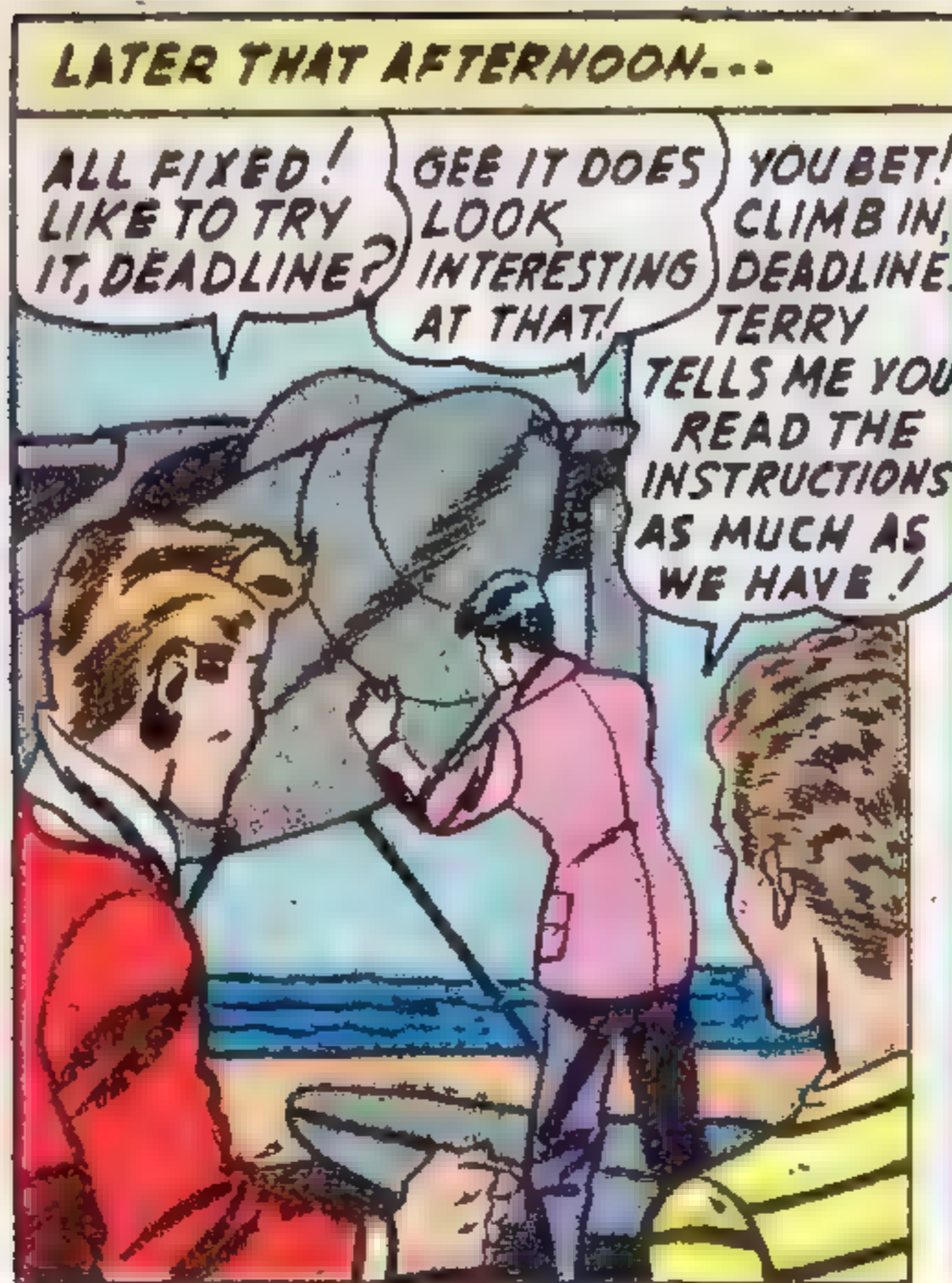
YEA! BUT EASY!

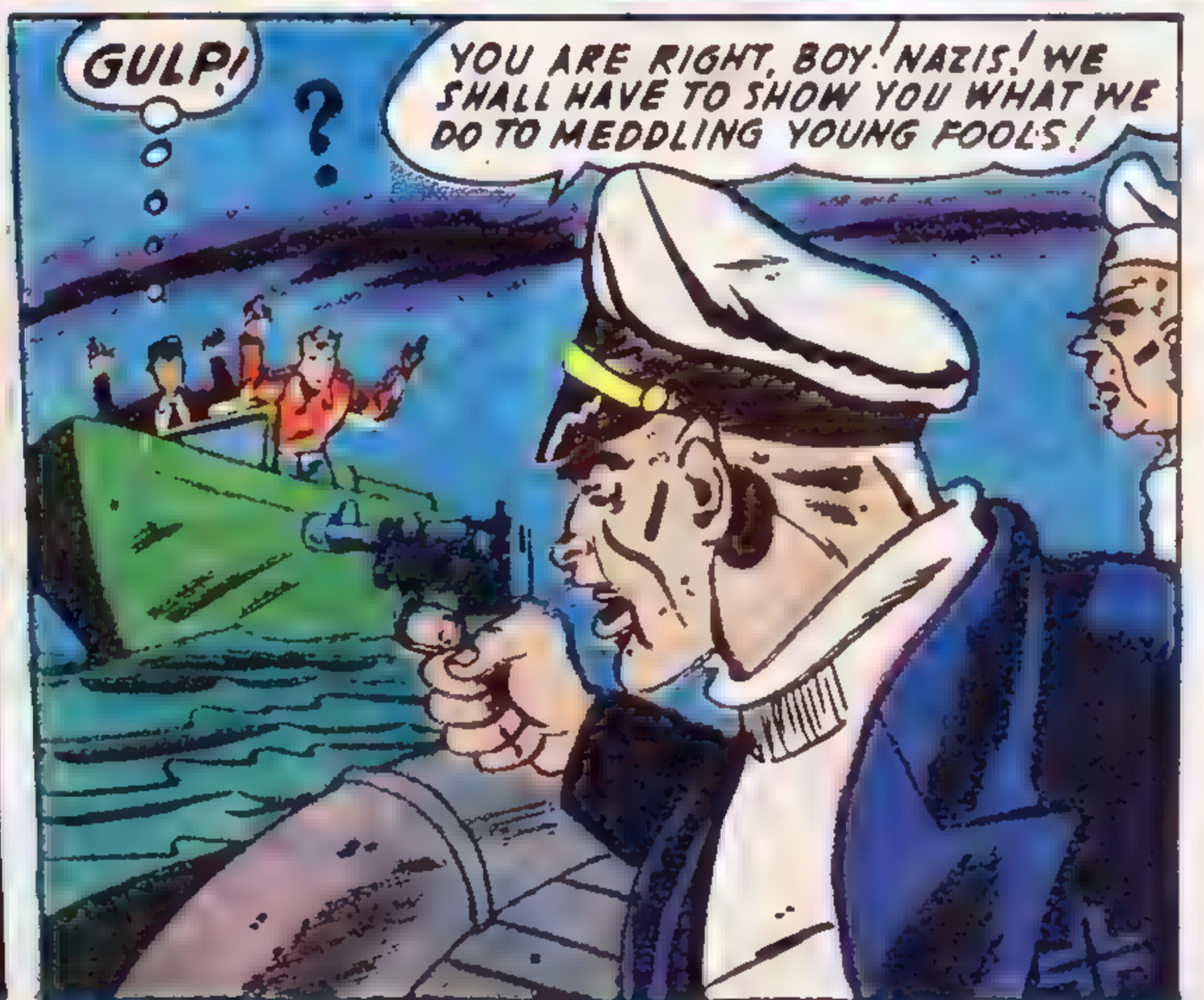
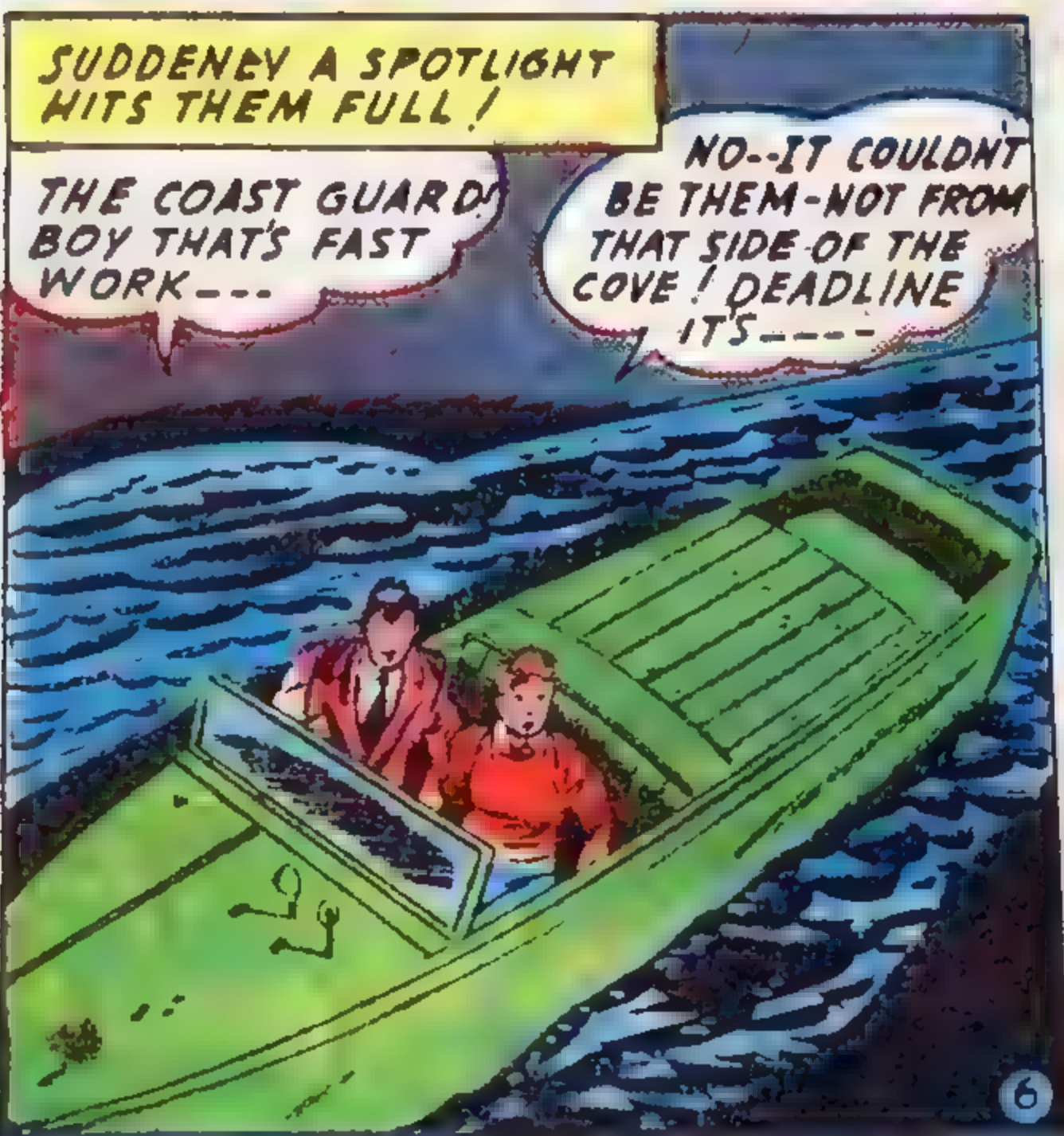
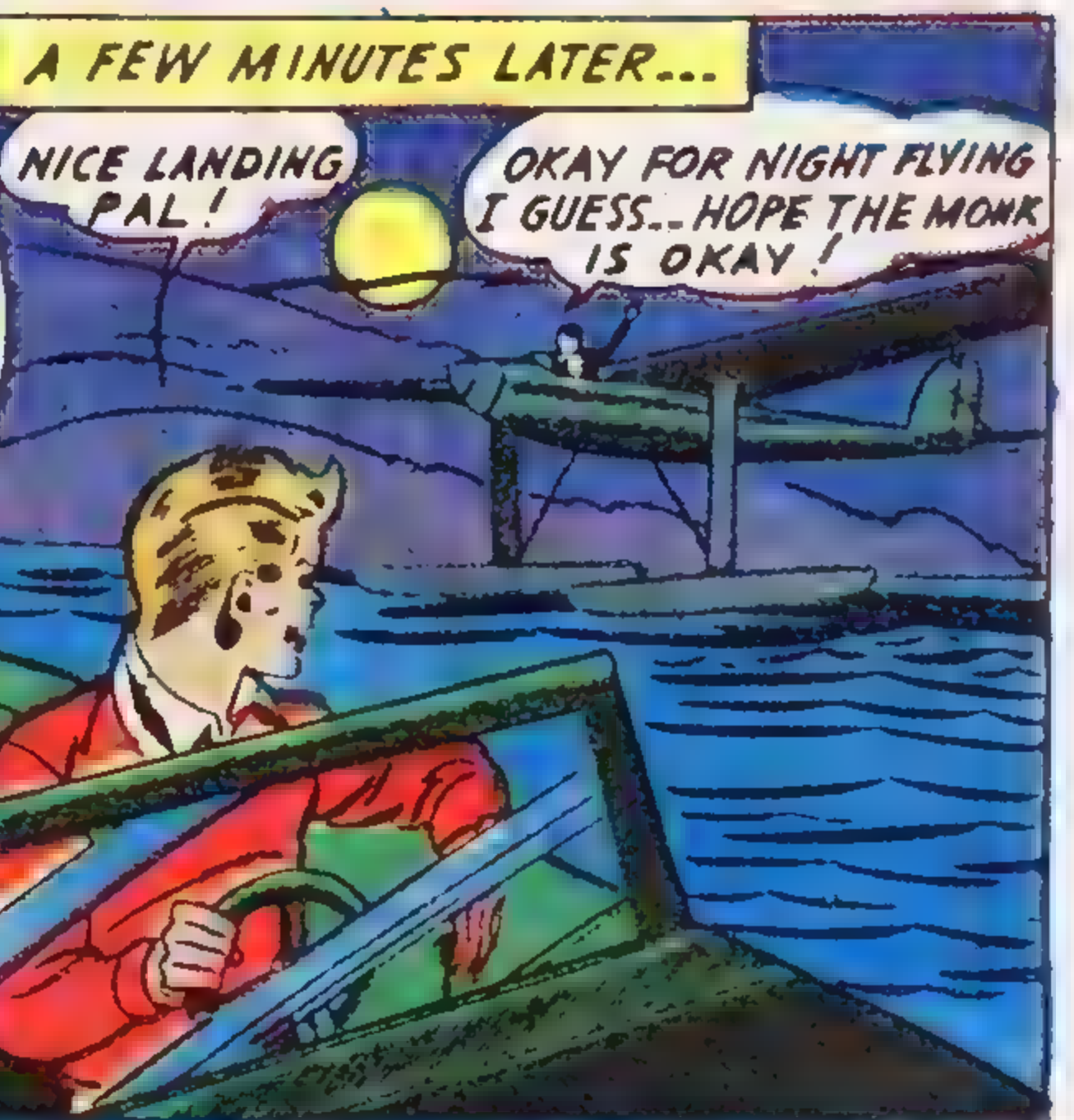
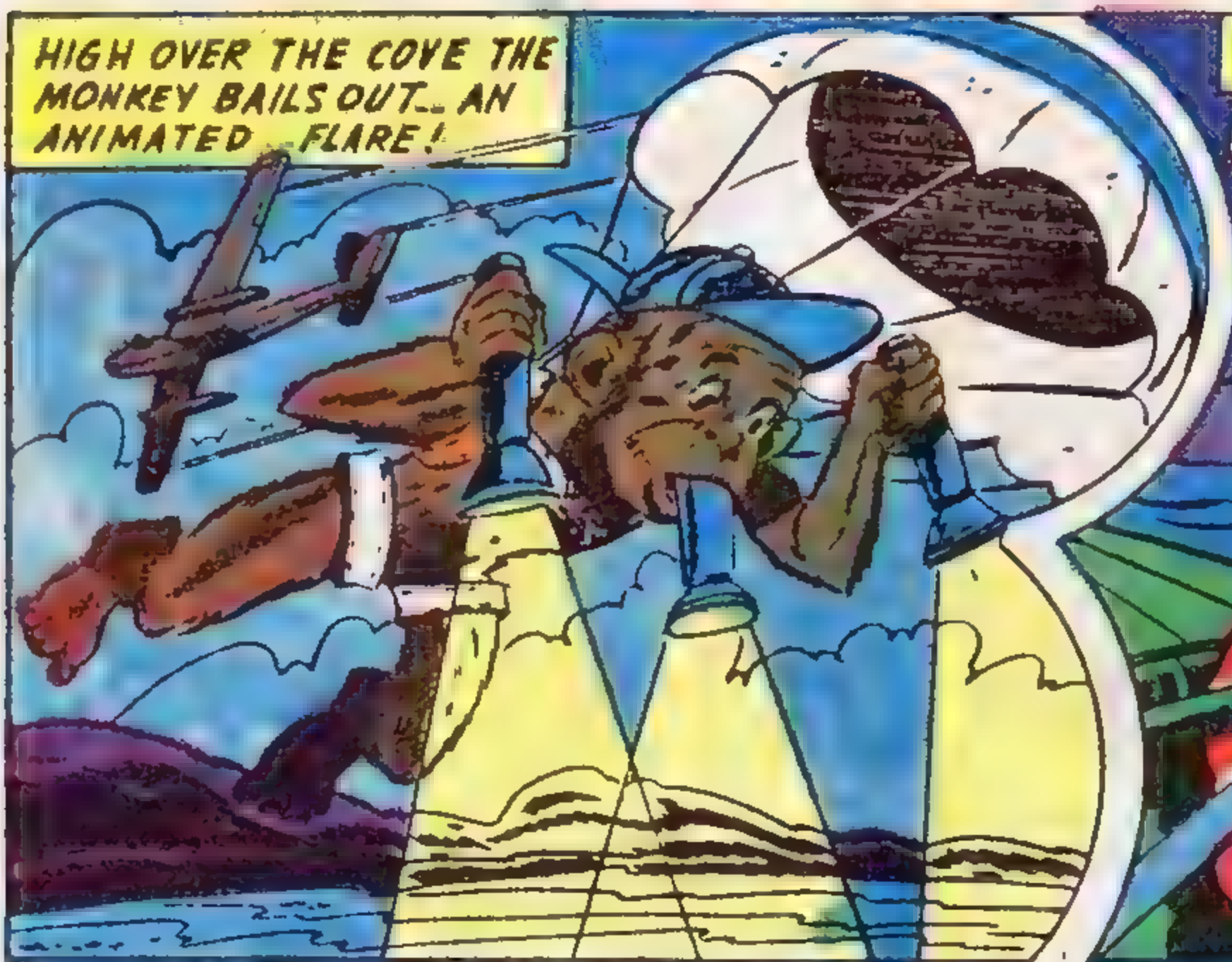
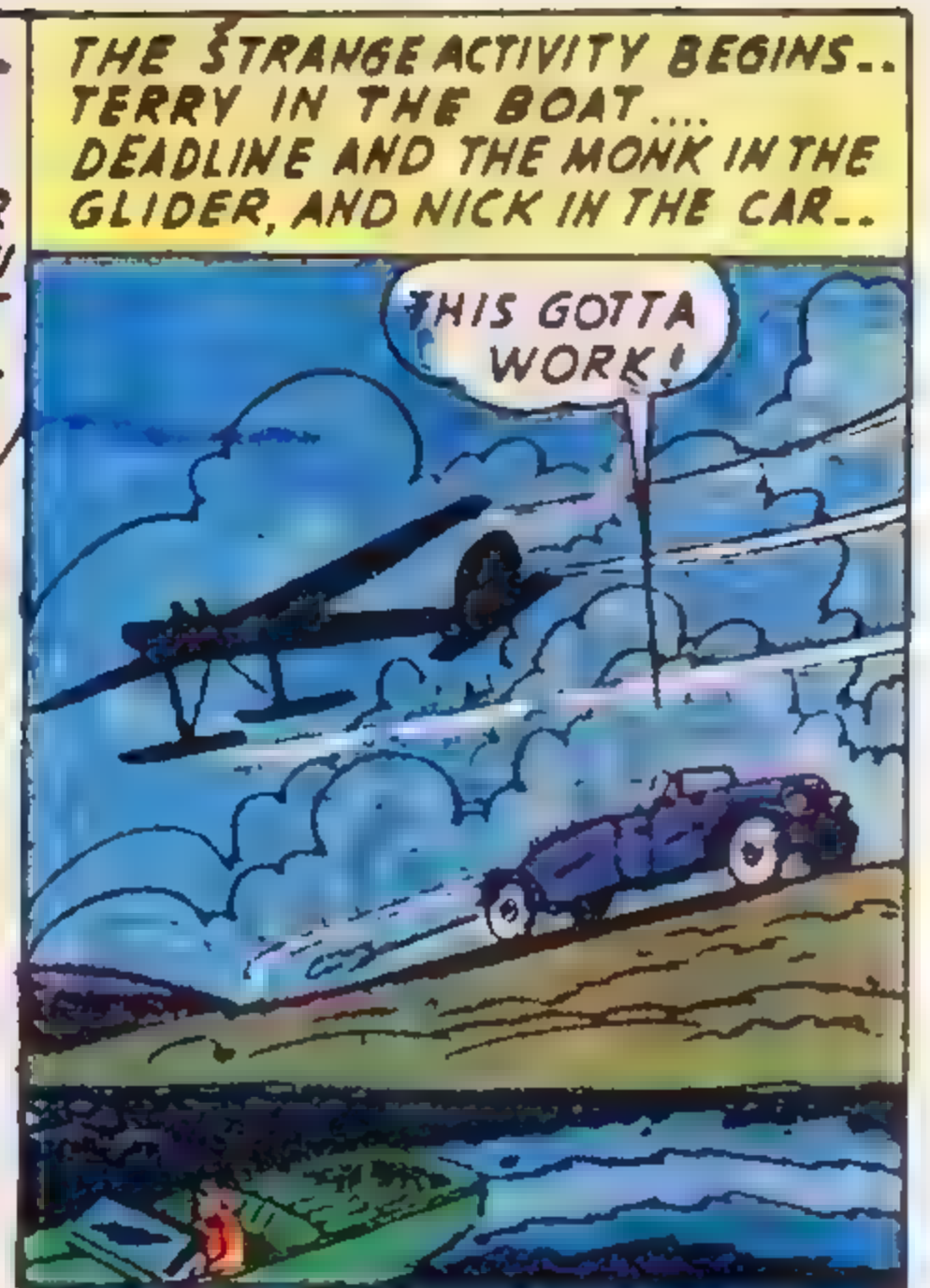


GREAT!

NOW TO GET
THAT PONTON
PATCHED UP--
WE WERE LUCKY
ALL AROUND!

PLÖP!

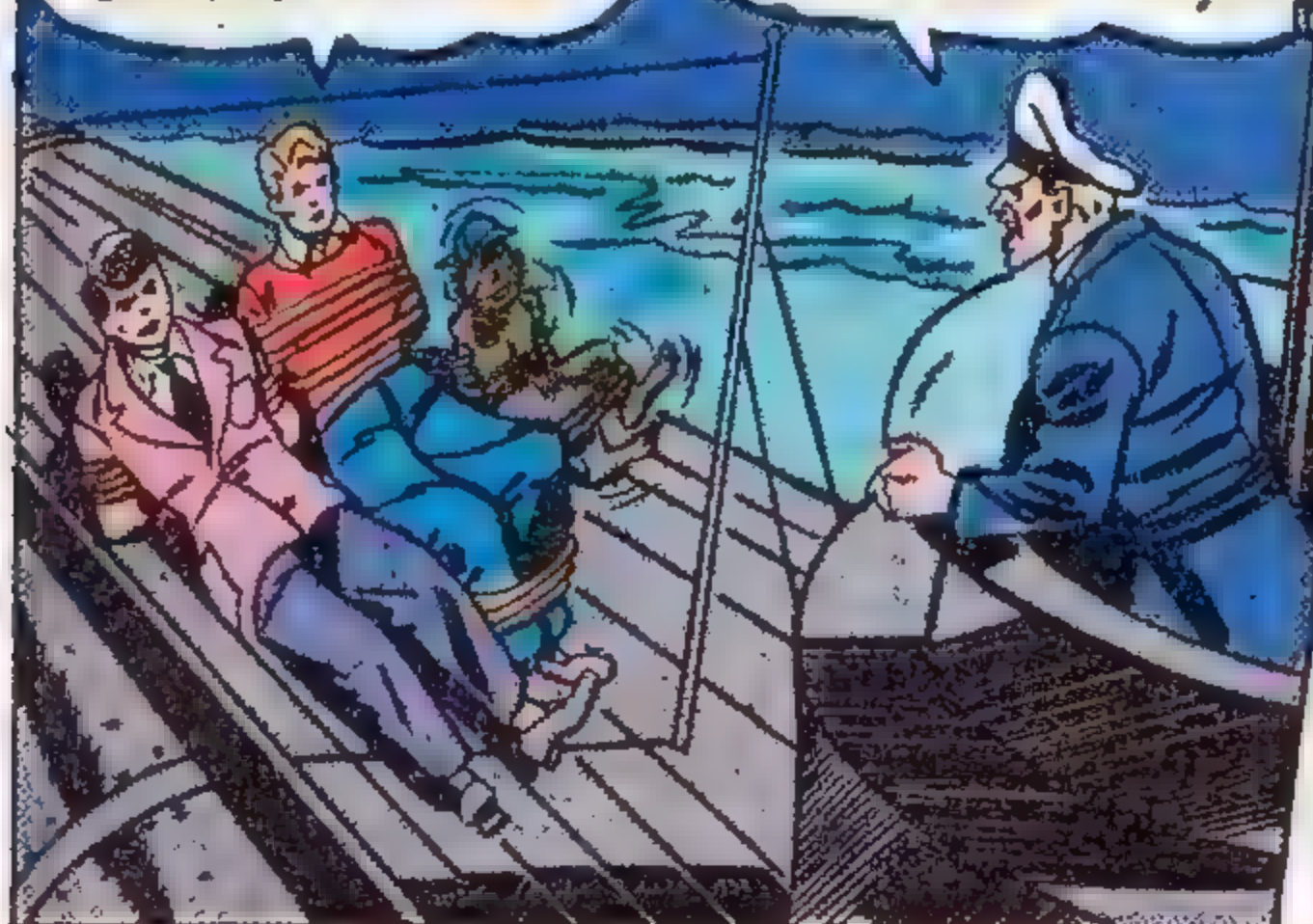




AFTER CAPTURING DR. WATSON THE NAZIS TIE THEM ALL TO THE DECK OF THE U-BOAT!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US, YOU LUGS! THIS IS THE UNITED STATES!

SCREAM! HOLLER! YOU POOR IDIOTS! SOON WE WILL SUBMERGE AND POOF! HA, HA!



THE HATCHES ARE CLANKED SHUT AND THE VIBRATING SUB HEADS FOR OPEN WATER!

DEADLINE TRY TO GET FREE...THEY WON'T SUBMERGE TILL WE PASS THROUGH THE SHALLOW INLET - HURRY!

THAT GIVES US ABOUT FIVE MINUTES! UGH! THEY'RE TIGHT--TIGHT--UNHHH!



AS THE DISTANCE TO DEATH IS SHORTENED THE BOYS' HEARTS POUND IN UNISON WITH THE THROBBING MOTORS BELOW---

NO, TERRY, I CAN'T GET FREE!! TERRY...

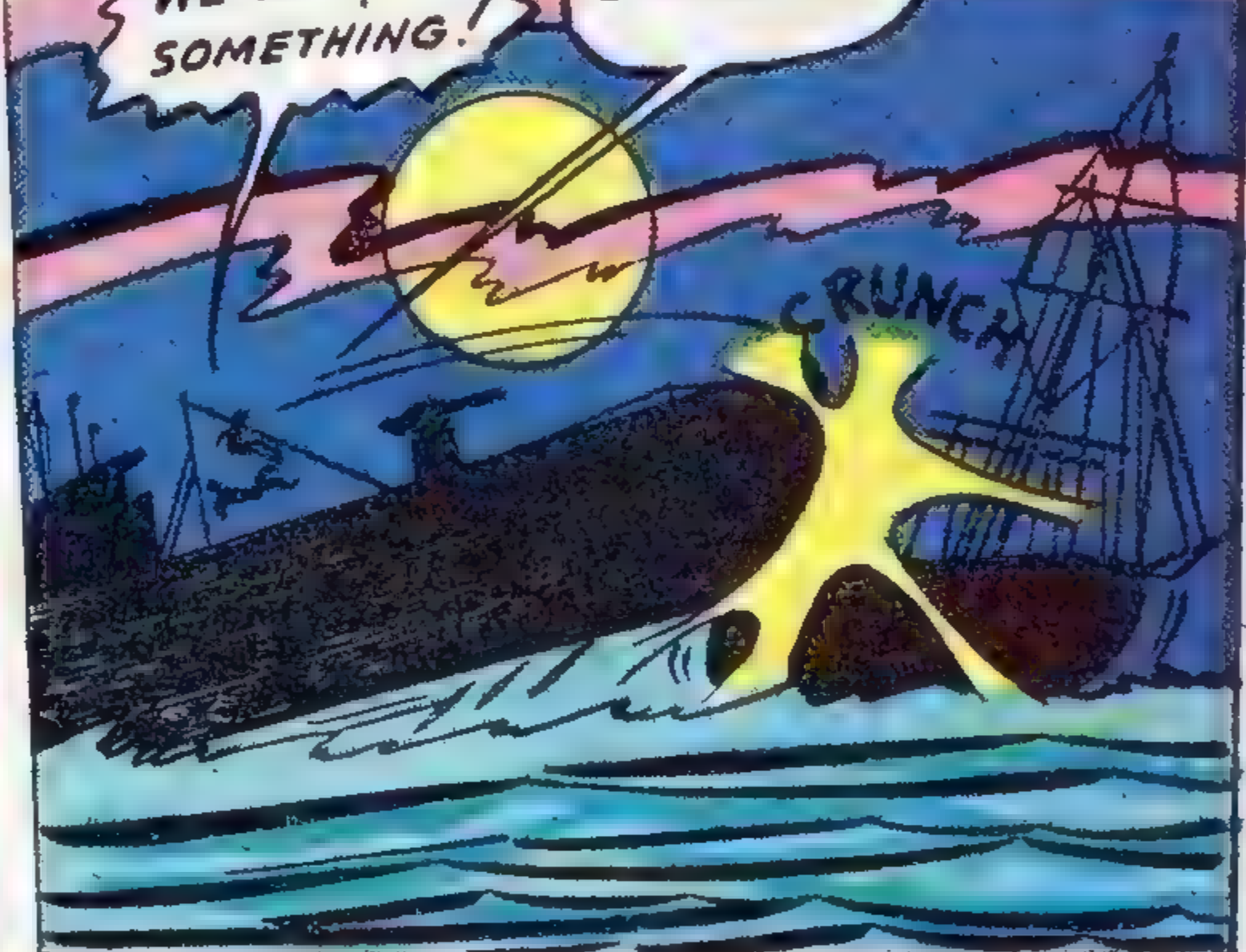
I-I CAN'T EITHER PAL-- LOOKS LIKE THIS--IS--IT--



SUDDENLY---

WE'VE HIT SOMETHING!

O'MIGOSH!



THE CRUSHED SUB FILLS WITH WATER AND BEGINS TO SLIP OFF INTO DEEP WATER--NICKIE SEEMS TO COME FROM NOWHERE!

AS THE SUB SINKS, THE BOYS ARE PICKED UP BY THE COAST GUARD CUTTER ATTRACTED BY THE IMPROVISED FLARE!

NICKIE--YOU! THANKS, CHUM! NOW TERRY! FAST! WE'RE SLIPPING!

NICE WORK, NICK! WHO OWNS THE BOAT?

I'LL TELL LATER-- GOTTA HURRY NOW!

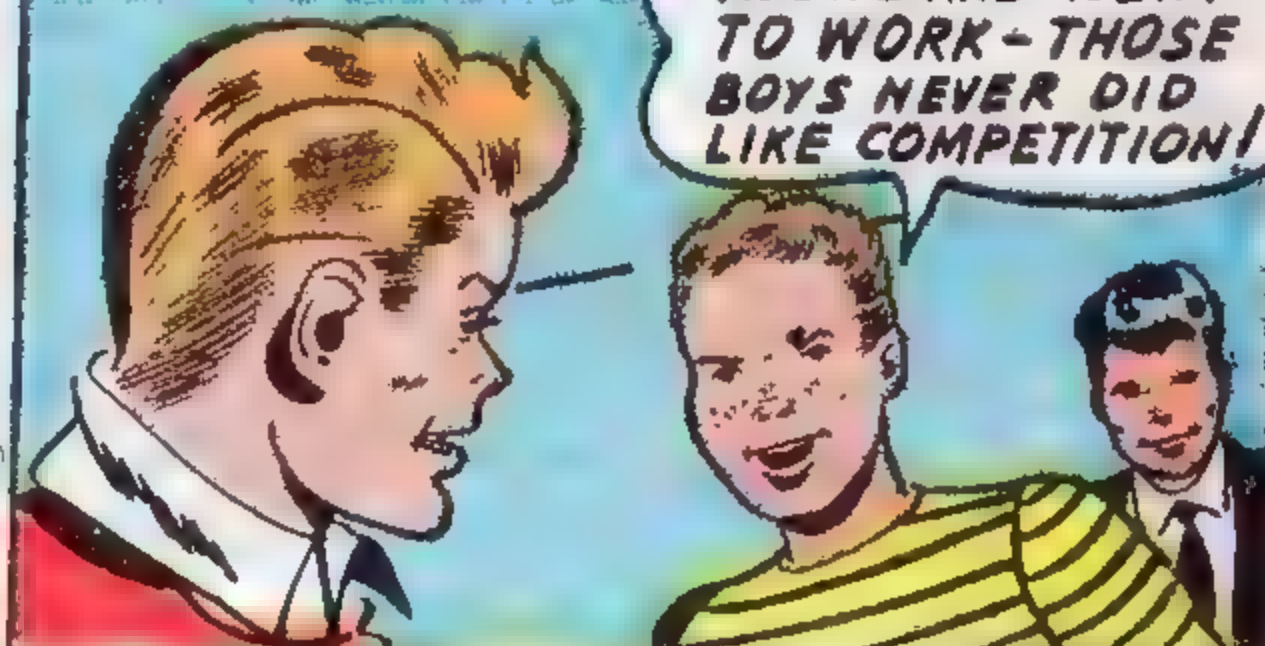
GOOD WORK, BOYS! THAT BABY'S THROUGH FOR GOOD!



LATER IN THE COAST GUARD STATION---

NOW-- WHO WERE OUR SECRET GUARDIAN ANGELS? THAT BOAT

SHH FORMER RUM RUNNERS FROM CAT'S EYE COVE I TOLD THEM THAT THE SUB WAS A SORT OF SMUGGLER-- THEY CAME RIGHT ALONG AND WENT TO WORK-- THOSE BOYS NEVER DID LIKE COMPETITION!



TERRY VANCE AND HIS PALS WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

THE

FIRST TIME

DANNY Clayton had to die and Pete Selby had appointed himself executioner. It took a brainy guy to out-smart the cops as long as Pete had. It took a brainy guy to lay off when the hunt got hot. Pete had had brains enough for both and now, tempted by a lush prize, he was back again. Danny stood in the way of that prize so . . . Danny had to be disposed of.

Pete had landed the job in the subway and of course he'd had to use his onion where the application forms were concerned. Now the job faced Pete and, with calm and cunning, he'd worked out the simple details. He'd have plenty of time, walking those glistening tracks, to set his trap. He knew the ropes down here now, knew when he might run into one of the "walkers" or a crew changing a "frog".

Tony must have checked up on Pete. Tony was paying the dough, for which that stretch of underground from up-town down to the business district, would be a shambles, out of commission for a long time to come. That meant disrupting travel for millions of workers in the city and that, in turn, would run into staggering figures for man-hours lost. A couple of shots of explosives, set off by thundering wheels, would do the job, completely and efficiently.

Pete wasn't so sure how Danny had tumbled at first, or even if he had tumbled. Danny was a conscientious, bespectabled guy. He'd stumbled onto Pete knocking off a few winks down there underground when he should have been policing his strip of rails, making sure the "frogs" were okay, keeping the braces all tight, checking the ties. It had been a tiresome job, and a guy had to watch for trains coming, to be sure the red of the lantern was turned the right way as a warning. A guy had to watch that he didn't step into a "frog", a switch, just as it was getting the air from the dispatchers tower.

Danny had come along the tracks that night to where Pete was wedged into a crevice, sleeping. The tip of Danny's boot prodded Pete into life.

Danny's voice had quivered with anger. "Don't you know millions of lives depend on you down here? You've got a job to do. You're supposed—"

"I know." Pete had picked up his lantern, felt like letting Danny have it in the face. "I'm supposed to march up and down these damned tracks, just to be sure everything's okay. I've worn a pair of shoes out already and haven't ever found anything wrong. Probably never will."

"You haven't because a good man had this stretch before his induction." Danny peered closer. "Were you ever on this job before?"

Pete felt his heart squeeze. Had Danny seen an infrequent picture and . . . remembered it? "I wasn't," Pete snapped. "Better mind your own business. Unless you're looking for trouble!"

But evidently Danny Clayton hadn't been impressed, for the next day Pete Selby was called up on the carpet. He was on it just long enough to get his walking papers. No more no less.

THERE were no guards on the platform now and the dispatchers office was hidden behind the stairs leading to the upper level. Pete Selby touched the gun under his arm, slid out along the narrow walk and down the stairs. He stepped swiftly, surely, over the third rail covering, into the narrow lane beyond. He headed off into the darkness, pausing once to make sure he was not seen.

It smelled of ties and tracks. There was a feeling of static electricity, and the damp of the walls that sent a chill through Pete's clothes. He pushed ahead, keeping a sharp eye out along the tracks. It was almost midnight and few trains were running. The sound of them carried well ahead, but Pete wasn't taking chances. Every so often he stepped across into the other lane to have a look. Danny would be up ahead somewhere, working down, checking all four lines as

he came.

A faint grin twisted Pete Selby's lips. After the late express got through Danny's lifeless body, there wouldn't be anything for the corner to tag Pete with. There certainly wouldn't be enough in which to locate a bullet wound.

THE red of Danny's swinging lantern poked out of the dark toward Pete and he hesitated, then pushed on, following the opposite track till he came to where Danny was tightening up a tie. The tracks switched here, crossing to another line.

Danny picked up his lantern and turned. He saw Pete Selby then and stopped, peering through the dark. He turned the white face of the lantern around . . . he asked, "What are you doing here? I thought—"

"You thought right. I got the gate. I warned you . . ." Pete let the rest go, moving forward to straddle a "frog."

For a moment there was nothing but the damp stillness. Then Danny said, "You're not scaring anyone—"

"Maybe not." Pete's hand slid under his coat. He doubted whether, in the dim light and through his glasses, Danny could see the motion. Pete said, "I'm paying you off for squealing—"

Pete ducked as Danny leaped at him, swinging the heavy wrench. He stumbled and Pete laced in a short hook that sent Danny, already off balance, flying to his face across the ties. Pete reached for the gun. Then he left it, picked up the heavy wrench. This would be better. More in keeping with things to come.

Danny got clumsily to his feet. He looked white against the dark, and Pete chuckled, the wrench over his shoulder. Danny whispered, "What—are you going to do?"

Pete Selby laughed. It had a hollow, mocking sound down here. "This ride won't even cost you a nickel. It's one way. When they pick up what's left of you from the tracks, they'll think you fell under the cars. Maybe—they'll figure you went to sleep on the job, eh?"

OFF in the distance came that faint sigh of sound, heralding the approach of a string of cars. Danny moved back, stumbling over the edge of a tie. Clumsy guy, Pete thought. It was a wonder he hadn't been killed before. . . .

Danny stammered, "You—you'll be a murderer—"

Pete boasted, "How? I'm smart, kid. I don't get caught. Only the dumb ones do, and they're all up river in the big house. But not for me.

kid. I'm smart. Smart enough to make a nice piece of change wrecking the tube!"

Up the bleak tunnel the ominous rumble grew closer, rising to dim thunder in the cavern. The air stirred to life about them, wisps of papers scattering before the tide of the wind. The tracks clicked and chattered, lifting their voices sharply.

Desperately Danny lunged forward. He stumbled. Pete gripped the heavy wrench tightly. He stepped back, slid his foot off the tracks, settled it firmly. Danny caught himself, came in clawing.

A faint hiss of sound reached Pete, followed almost simultaneously by a faint rasping—

Pete Selby screamed. The wrench in his hand, already in a half arc, ripped loose, spun from his grip as he twisted. He saw Danny snatch up the red-faced lantern, leap past and up the track, flagging the train. . . .

Again Pete Selby screamed, the sound rocketing off into the tunnel, to be crushed beneath that other tide of sound, the roar of the train rushing down upon them. Pain ripped up through Pete's leg and he twisted savagely at it, wrenching himself around. His foot was caught, locked there. He saw the train and hurled his body aside.

Another gash of sickening pain rocketed through his body and he fell, striking the iron pillar behind him. Blackness pinned him down then, shutting out the harsh roar of brake shoes clamping.

SLOWLY Pete Selby opened his eyes. Lights blazed down into his face. Pain beat through his body in pulsating waves that brought a grim oath to his lips, the sweat oozing from his body. He forced his eyes open at the sound of voices.

"He had a gun," Danny was telling a policeman. "He talked about wrecking the tube. He had it in for me because I reported him for sleeping on the job."

With an effort Pete mastered his pain-torn body. He gasped, "What . . . happened?"

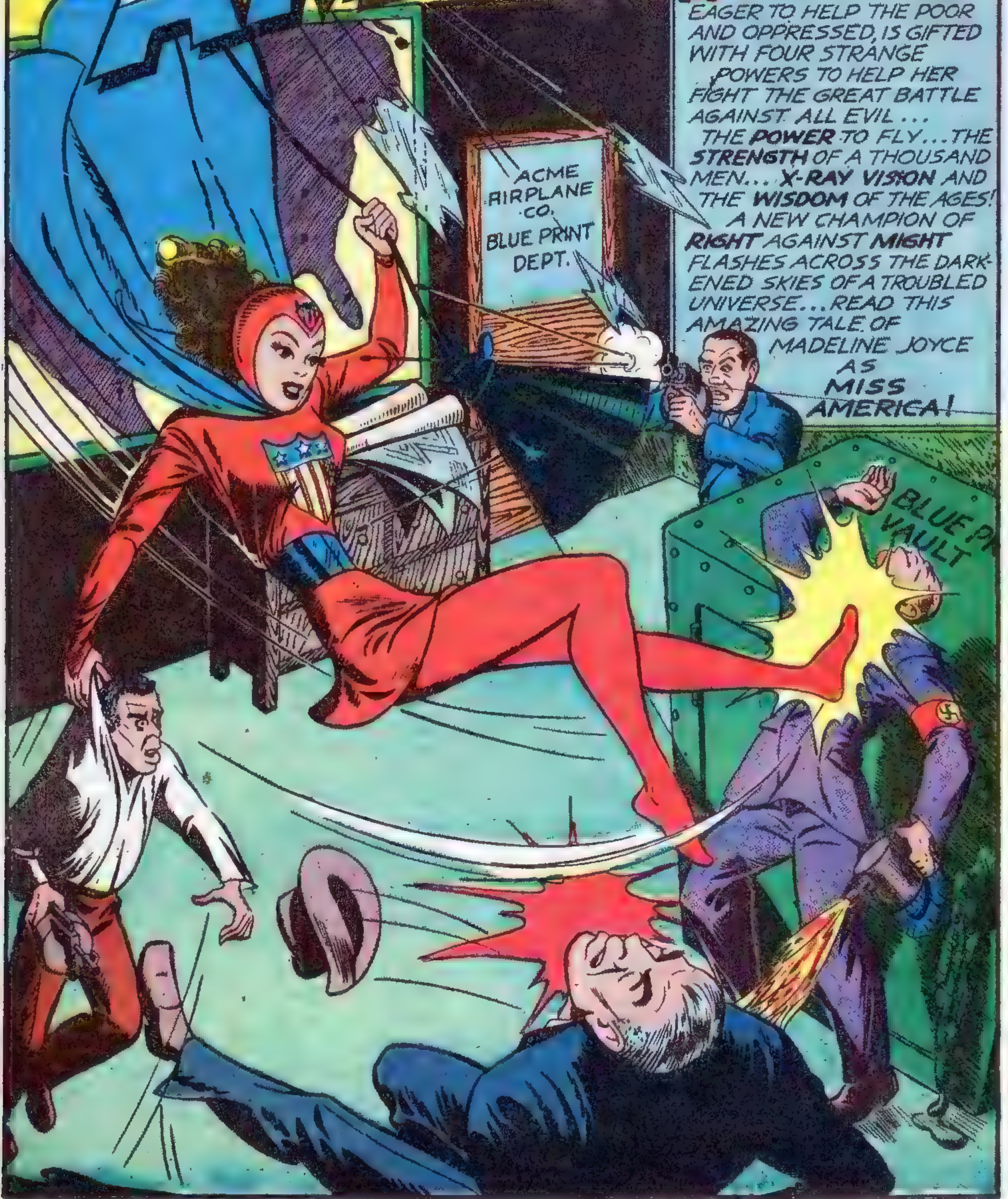
Danny grinned down. "That train was switching to the local line. You wedged your foot into the "frog" just as it got the air. There's enough power back of that switch to crush a man's foot! Wise guy!"

Pete Selby closed his eyes. He wasn't so smart after all. He'd talked too soon. And now, at long last, he'd see the inside of the big house, where the others were. Yes, he'd be there with the rest of the dumb ones!

THE END

Miss AMERICA

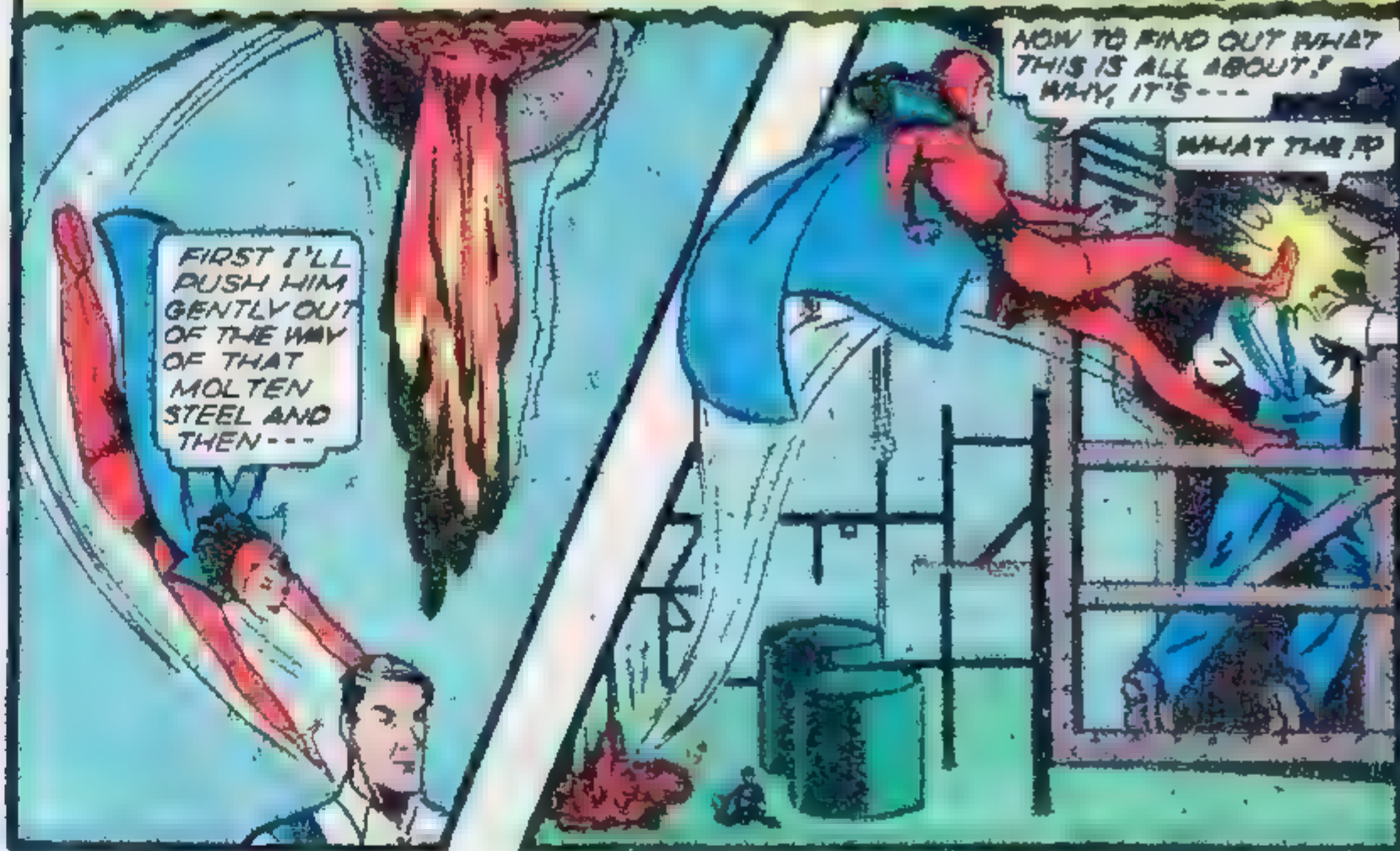
A GENTLE SLIP OF A GIRL EAGER TO HELP THE POOR AND OPPRESSED, IS GIFTED WITH FOUR STRANGE POWERS TO HELP HER FIGHT THE GREAT BATTLE AGAINST ALL EVIL... THE POWER TO FLY... THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND MEN... X-RAY VISION AND THE WISDOM OF THE AGES! A NEW CHAMPION OF RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT FLASHES ACROSS THE DARKENED SKIES OF A TROUBLED UNIVERSE... READ THIS AMAZING TALE OF MADELINE JOYCE AS MISS AMERICA!



THE STORY THUS FAR -

MADLINE JOYCE, SWEEDING A DAZED MAN FROM OUT OF THE PATH OF A SPEEDING TRUCK, LEARNS OF MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS AT A DEFENSE PLANT? QUICKLY ADOPTING HER GUISE OF "MISS AMERICA," SHE FLIES TO THE PLANT AND IS JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT A FOUL DEED WHEN TWO SINISTER CHARACTERS, HIGH IN AN OVERHEAD CRANE, TOPPLE A HUGE CAULDRON OF MOULTEN STEEL DOWN ON THE WORKMEN BELOW! AFTER PUSHING THE FOREMAN OUT OF THE WAY - - - MISS AMERICA....

...CONFRONTS THE TWO CONSPIRATORS!



SUDDENLY...THE TWO NAZIS EXCHANGE SIGNALS AND ATTACK! BUT... MISS AMERICA MOVES FAST AND AVOIDS THEIR CHARGE!

WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS, "MISS AMERICA" ATTACKS - - - BUT??



MISS AMERICA IS STUNNED BY A HEAVY CHAIN SET IN MOTION DURING THE BATTLE!

AND TOPPLES BACK OUT OF THE CRANE CAB, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE CONCRETE FLOOR BELOW!

NO!
DON'T
GIVE UP!

OW-W-W!

GOODT!
SHE VILL
BE KILLED
BY DER FALL!
COME--VE
MUST VARN
DER LEADER!

MEANWHILE... MAKING THEIR WAY DOWN, THE TWO SABOTEURS DASH ACROSS THE YARD INTO ANOTHER BUILDING!

DER WHOLE PLANT BY NOW KNOWS
VOT VE ARE UP TO!

VE CAN'T STAY HERE AFTER VOT
HAPPENED!

SH-H-H!
I WILL
MEET YOU
IN THE
OFFICE!

IN THE MEANTIME, WHILE THE NAZIS ARE ESCAPING, MISS AMERICA STUNNED BY THE IMPACT OF THE CHAIN GOES HURLING DOWNWARD!!

GOSH! SHE'S
FALLING!

OH! I CAN'T
LOOK!

SHE'LL BE
SMASHED TO
BITS!

BUT THANKS TO HER MARVEL-
OUS RECUPERATIVE POWERS,
MISS AMERICA IS REVIVED BE-
FORE SHE HITS THE GROUND!

AND TWISTING HER BODY IN MID-AIR,
LANDS UNHURT ON HER FEET!

WHERE AM I?? I'M
FALLING THRU SPACE!

MADE IT! NOW
TO LOOK FOR
THOSE RATS!

STANDING
IN THE CENTER
OF ASTONISHED
WORKERS---
MISS AMERICA'S
X-RAY VISION
PIERCES THE
STONE AND
STEEL WALLS
TO LOCATE THE
FLEEING NAZIS!

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
SHE'S UNHURT!

AH! THERE
THEY ARE!

LOOK! HER
EYES ARE
FLASHING
STREAKS
OF LIGHT-
NING!

OH! OH! THE NAZIS ARE HEADING
FOR THE MANAGER'S OFFICE!

GREAT CAESER!
SHE CAN FLY!

ULP! SOME-
BODY PINCH
ME!

zoom!

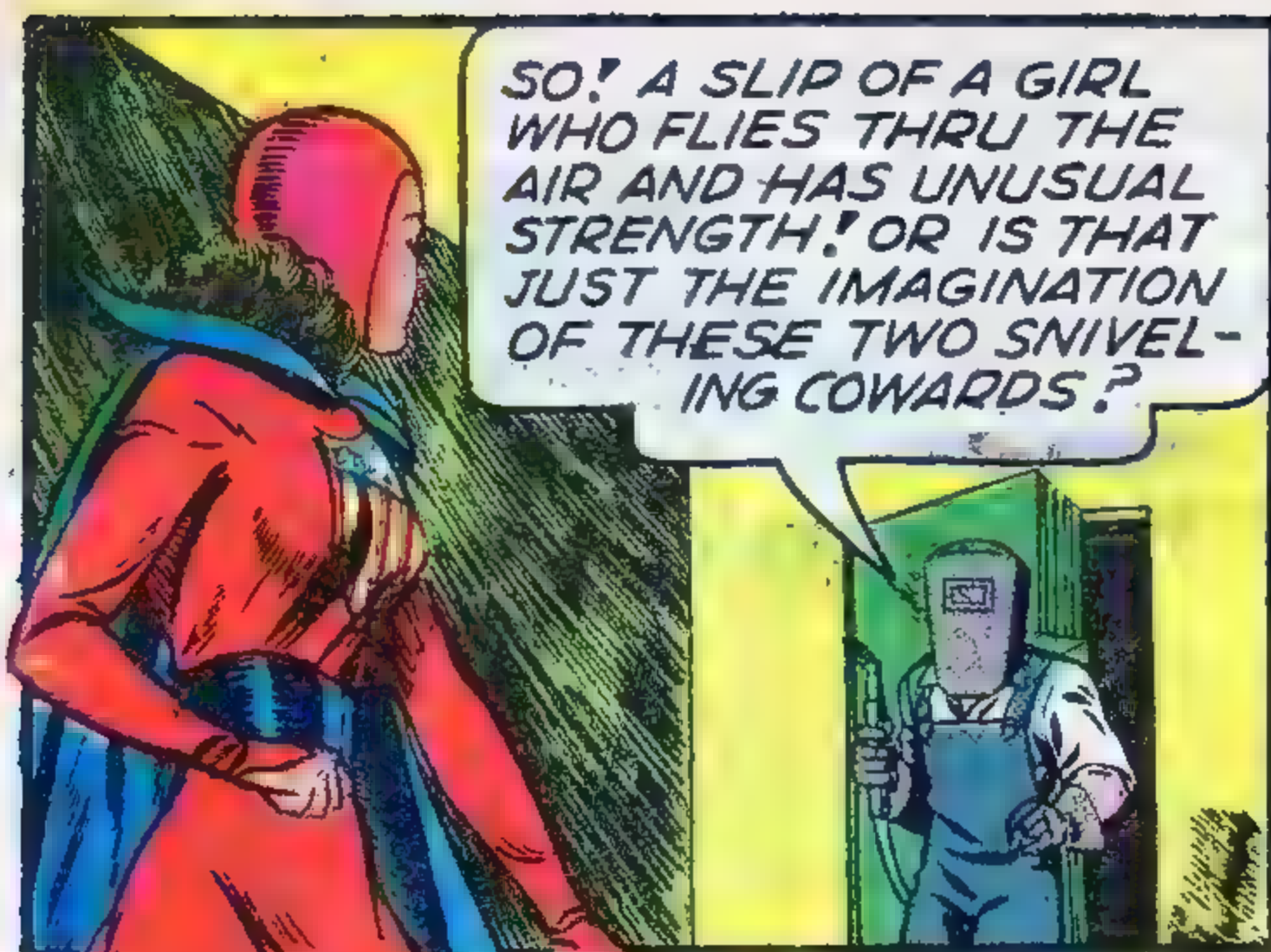
HIMMEL! LOOK!
A-A-GH-OST!

NOT QUITE!
AND THIS
TIME YOU
RATS WILL
TALK!

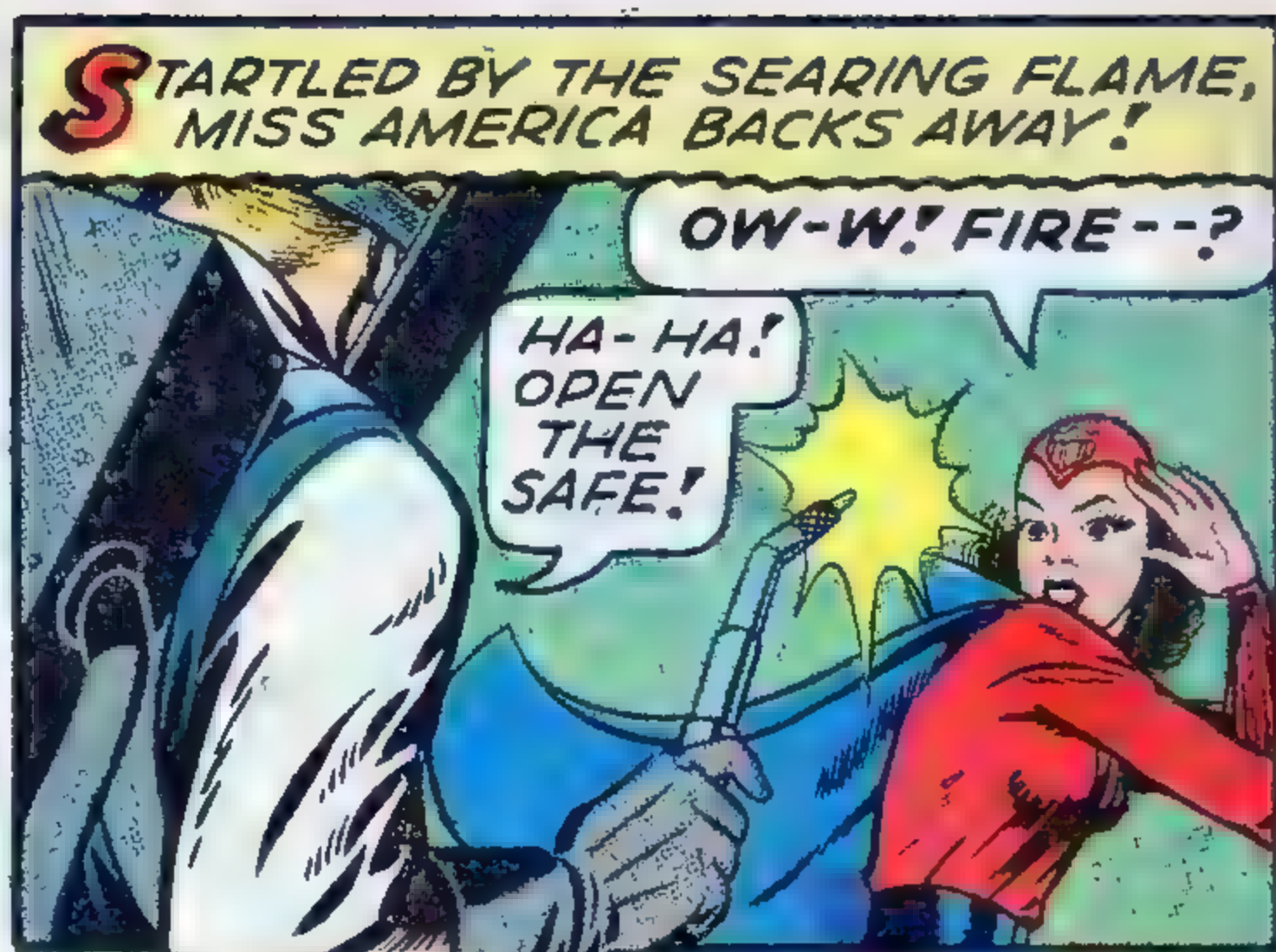
WE TELL EVERYTHING!
ONLY DON'T KILL US!

THAT'S BETTER! WHO'S
YOUR LEADER? AND
WHERE--- WHAT THE--?

I AM!



SO! A SLIP OF A GIRL WHO FLIES THRU THE AIR AND HAS UNUSUAL STRENGTH! OR IS THAT JUST THE IMAGINATION OF THESE TWO SNIVELING COWARDS?



STARTLED BY THE SEARING FLAME, MISS AMERICA BACKS AWAY!

OW-W! FIRE--?

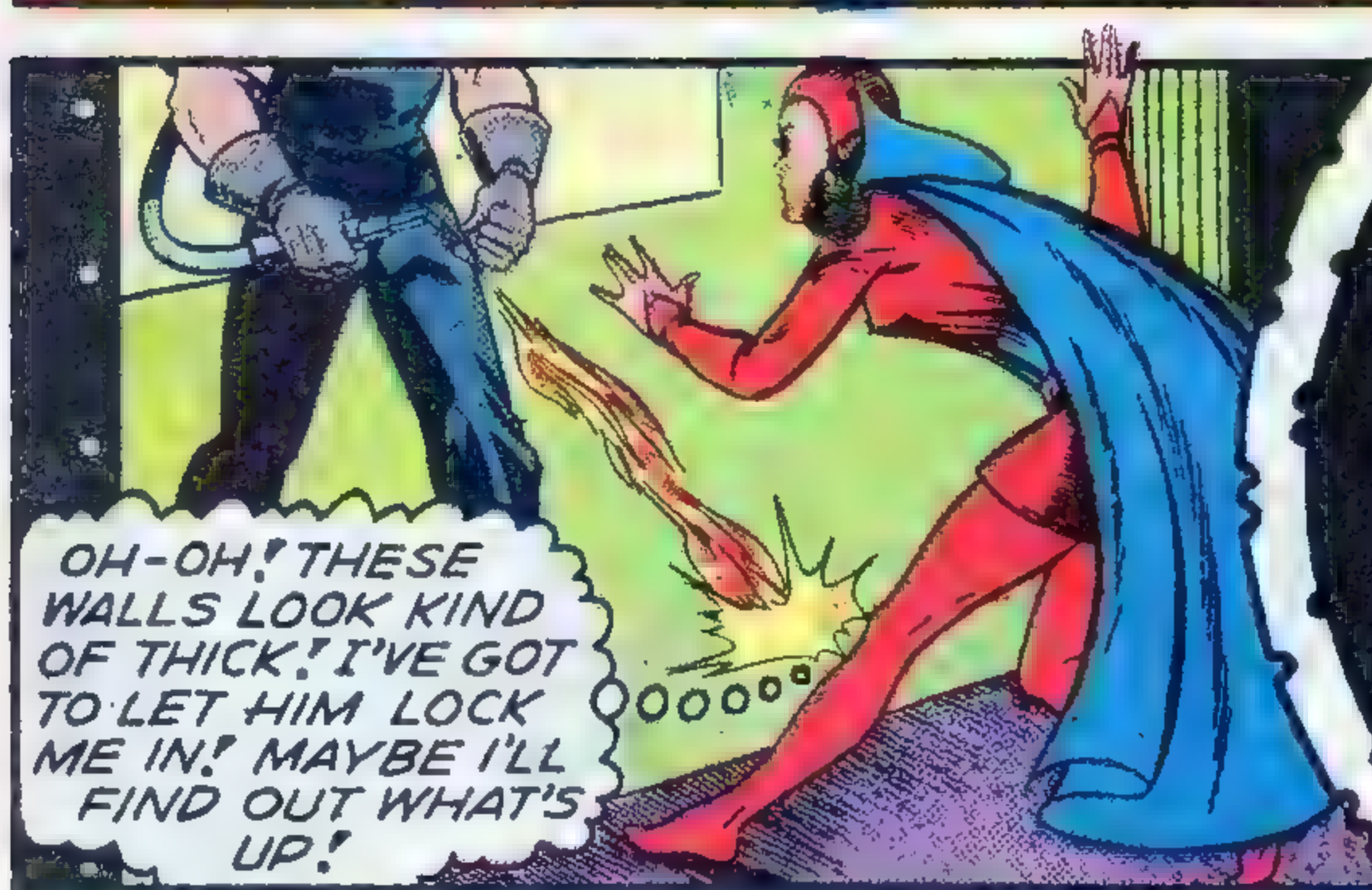
HA-HA! OPEN THE SAFE!



INTO THE SAFE YOU GO! HA-HA!

THE FOOL NAZI DOESN'T KNOW I COULD!

MOMENTS LATER... MISS AMERICA IMPRISONED WITHIN THE STEEL SAFE, HEARS THE NAZIS' PLAN - - - -



OH-OH! THESE WALLS LOOK KIND OF THICK! I'VE GOT TO LET HIM LOCK ME IN! MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!



AH, HE'S GIVING THE ORDERS NOW!

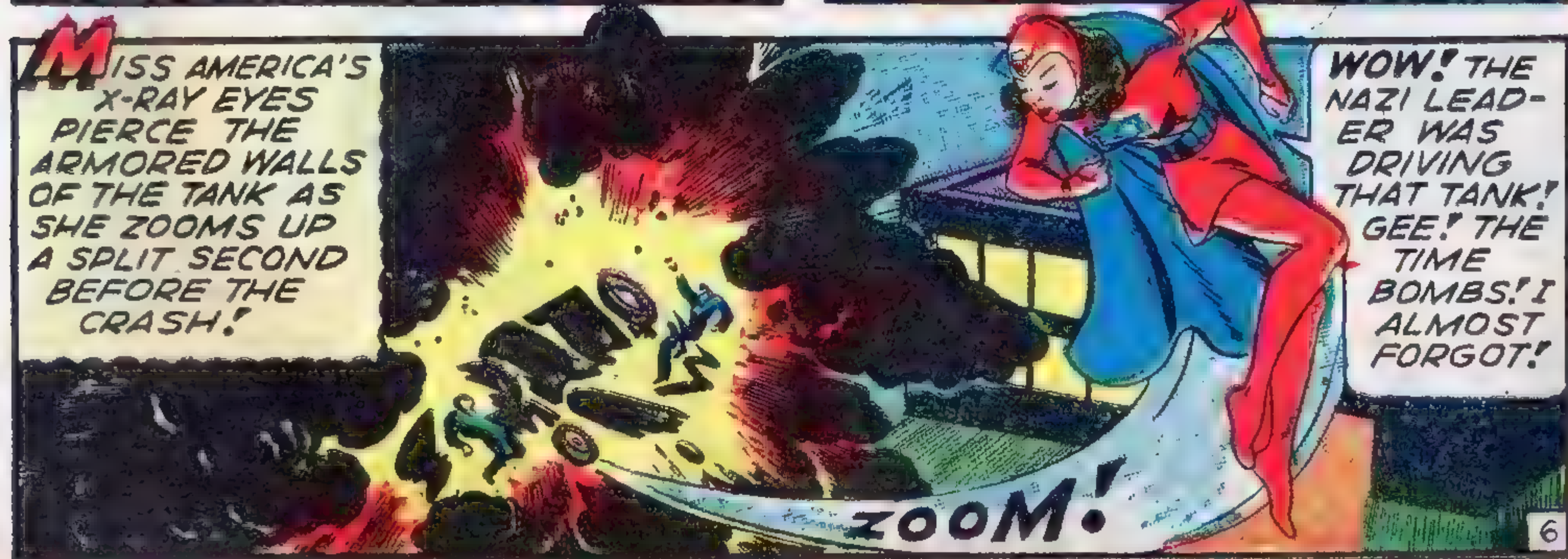
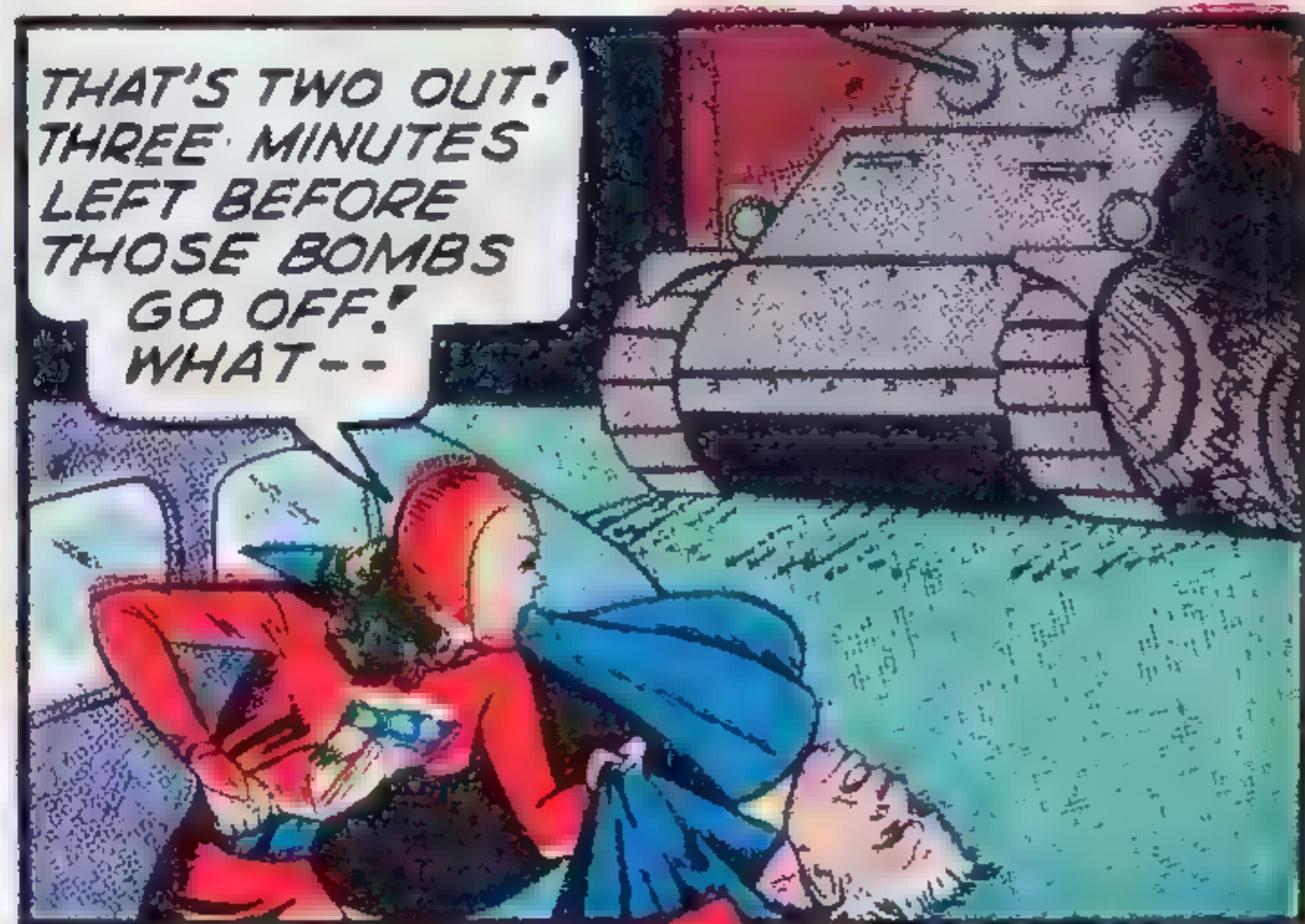
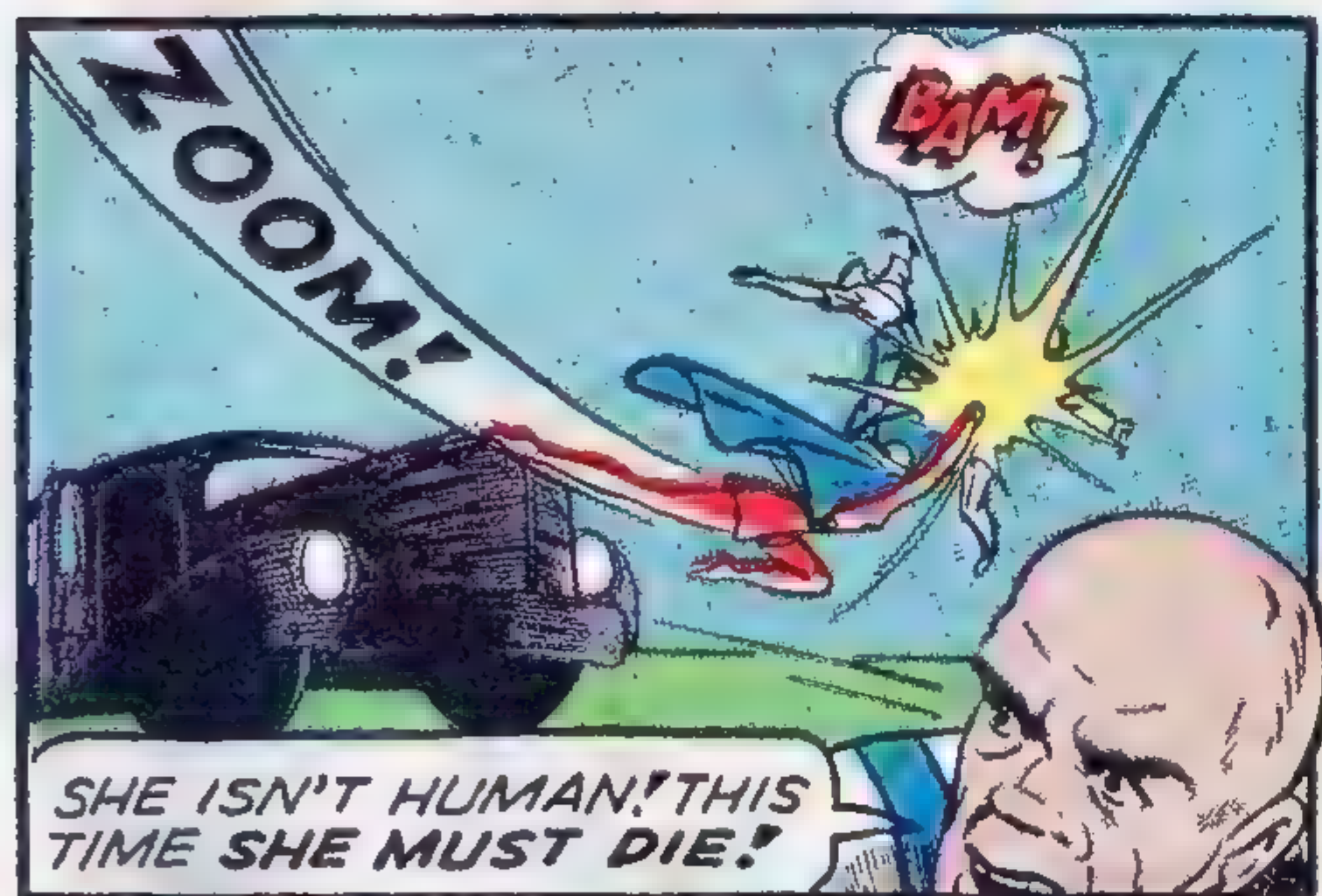
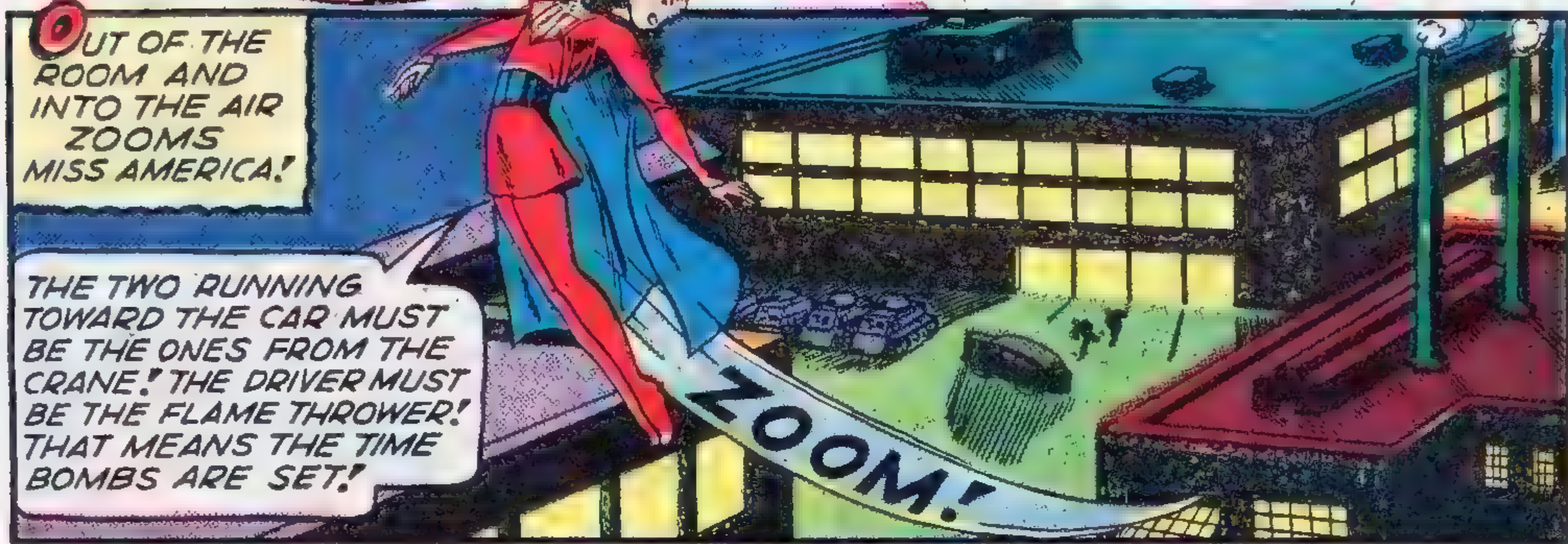
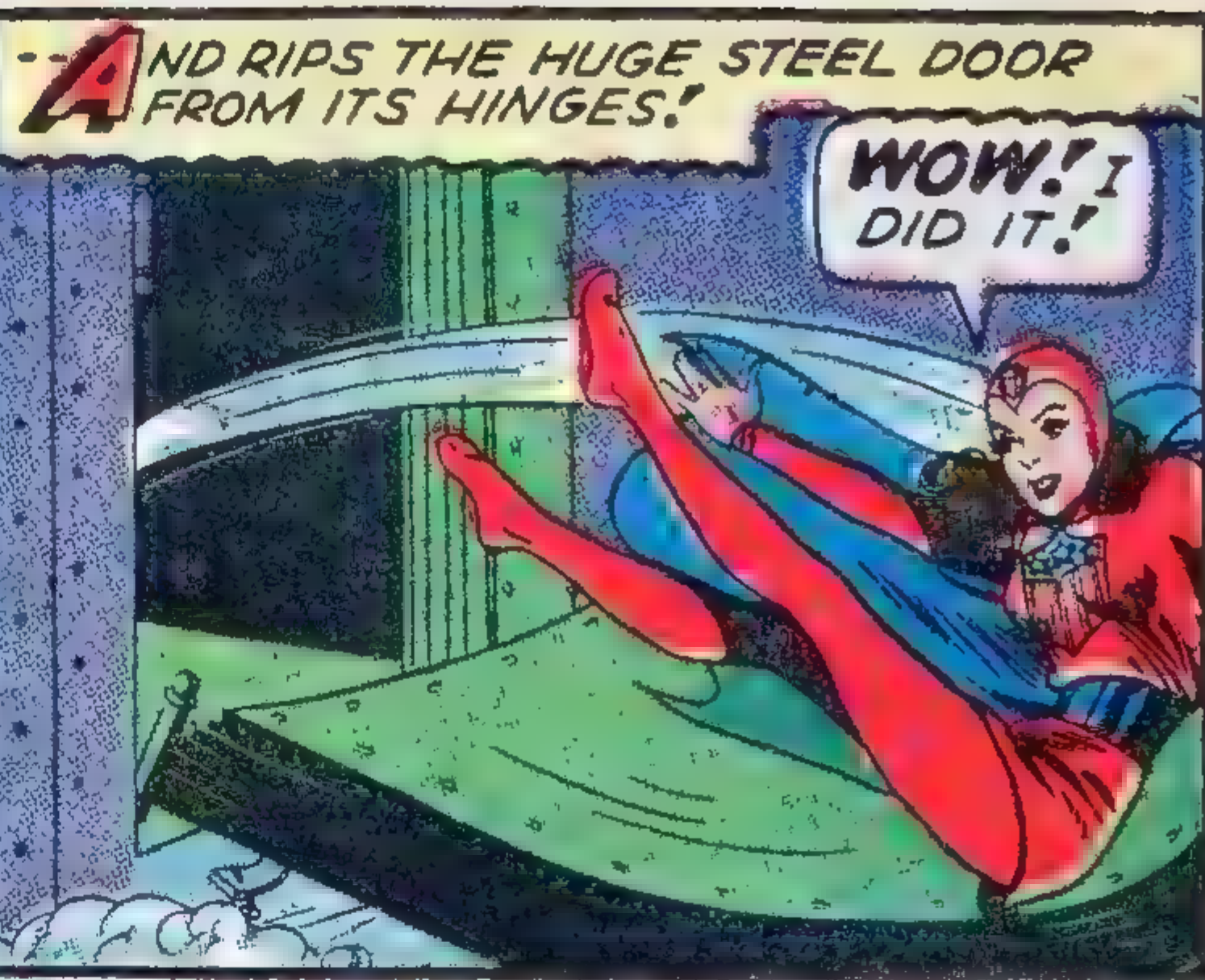
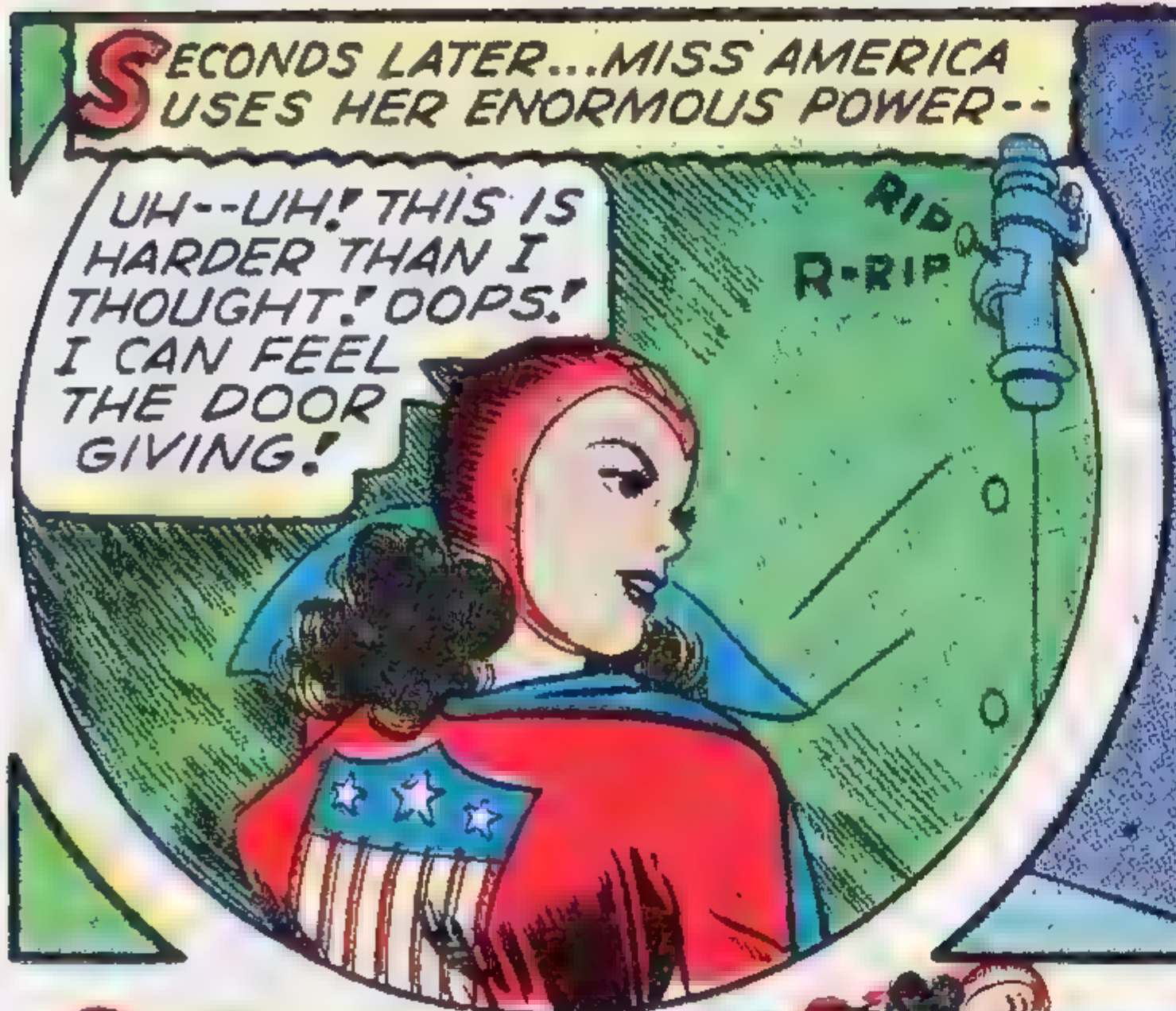


WE SHALL DESTROY THIS PLANT AND ESCAPE! YOU TWO SET THE TIME BOMBS IN THE OTHER TWO BUILDINGS! I WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS ONE! THEY MUST GO OFF IN FIVE MINUTES!

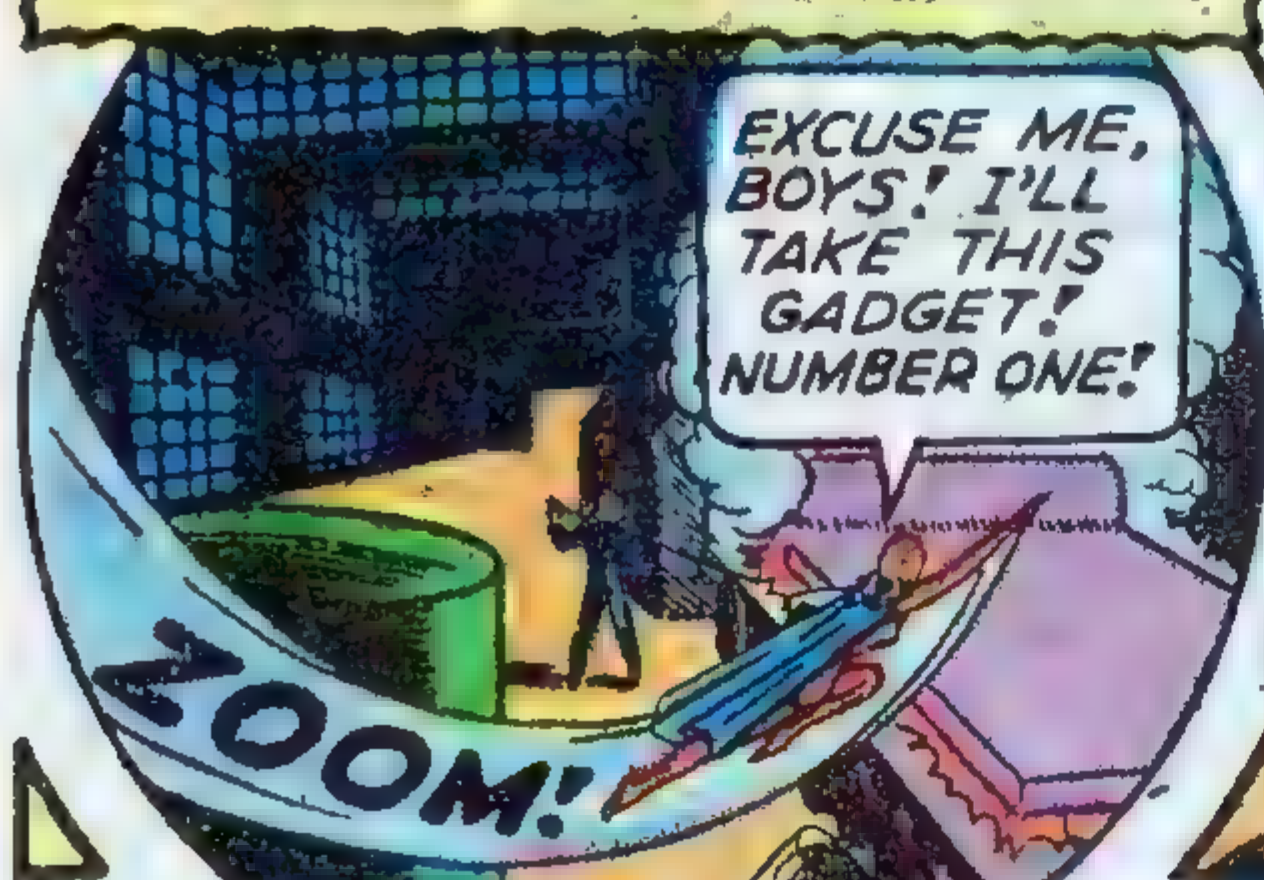


AND AS THE NAZIS LEAVE TO SET THE TIME BOMBS!

THIS IS A SPOT! I HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO GET OUT OF THIS SAFE AND STOP THREE TIME BOMBS!

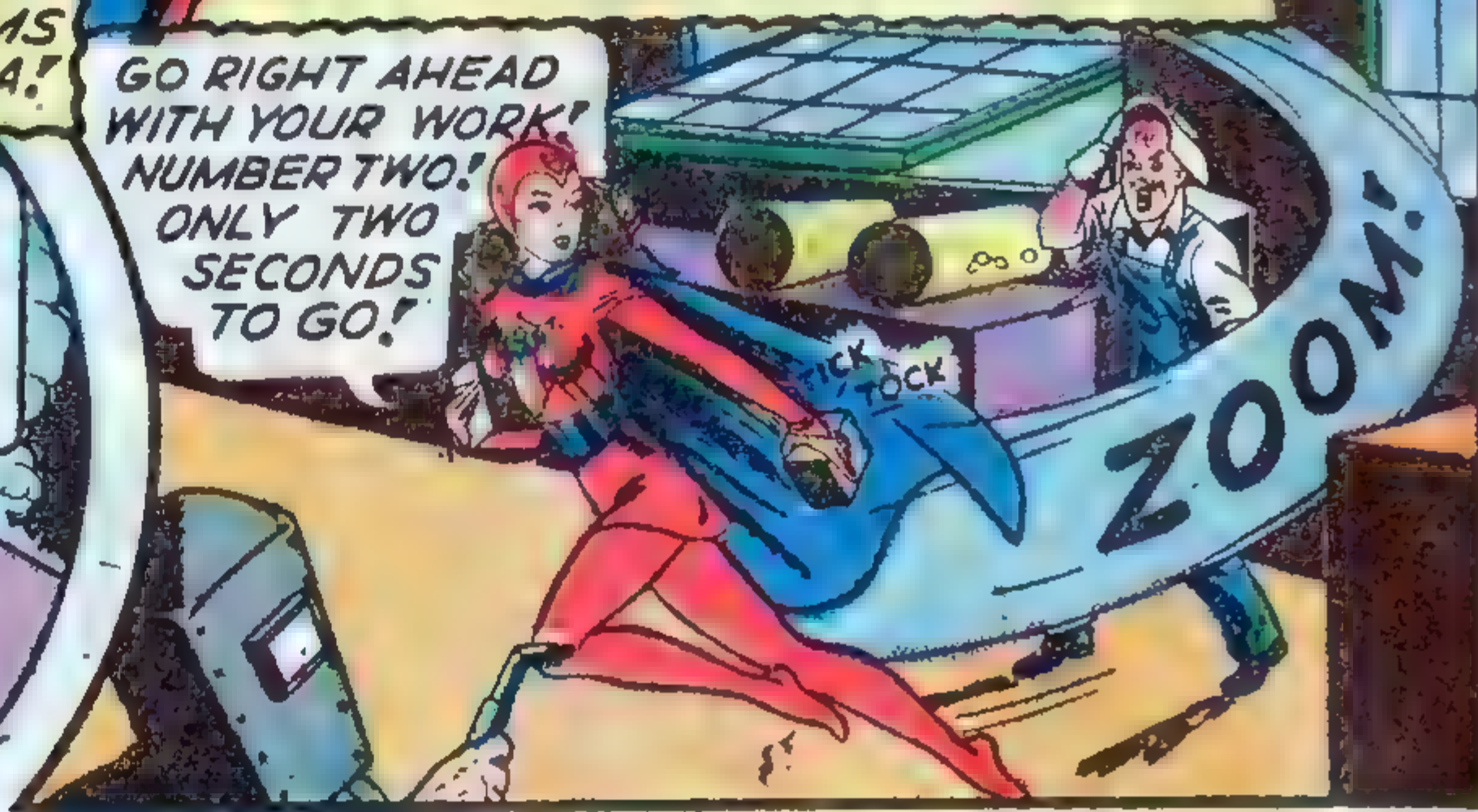


IN AMONG THE STARTLED WORK-
MEN OF THE STEEL MILL ZOOMS
THE FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA!

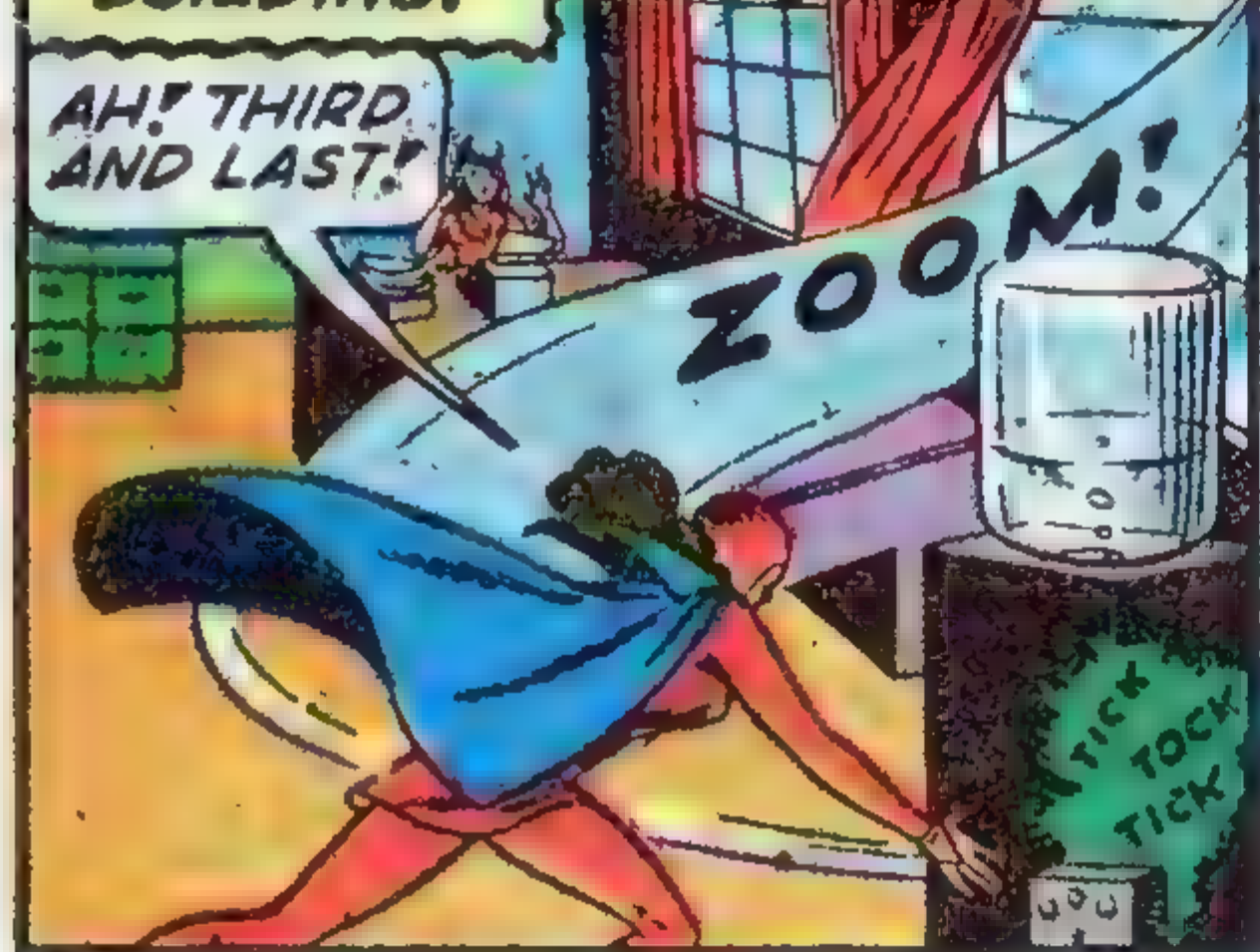


THEN INTO THE WELDING PLANT!

GO RIGHT AHEAD
WITH YOUR WORK!
NUMBER TWO!
ONLY TWO
SECONDS
TO GO!

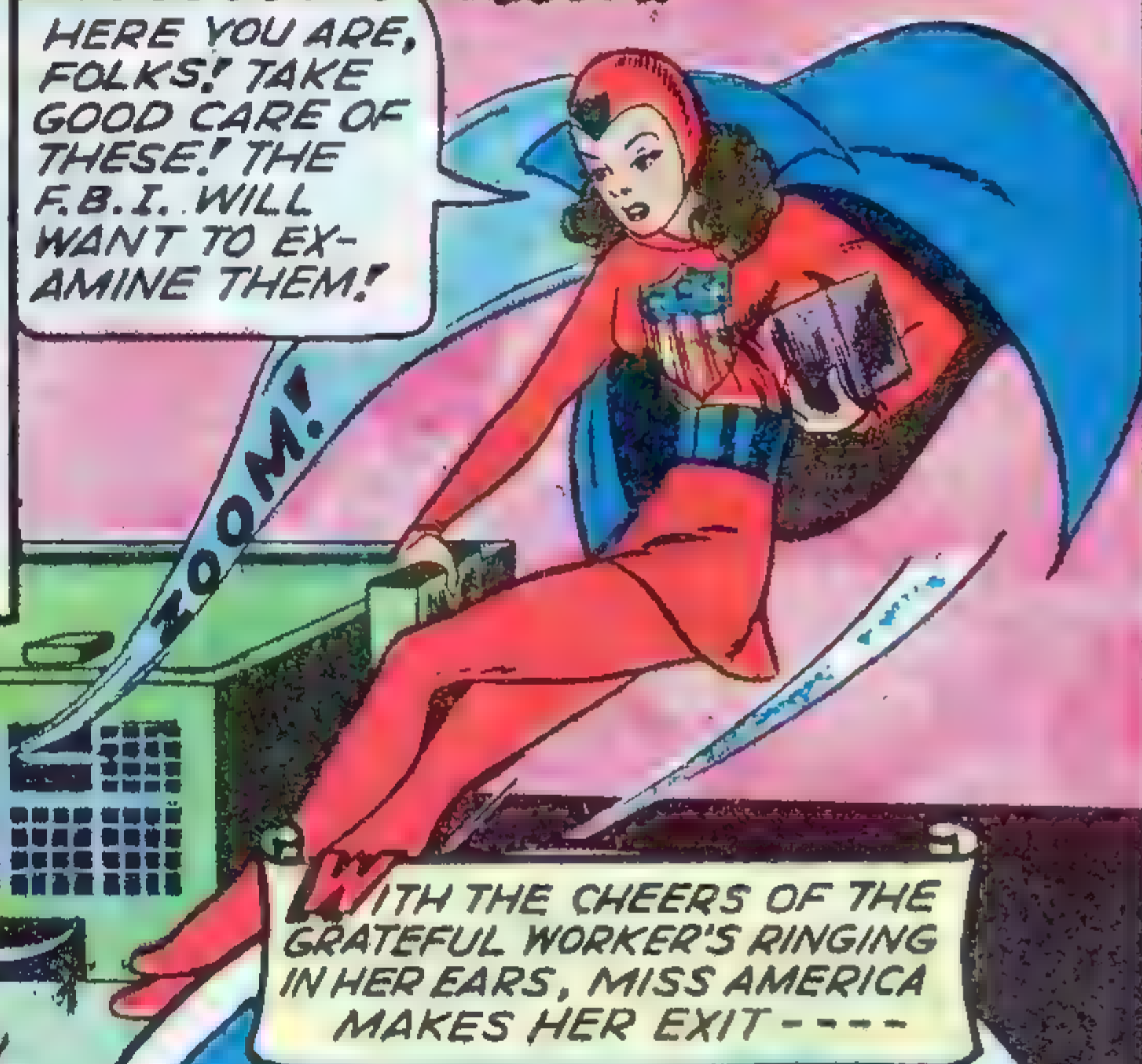


AND ---
FINALLY INTO THE ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING!

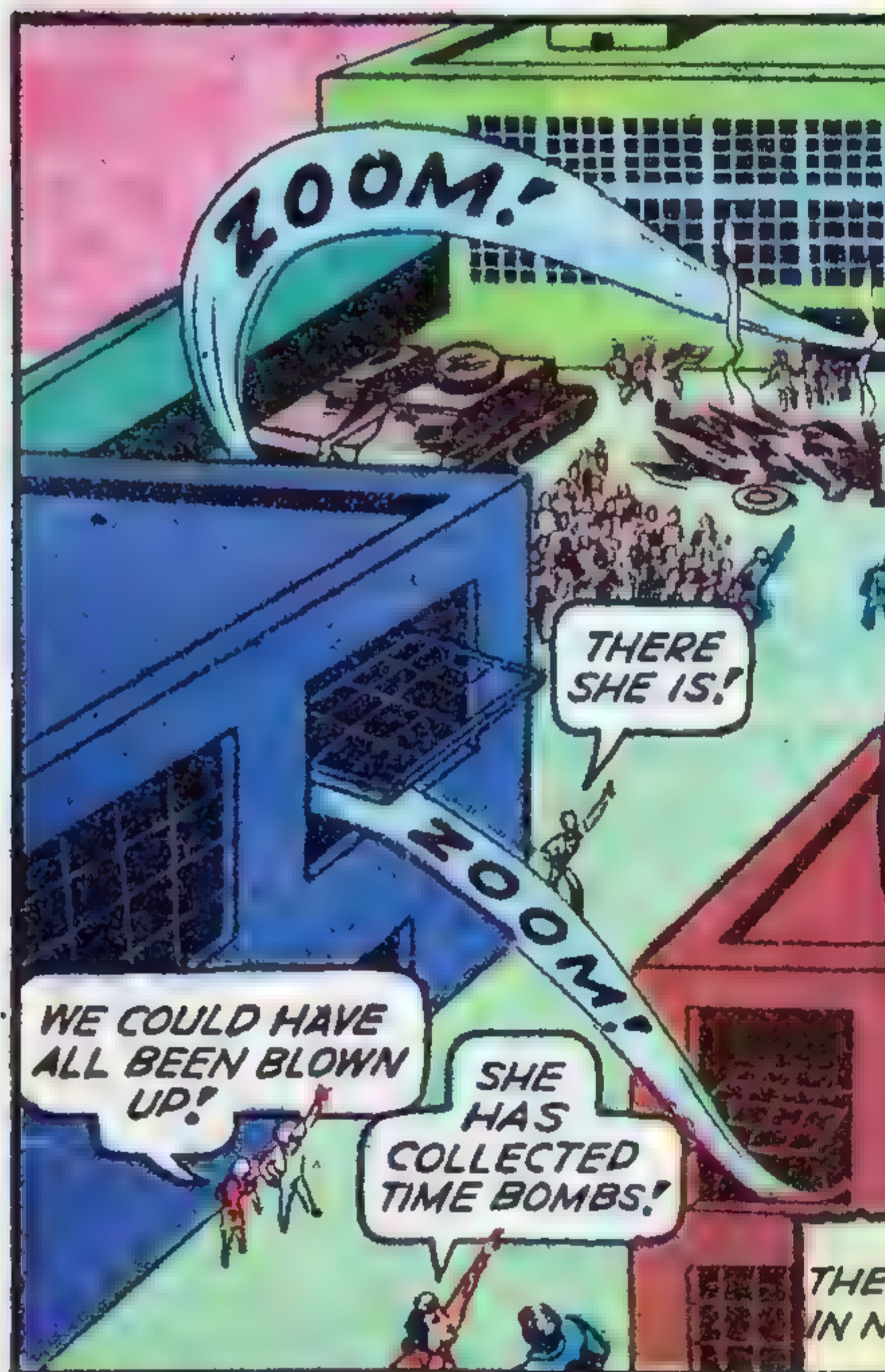


CARRYING THE THREE TIME BOMBS WHICH
SHE RENDERED HARMLESS, MISS AMERICA
SWOOPS TO MAKE A GRACEFUL LANDING
IN THE PLANT YARD!

HERE YOU ARE,
FOLKS! TAKE
GOOD CARE OF
THESE! THE
F.B.I. WILL
WANT TO EX-
AMINE THEM!

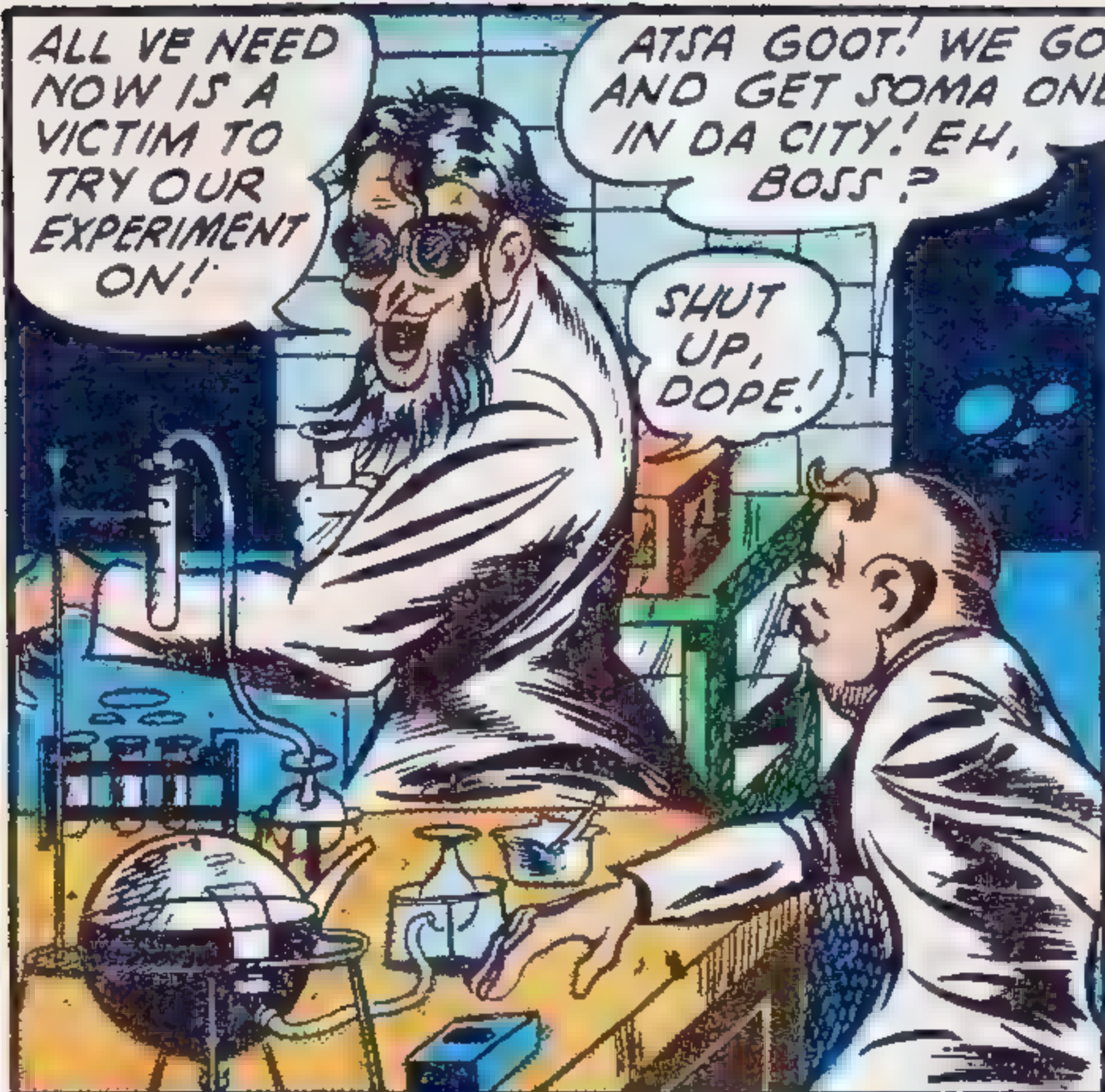


WITH THE CHEERS OF THE
GRATEFUL WORKER'S RINGING
IN HER EARS, MISS AMERICA
MAKES HER EXIT ----

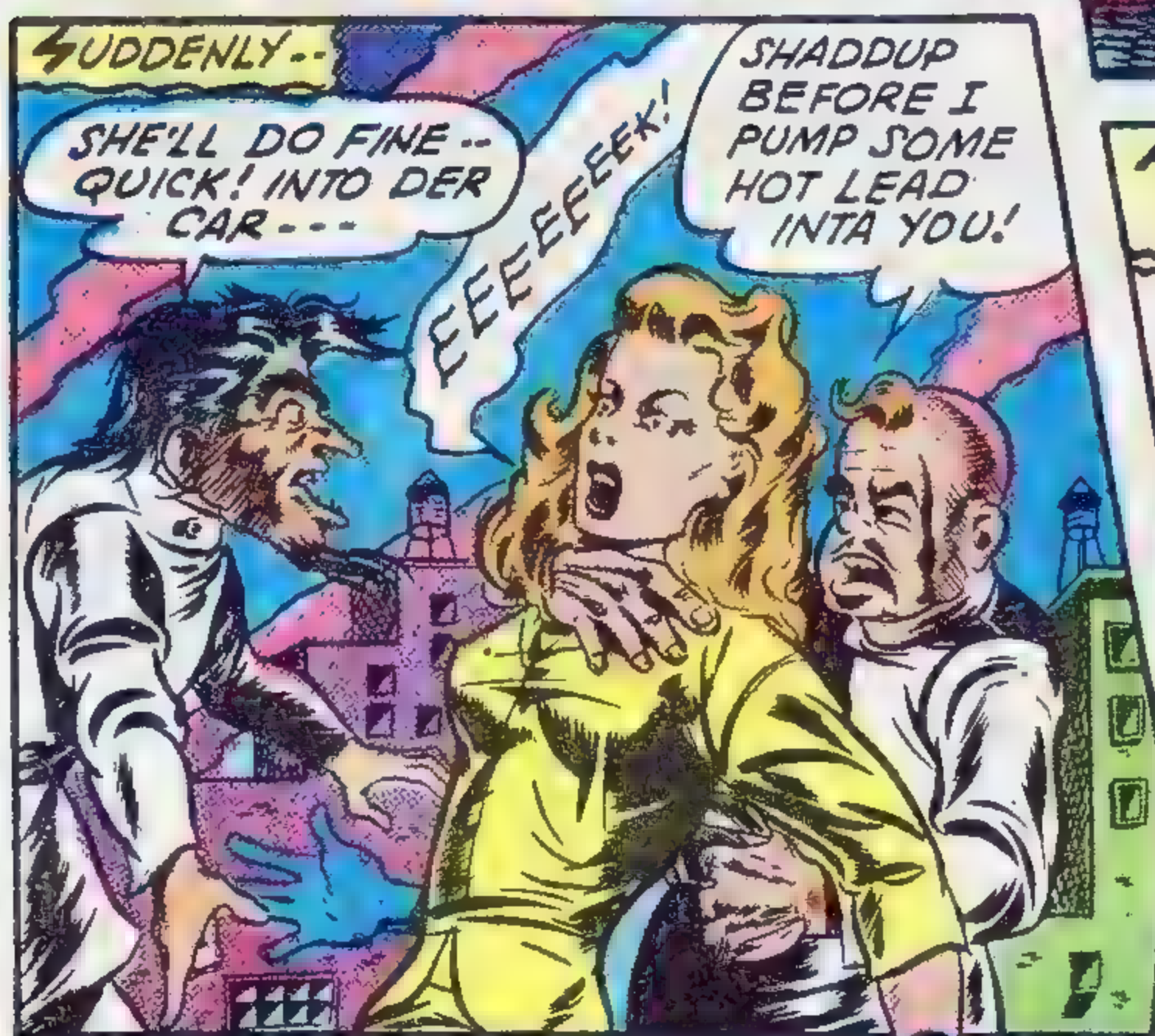
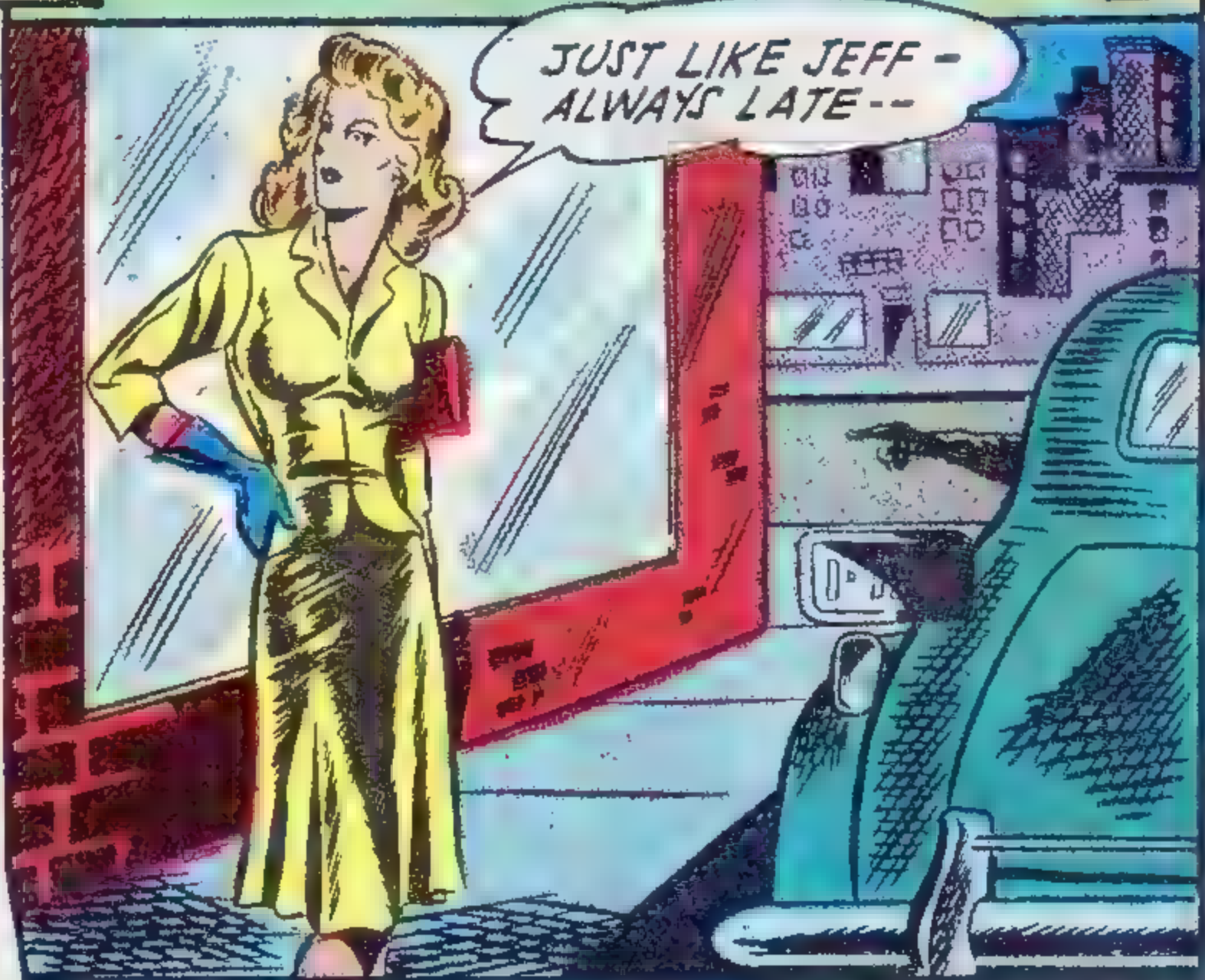


AND THUS ENDS THE INITIAL
ADVENTURE OF MISS AMERICA--
MIGHTY NEW CHAMPION OF THE
POOR AND OPPRESSED! DON'T MISS
THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE OF MISS AMERICA
IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!





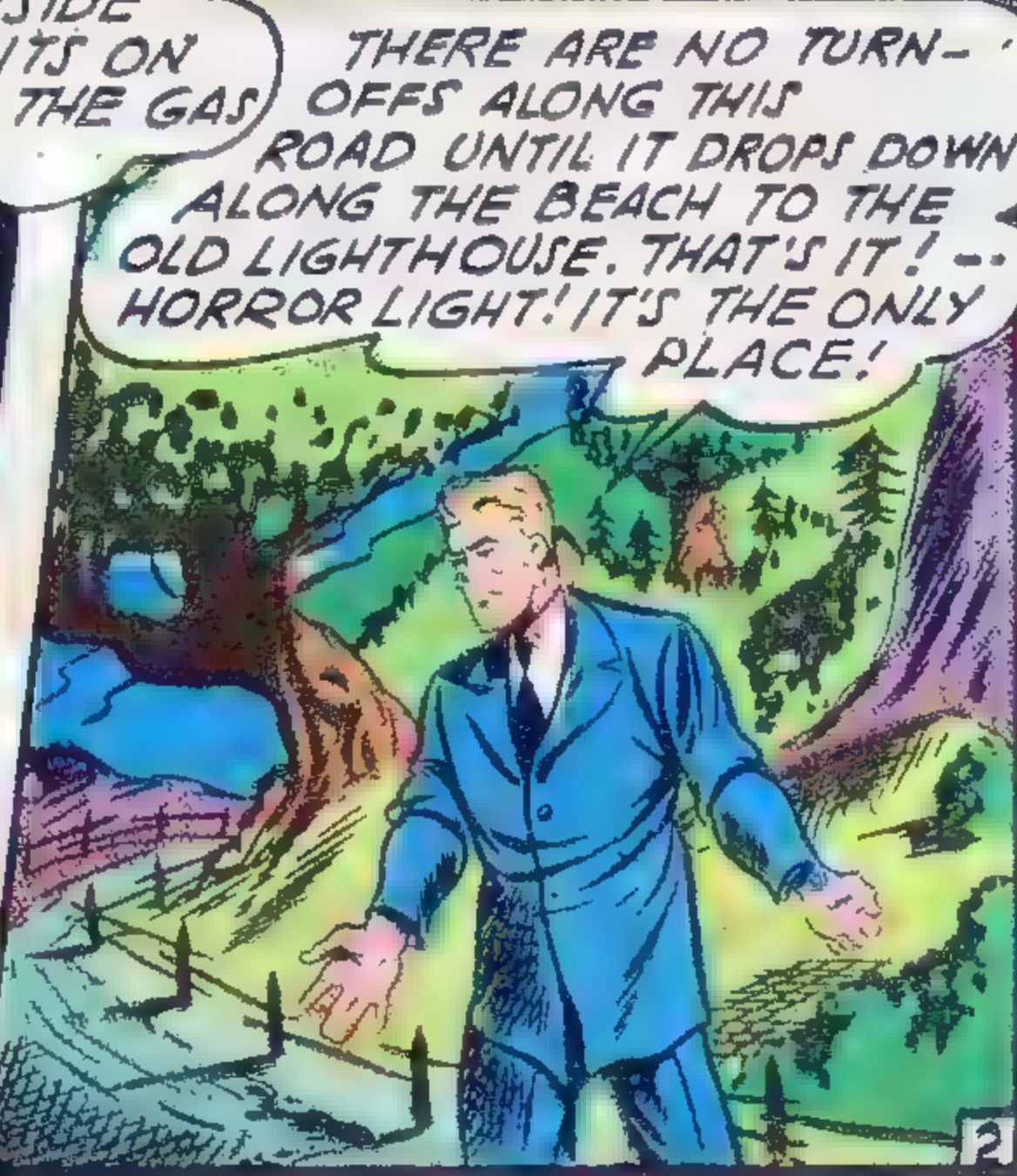
A FEW HOURS LATER, AS MARY LEAVES THE NEWS-PAPER OFFICE ON HER WAY TO A DATE WITH JEFF MACE - THE PATRIOT.



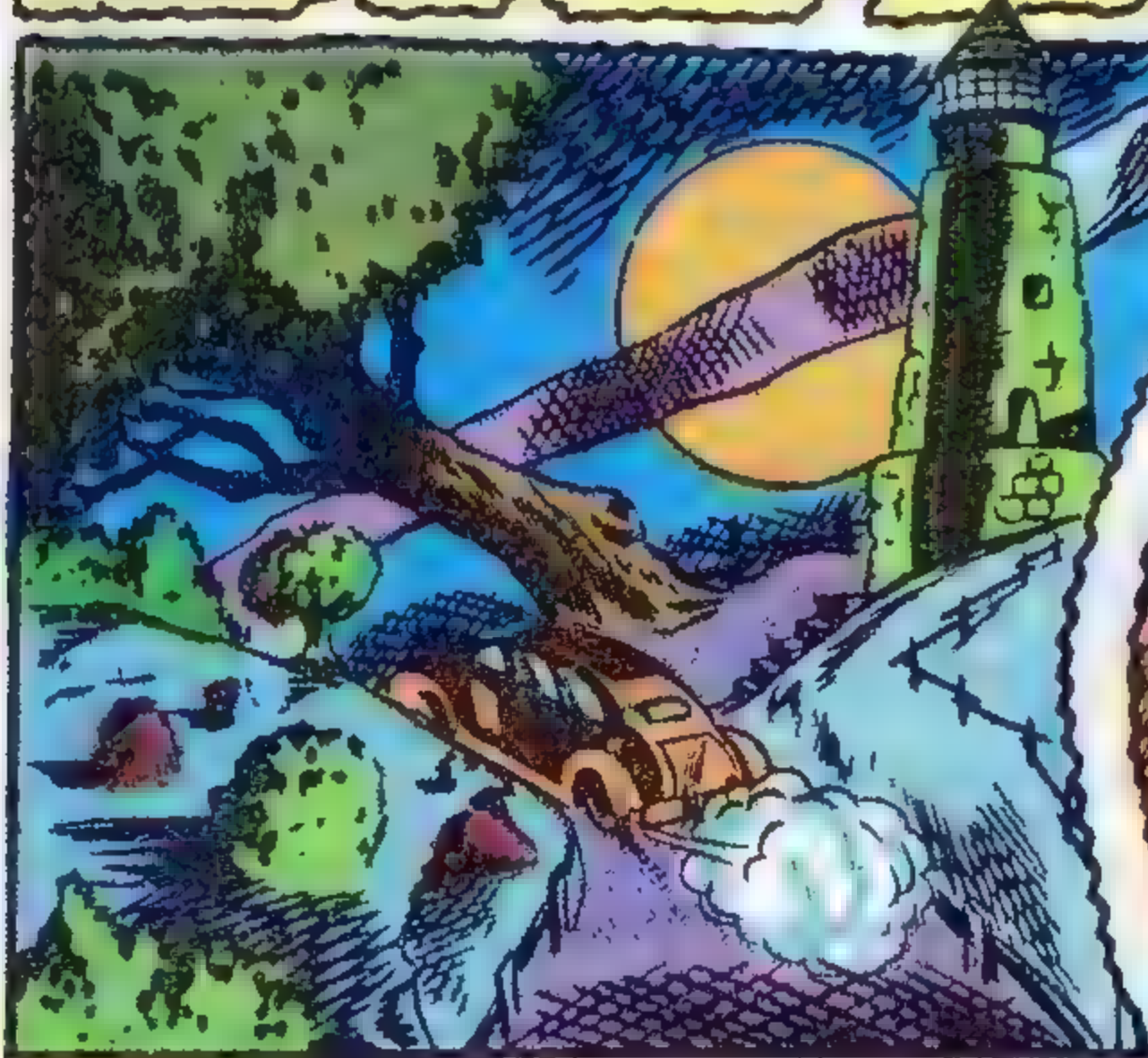
AT THIS POINT JEFF ARRIVES JUST TO SEE THE MEN DRIVE MARY OFF ---



JEFF ARGUES BUT GETS NO PLACE AND FINALLY CONTINUES ON FOOT.



MEANWHILE, THE CAR HOLDING MARY CAPTIVE, ARRIVES AT HORROR LIGHT-AN OLD ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.



IN A SECRET LABORATORY INSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE, MARY BECOMES A HUMAN GUINEA PIG TO THE FIENDISH PAIR.



WELL THAT'S THAT SIGNORE SCHARROLLA - IF DIS IS A SUCCESS THE ARMIES OF THE REICH SHALL CONQUER DER WORLD... HEIL HITLER!

DATSA VERA GOOT DOCTOR GROITZIG - DAT MIST-HIT. WILL PAY US POLENTY FOR DIS!

ACH DU LIEBER-SOMPTINK VENT WRONG! SHE DOESN'T ACT LIKE SHE SHOULD. I THINK VE MADE A MISTAKE-IT'S TOO LATE TO CORRECT IT NOW!

YOU BIGGA STUPID! ITSA ALLA YOUR FAULT - OH MAMA MIA, WHATA WE DO NOW?

BAH! ALL OUR HARD WORK.. FOR DIS FAILURE! COME! WE'LL DESTROY EVERYTHING AND GO BEFORE THE NAZIS COME TO COLLECT THEIR SERUM!

OKAY DOC! I'LL BURNA UP ALL DA PAPERS AND MANUSCRIPTS!

WHAT STUPIDS! THESEA GERMANS HAVE NO BRAINS! BAH! I SHOULD NEVA JOINED WITA HIM!..

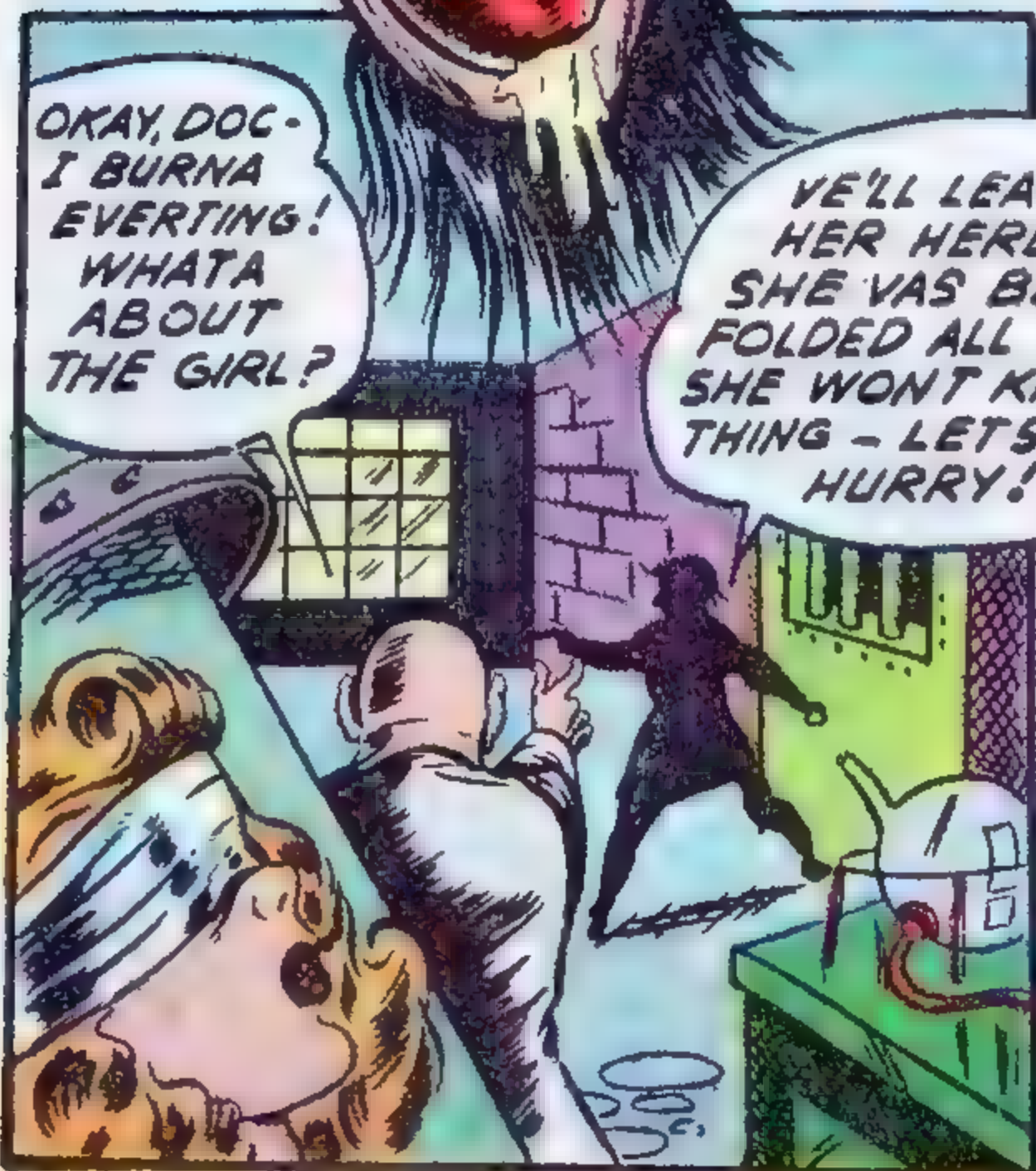


OKAY, DOC. I BURNA EVERTING! WHATA ABOUT THE GIRL?

VE'LL LEAVE HER HERE SHE VAS BLIND-FOLDED ALL THE VILE-SHE WONT KNOW ANYTHING - LETS GO HURRY!

BUT AS DOCTOR GROITZIG OPENS THE DOOR..

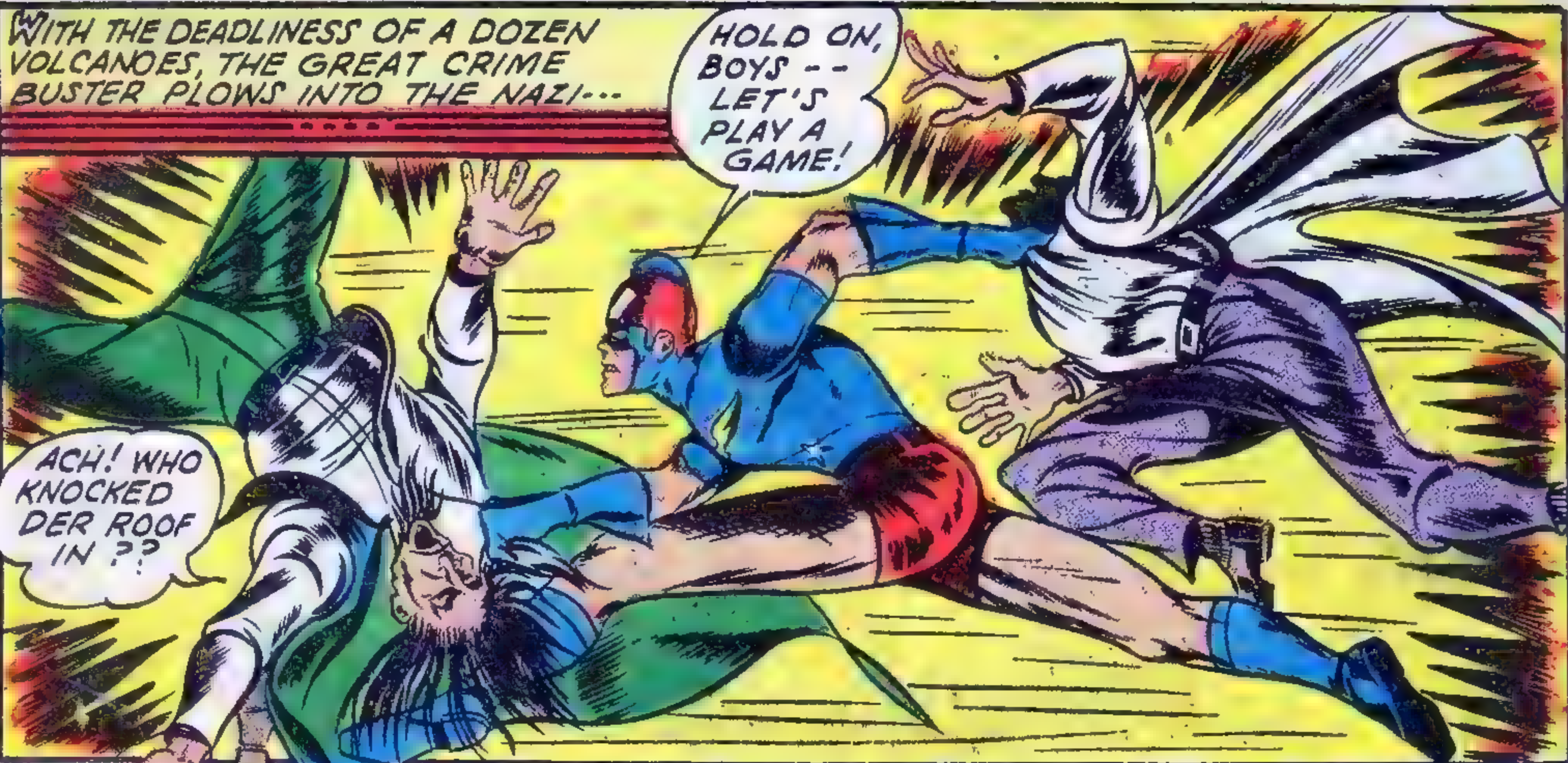
AS MY OLD FRIEND CAPTAIN AMERICA SAYS **YAHOO!!**



WITH THE DEADLINESS OF A DOZEN VOLCANOES, THE GREAT CRIME BUSTER PLOWS INTO THE NAZI...

HOLD ON, BOYS -- LET'S PLAY A GAME!

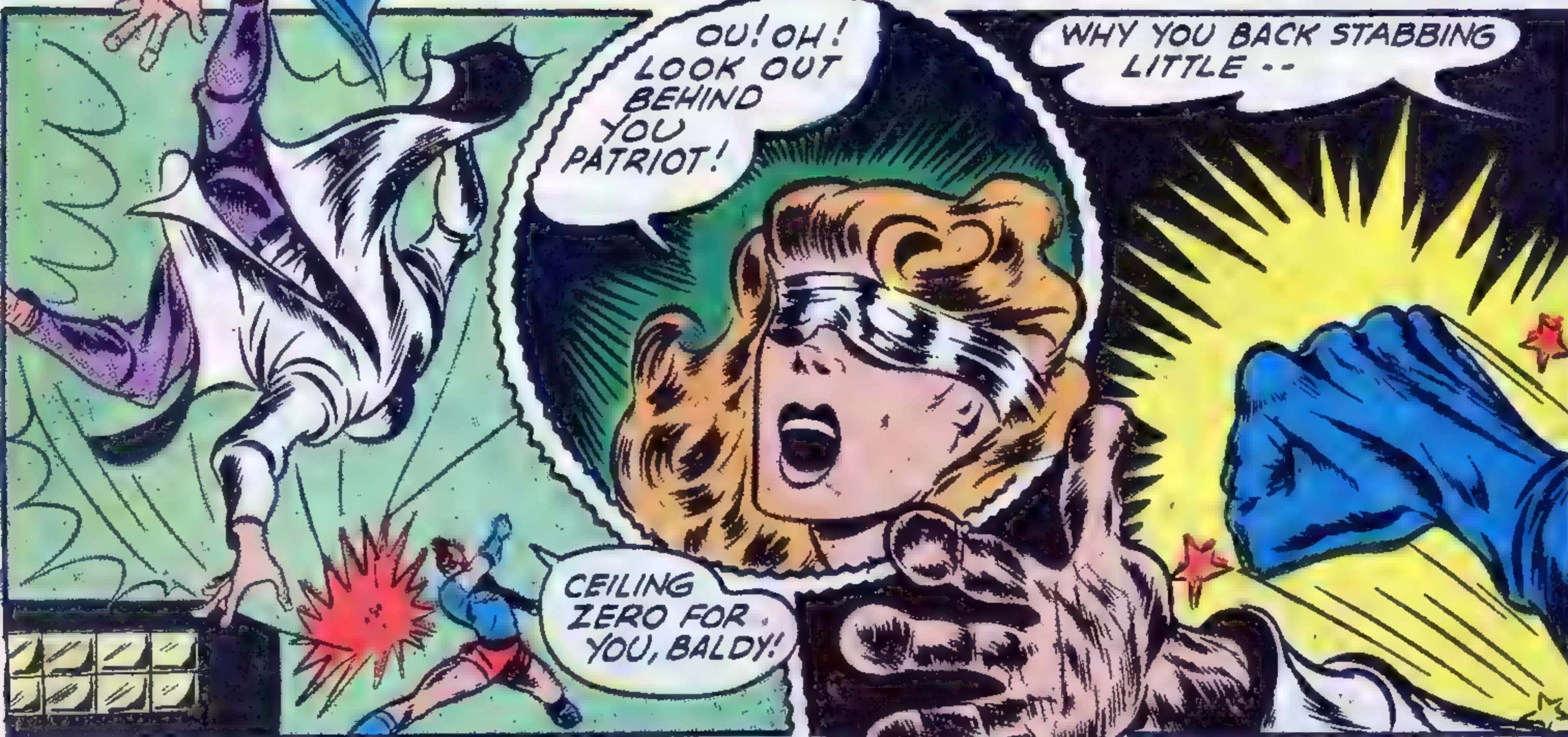
ACH! WHO KNOCKED DER ROOF IN ??



OU! OH! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU PATRIOT!

WHY YOU BACK STABBING LITTLE --

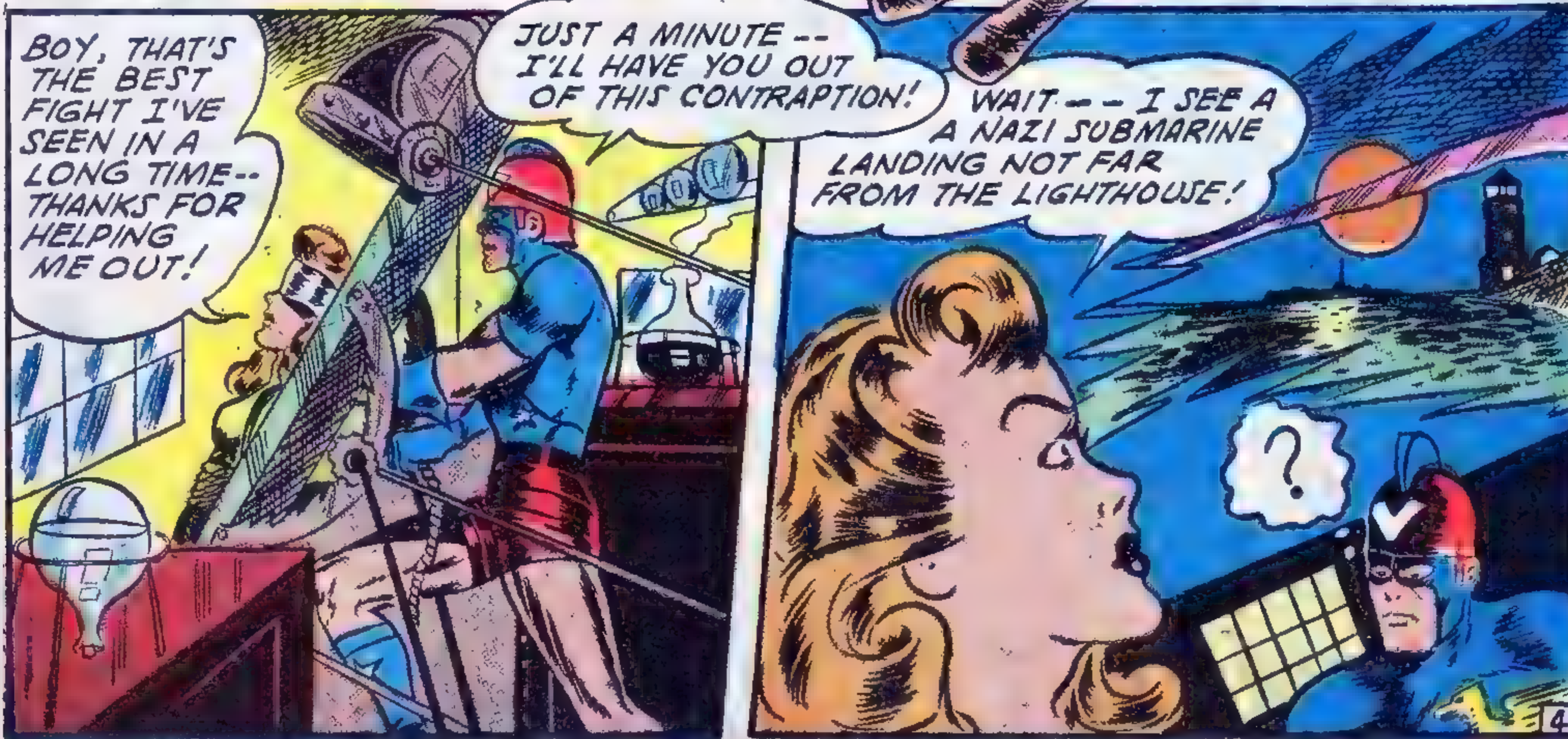
CEILING ZERO FOR YOU, BALDY!



BOY, THAT'S THE BEST FIGHT I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME-- THANKS FOR HELPING ME OUT!

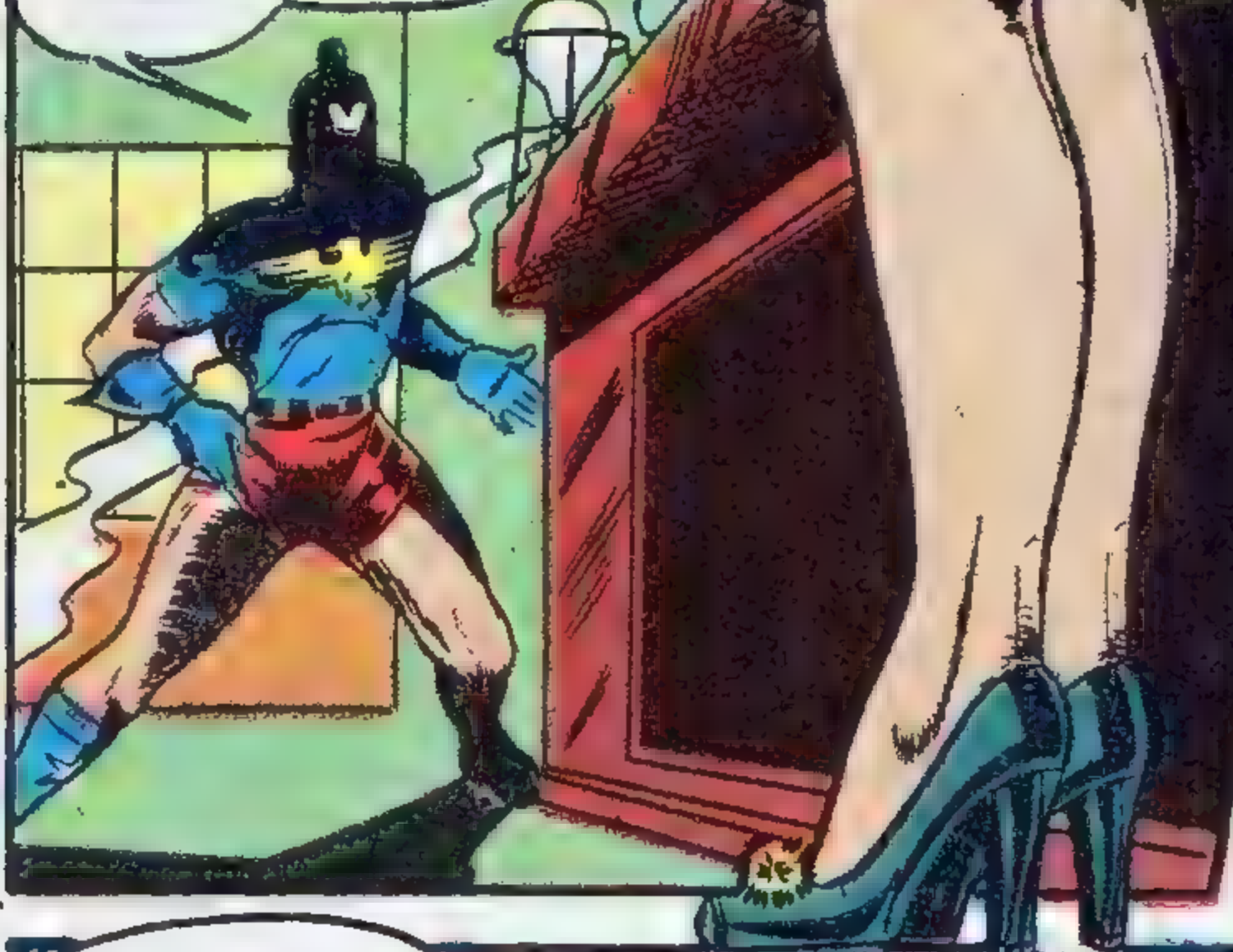
JUST A MINUTE -- I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS CONTRAPTION!

WAIT -- I SEE A NAZI SUBMARINE LANDING NOT FAR FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE!



THE PATRIOT HAS UNTIED MARY..

SOMEBODY IS OFF THEIR BEAM! HERE YOU SAY YOU SAW THE FIGHT AND YOU CALLED ME PATRIOT- AND YOU WERE BLIND- FOLDED ALL THE TIME!



IT'S SOMETHING THOSE NAZIS INJECTED INTO ME - BECAUSE WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS I COULD SEE THROUGH THINGS AND HEAR WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING -- JUST AS I KNOW THERE'S A BOAT LANDING RIGHT OUTSIDE!



TALK ENGLISH SO NO ONE SUSPECTS!

YA! DOT'S GOOT!

SOME MEN HAVE LANDED FROM THE SUB. THEY ARE SPEAKING GERMAN -- ONE SAYS TO SPEAK ENGLISH --



THE U-BOAT IS TO WAIT OFF SHORE UNTIL THEY SIGNAL FOR IT TO COME IN AGAIN!

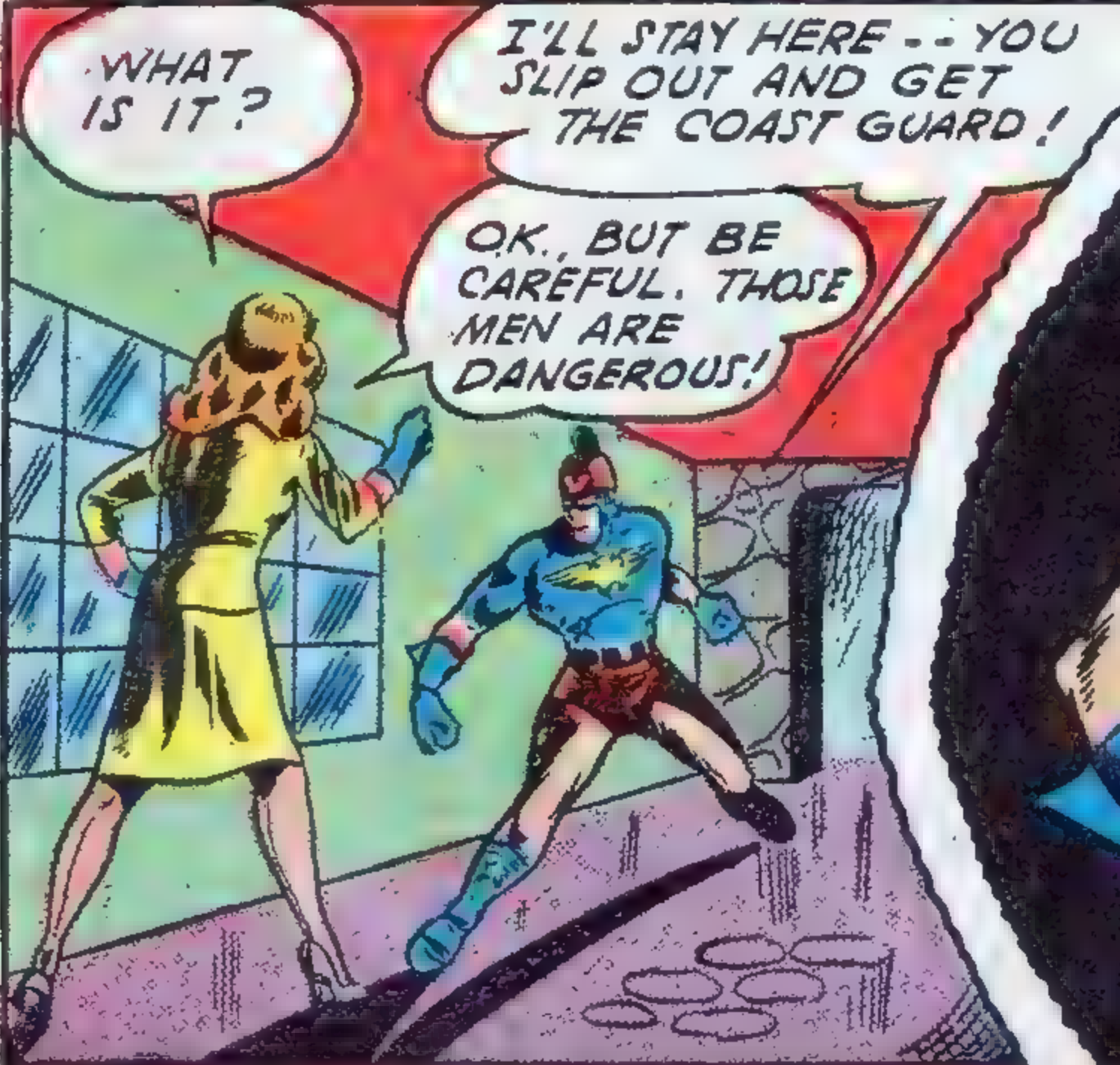
I HAVE A PLAN!



WHAT IS IT?

I'LL STAY HERE -- YOU SLIP OUT AND GET THE COAST GUARD!

OK., BUT BE CAREFUL. THOSE MEN ARE DANGEROUS!



AS MARY LEAVES...

I'LL GET INTO THIS CLOSET AND WAIT-- AND THEN --



JUST AS THE SCIENTISTS REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS
THE NAZI COME IN- PATRIOT WATCHES FROM
THE CLOSET--

VELL YOU TWO -
VERE IS DER SERUM?
QUICK! VE GOT
NO TIME!

SOMETHINGA
WENTA
WRONG!

VE NEED
MORE TIME TO
EXPERIMENT!



SCHWEIN! -- DEY
FAILED OUR
FUEHRER -- GIVE
ME DOT GUN,
LUDWIG!

JAWOHL!

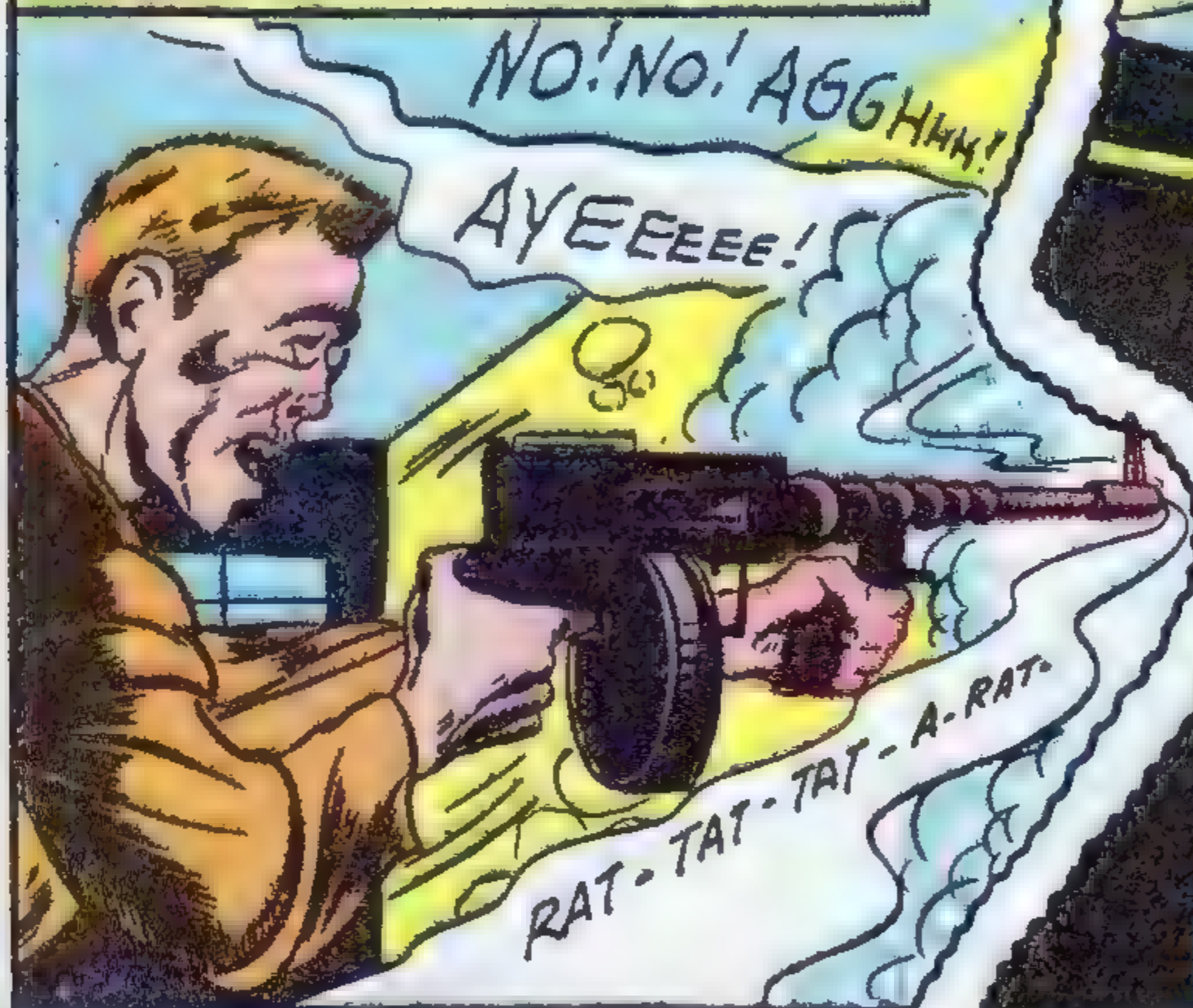


THE NAZI, IN COLD BLOOD, SHOTS
DOWN THE TWO DOCTORS---

NO! NO! AGGHHH!

AYEEEEEE!

RAT - TAT - TAT - A-RAT-

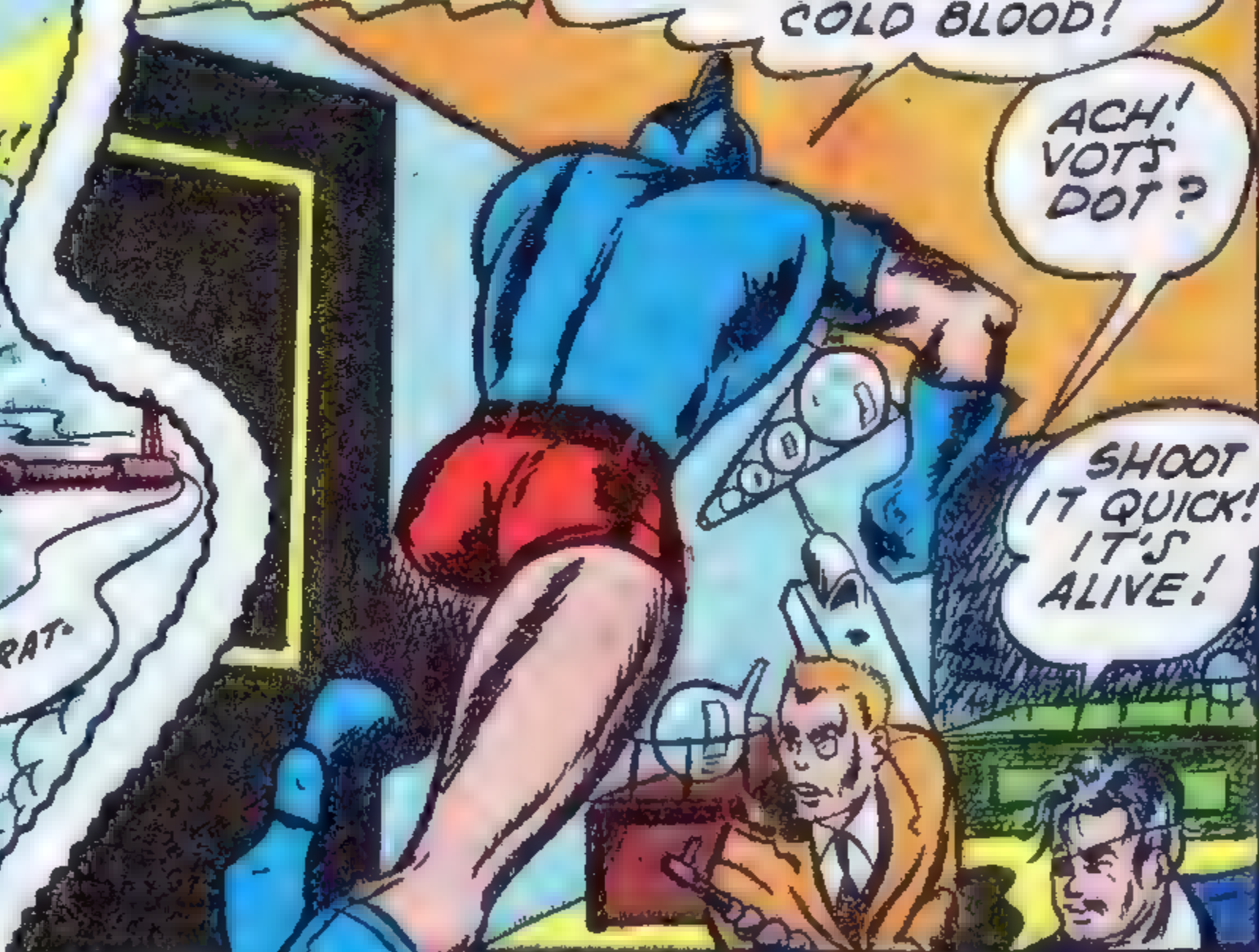


SUDDENLY...

JUST LIKE YOU NAZIS TO
SHOOT YOUR OWN MEN IN
COLD BLOOD!

ACH!
VOTS
DOT?

SHOOT
IT QUICK!
IT'S
ALIVE!



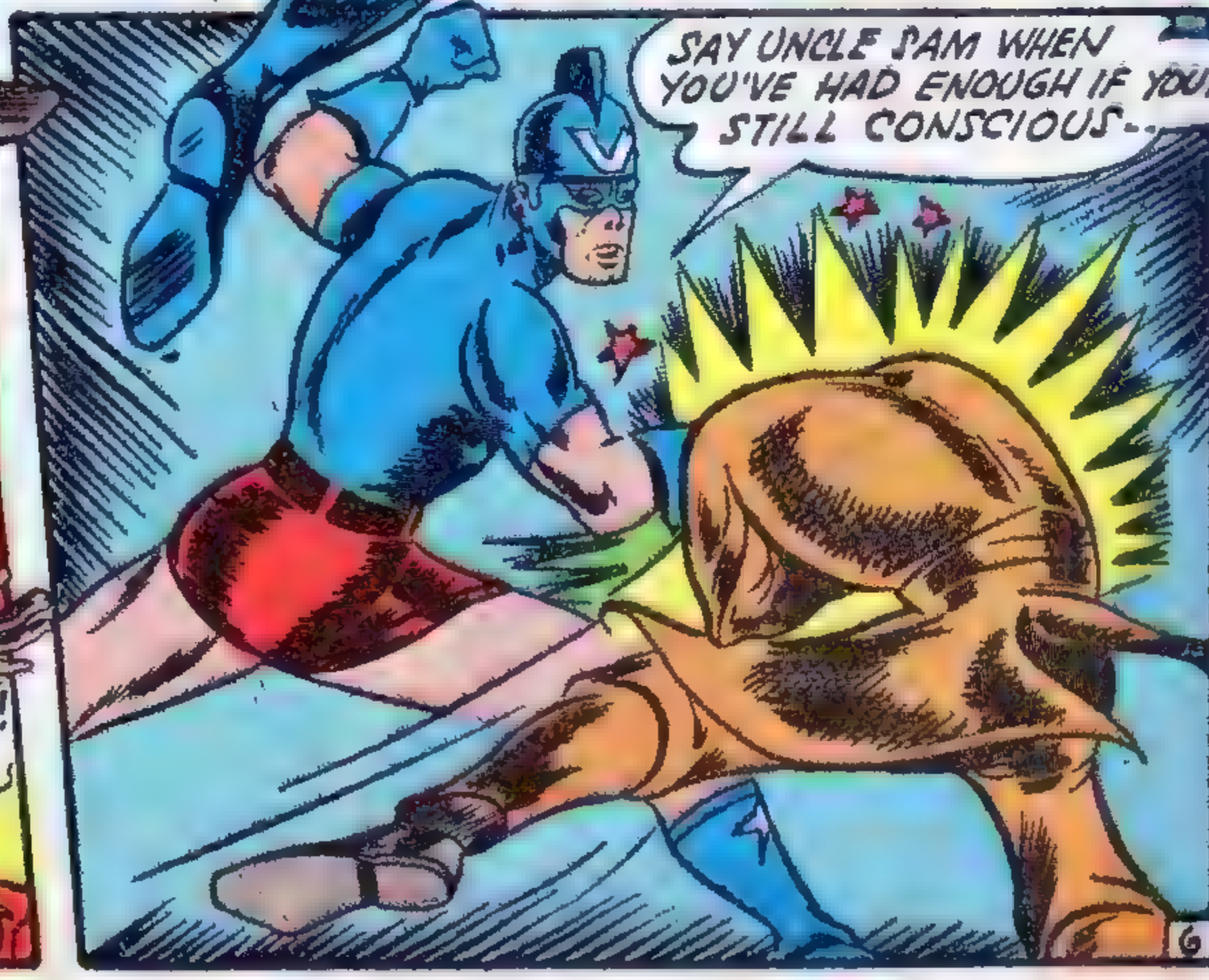
ALIVE AND KICKING,
RATS!

SPLAT!

AHGGGG!



SAY UNCLE SAM WHEN
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH IF YOU'RE
STILL CONSCIOUS--



THE NAZIS ARE SOON ROUTED..

WELL, THIS ABOUT FINISHES THIS LITTLE JOB, SOMEONE'S COMING!

MARY ARRIVES WITH THE COAST GUARD...

MARINES NOTHING -- IT'S THE PATRIOT THAT LANDED AND HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

SAY! THE MARINES MUST HAVE ARRIVED BEFORE US -- LOOK AT THAT MESS!

I GUESS THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS BRING THEM IN!

WHERE'S MARY?

SHE'S OUTSIDE. I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DOES IT-- BUT SHE TOLD OUR FLIER THE EXACT LOCATION OF THAT SUB WHICH, BY NOW IS PROBABLY BLOWN OUT OF THE OCEAN!

PATRIOT JOINS MARY OUTSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE ---

COME ON, PATRIOT, LET'S GET OUT OF THIS AWFUL PLACE!

O.K.! I'LL DRIVE YOU INTO TOWN! I'LL USE THE SPIE'S CAR!

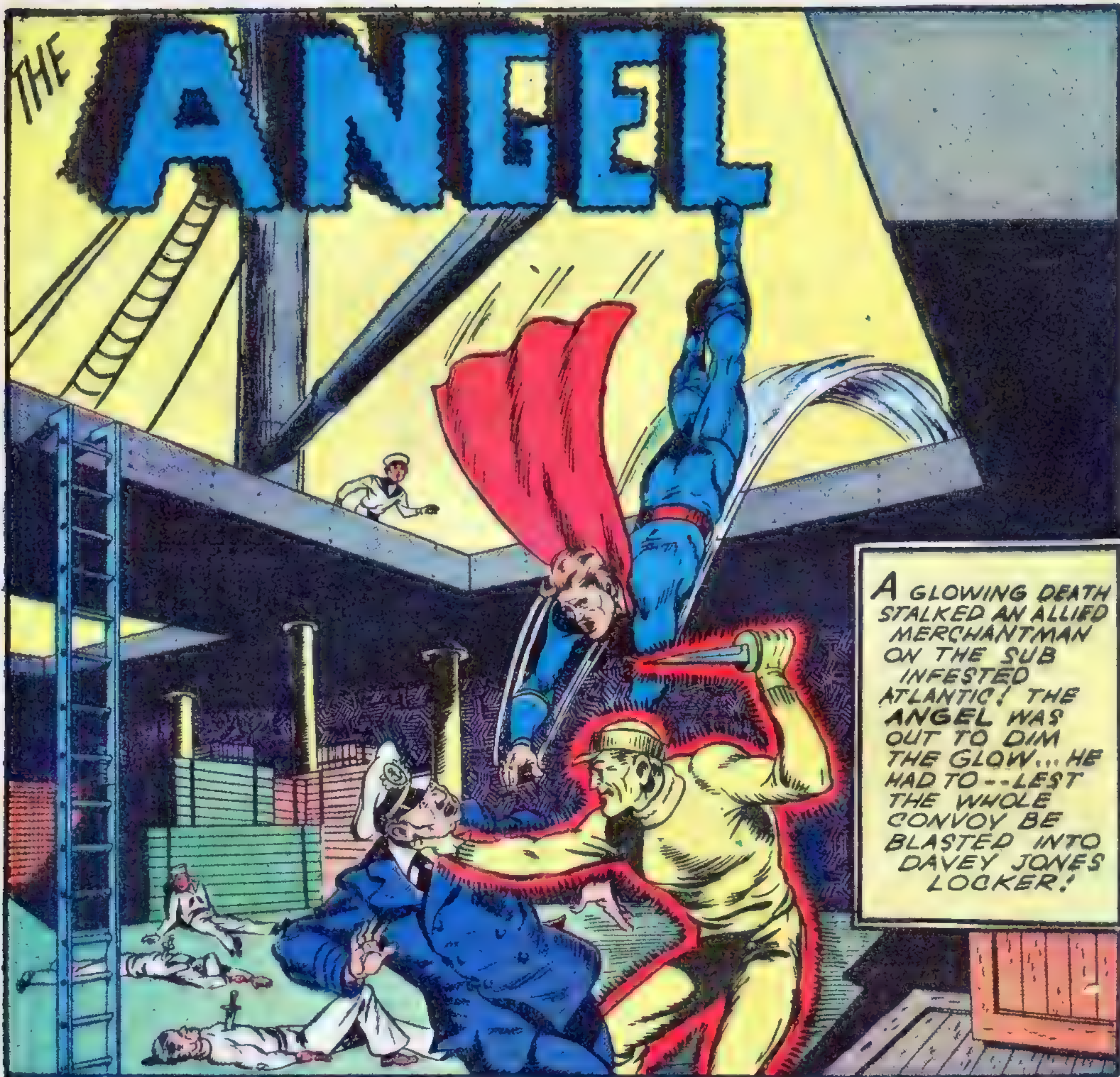
LATER AS MARY AND PATRIOT DRIVE BACK TO TOWN--

YOU KNOW MARY YOU DID A LOT OF GOOD TODAY IN HELPING THE ALLIES AND THE POLICE

THANK YOU, I WAS GLAD TO HELP AND.....

SWELL... I MUST BE GOING NOW.... I'M SURE WE'LL MEET AGAIN... SOON!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE OF PATRIOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!!



A GLOWING DEATH STALKED AN ALLIED MERCHANTMAN ON THE SUB INFESTED ATLANTIC! THE ANGEL WAS OUT TO DIM THE GLOW... HE HAD TO--LEST THE WHOLE CONVOY BE BLASTED INTO DAVEY JONES LOCKER!

PORTSMOUTH ENGLAND--WHERE THE ANGEL BOARDS A MERCHANT SHIP, CONVOY BOUND TO AMERICA..

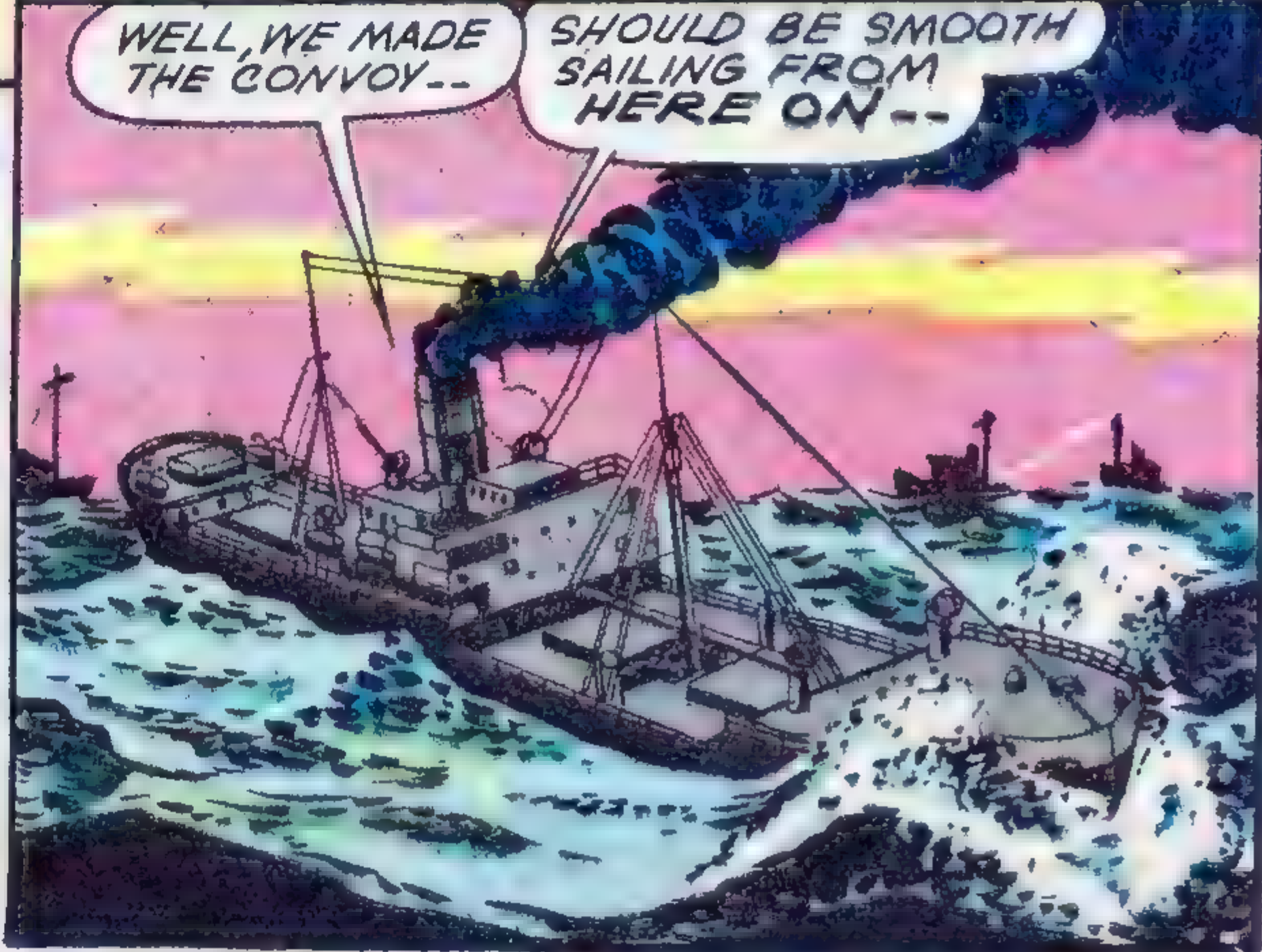
HI SAY, ANGEL... IT'S JOLLY GOOD TO 'AVE YOU ABOARD--

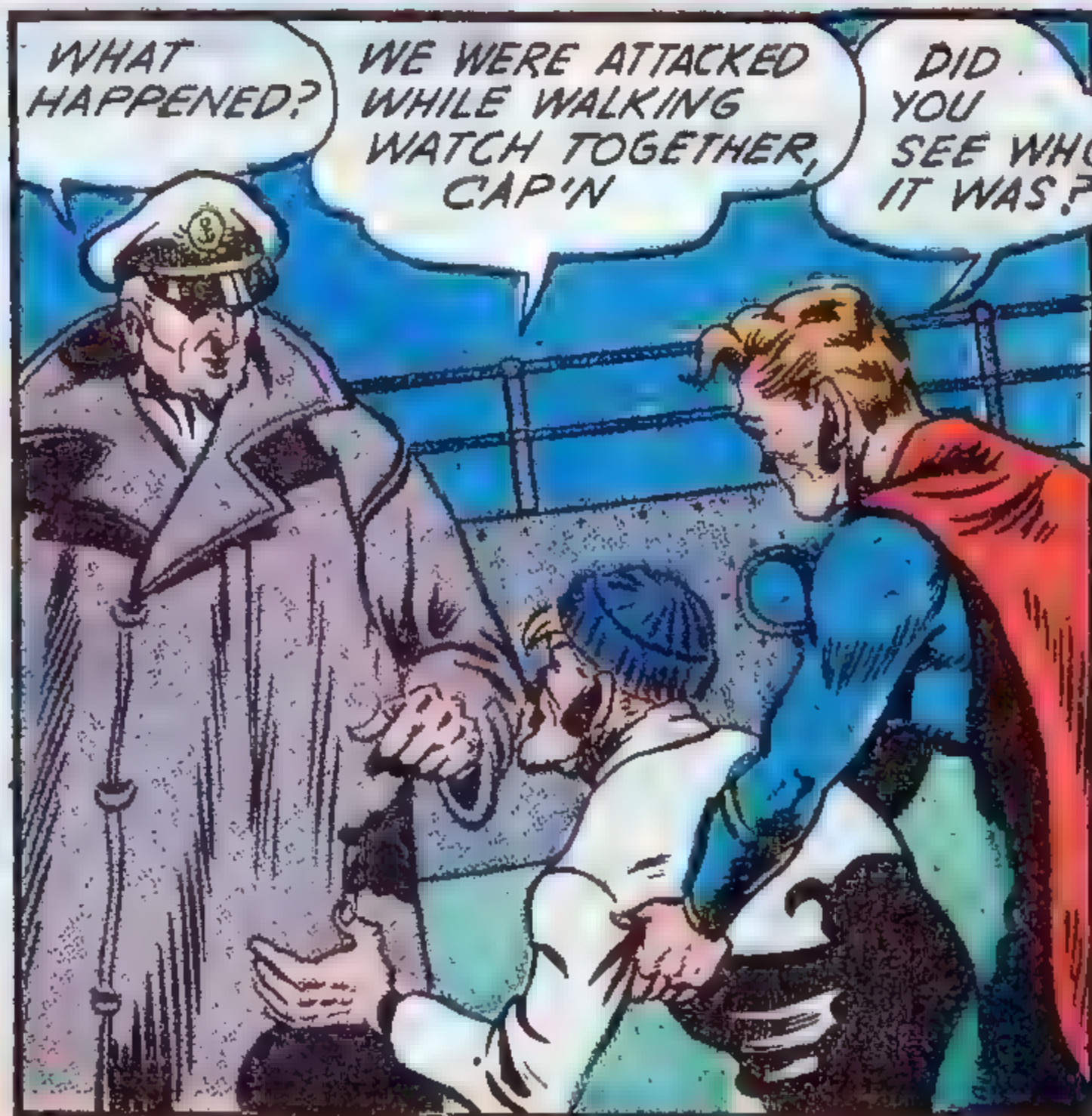
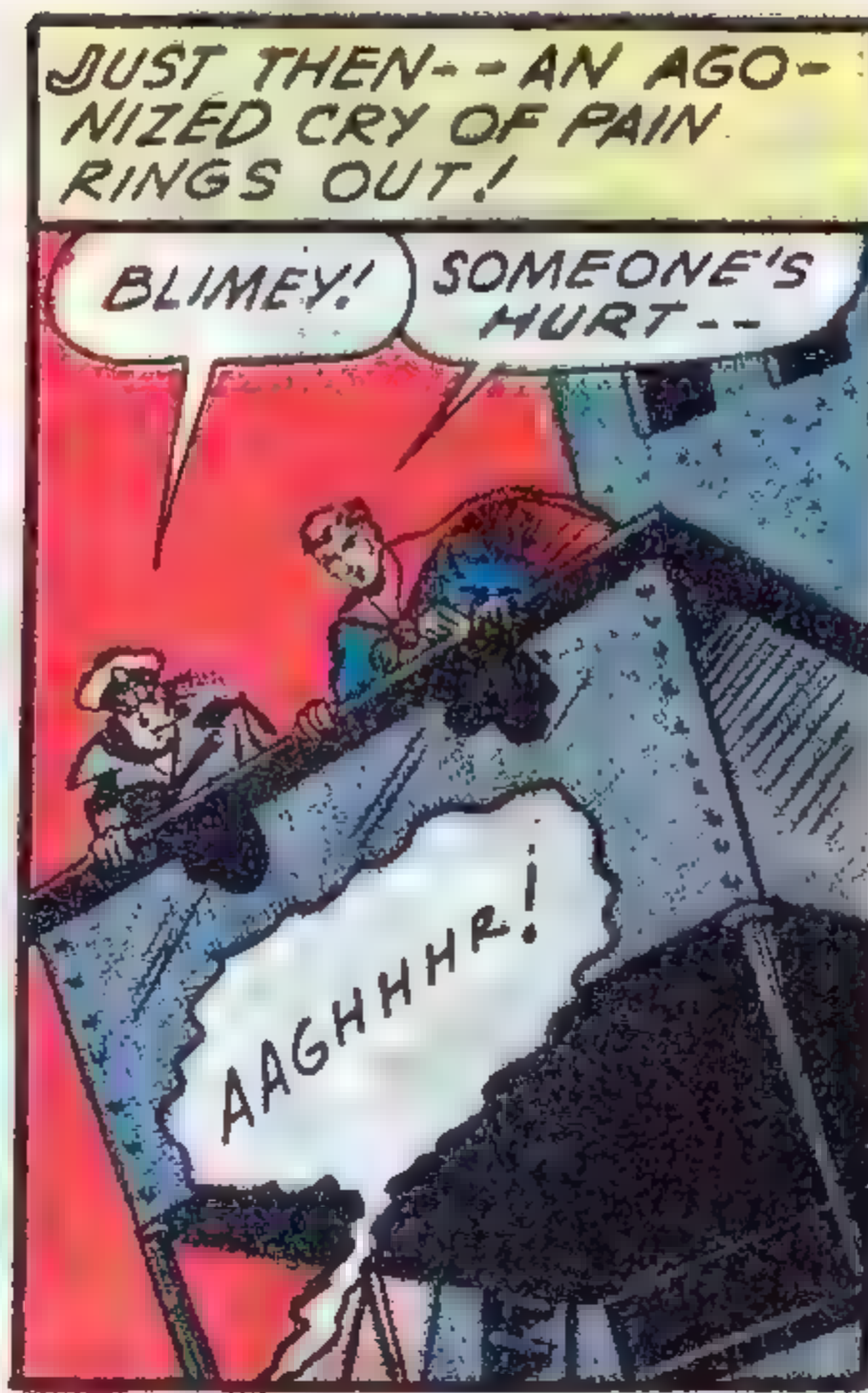
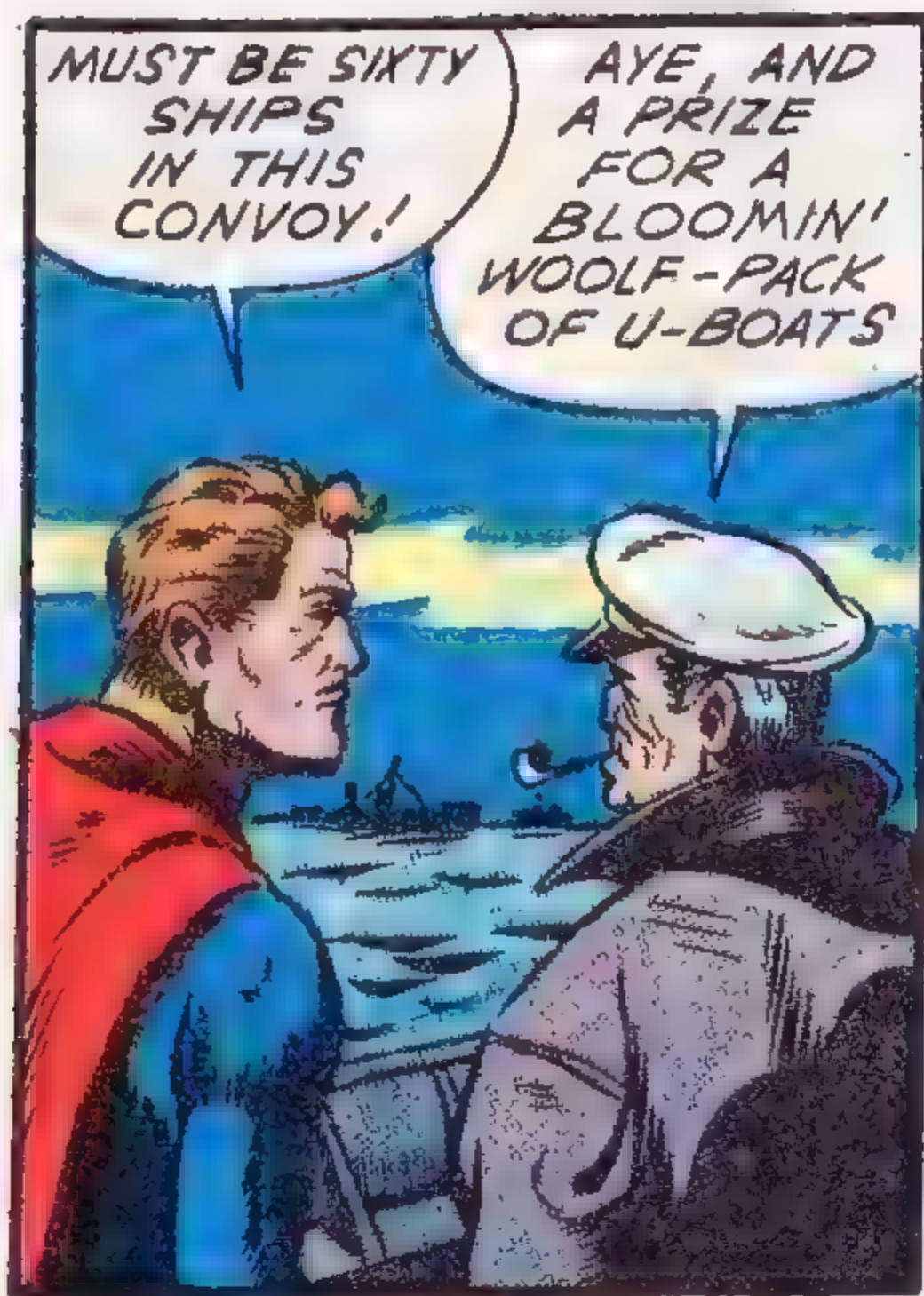
AND IT'S GOOD TO BE GETTING BACK TO THE STATES, CAPTAIN CORD!

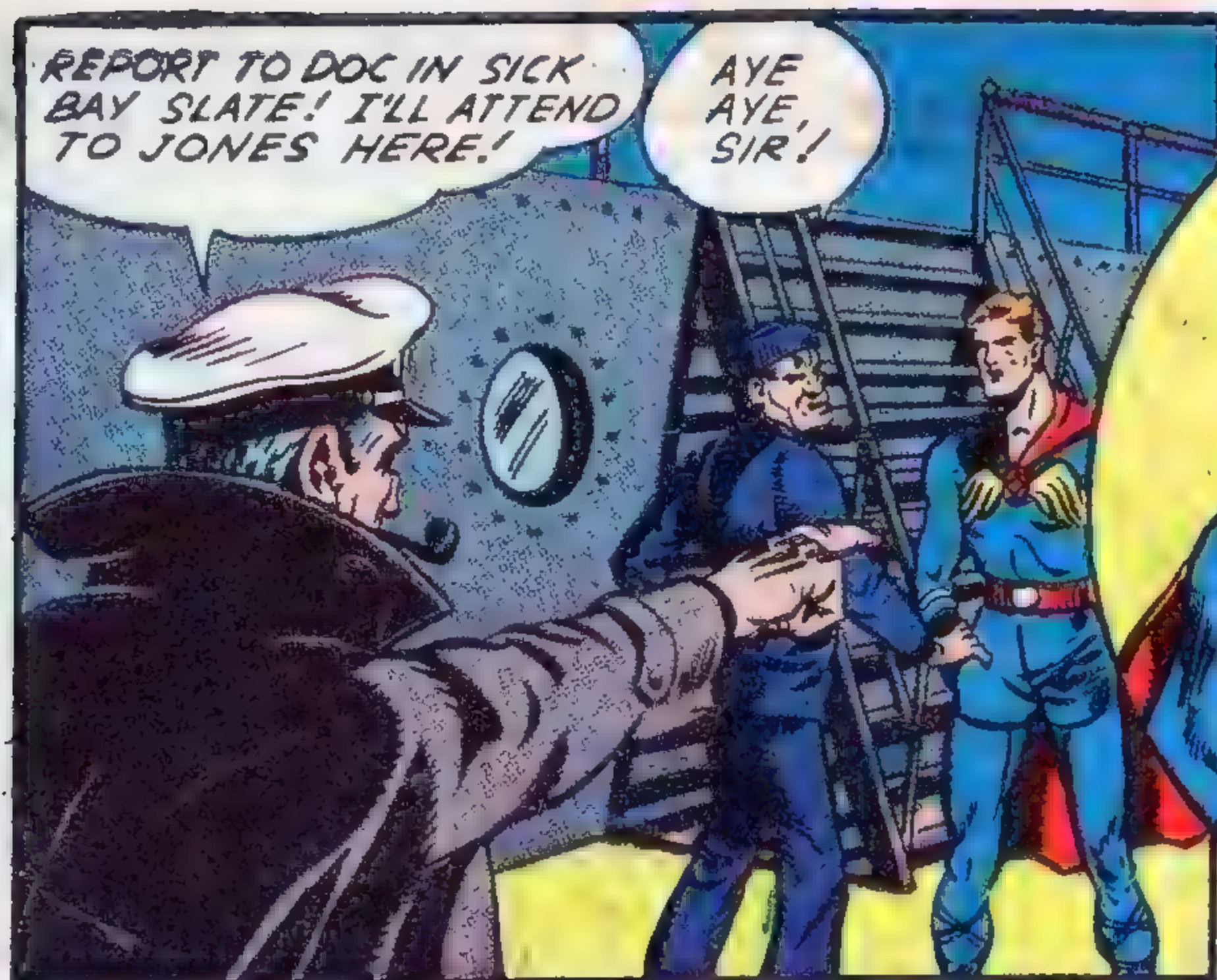
HOURS LATER, THE SHIP SIGHTS THE CONVOY

WELL, WE MADE THE CONVOY--

SHOULD BE SMOOTH SAILING FROM HERE ON--







REPORT TO DOC IN SICK BAY SLATE! I'LL ATTEND TO JONES HERE!

AYE
AYE,
SIR!



MEAN
LOOKING
KNIFE--

AYE, HE MUST
HAVE DIED
INSTANTLY--



SOMETIME LATER, THE
ANGEL PAYS A VISIT
TO THE FO'C'SLE

HOPE I'LL FIND WHAT
I'M AFTER IN SLATE'S
BUNK---



HMM---NOTHING HERE!
HOLD ON---WHAT'S
THIS WRAPPED
UP IN A
SCARF?

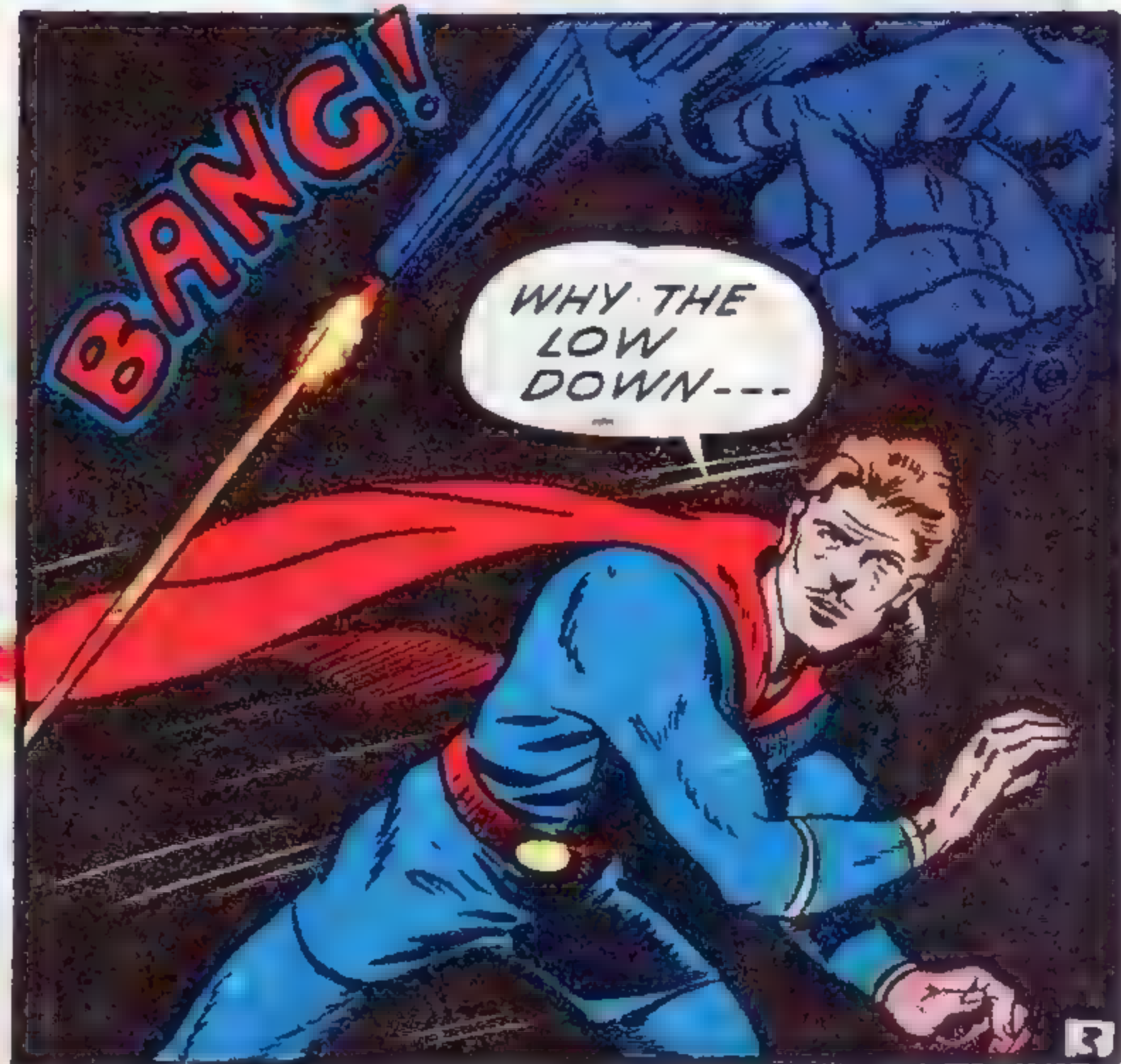


HAH! A KNIFE! EXACTLY
THE SAME AS THE ONE
JONES WAS KILLED
WITH!



SUDDENLY--A SHADOW FLITS ON
THE WALL BEFORE THE ANGEL--

OH-OH---
I'VE BEEN
FOLLOWED!



WHY THE
LOW
DOWN---

THE ANGEL SPRINGS!

I'VE GOTCHA!
DROP
THE GUN!

?!?

**CAPTAIN
CORD!**
I
THOUGHT---

ANGEL! I THOUGHT
IT WAS
THE KILLER!

I'M SORRY,
CAPTAIN --

BLIMEY! ME TOO! ALMOST
KILLED YOU --- HI SAY --
WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?

A DUPLICATE OF THE
MURDER KNIFE. I
FOUND IT
HERE IN SLATE'S
BUNK --

HMM! THAT'S
NO CONCLUSIVE
PROOF! MOST
SEAMEN
CARRY KNIVES.

BUT WE'LL KEEP
AN EYE ON SLATE --
I'LL BE GOING
TO THE WHEEL-
HOUSE NOW --

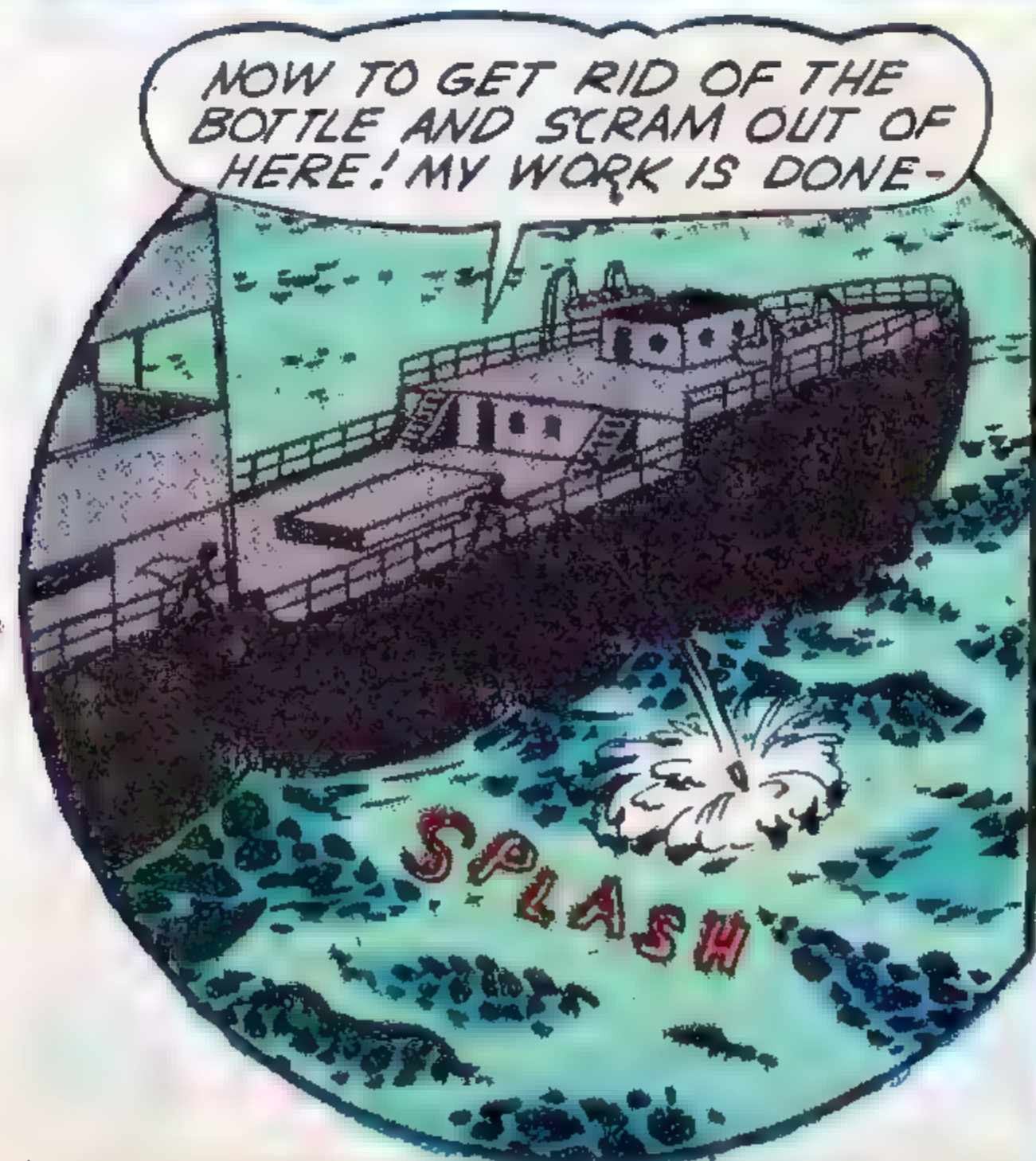
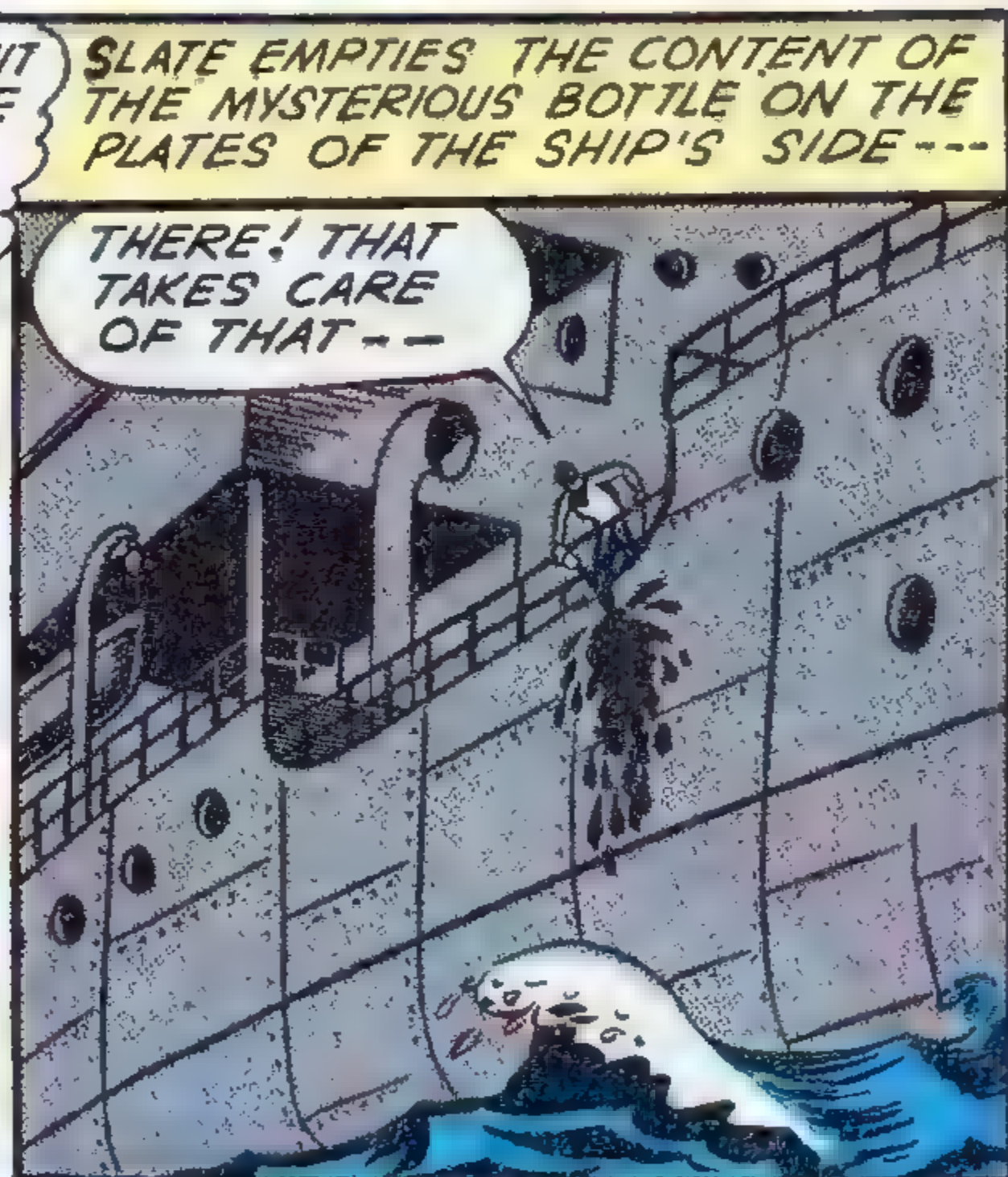
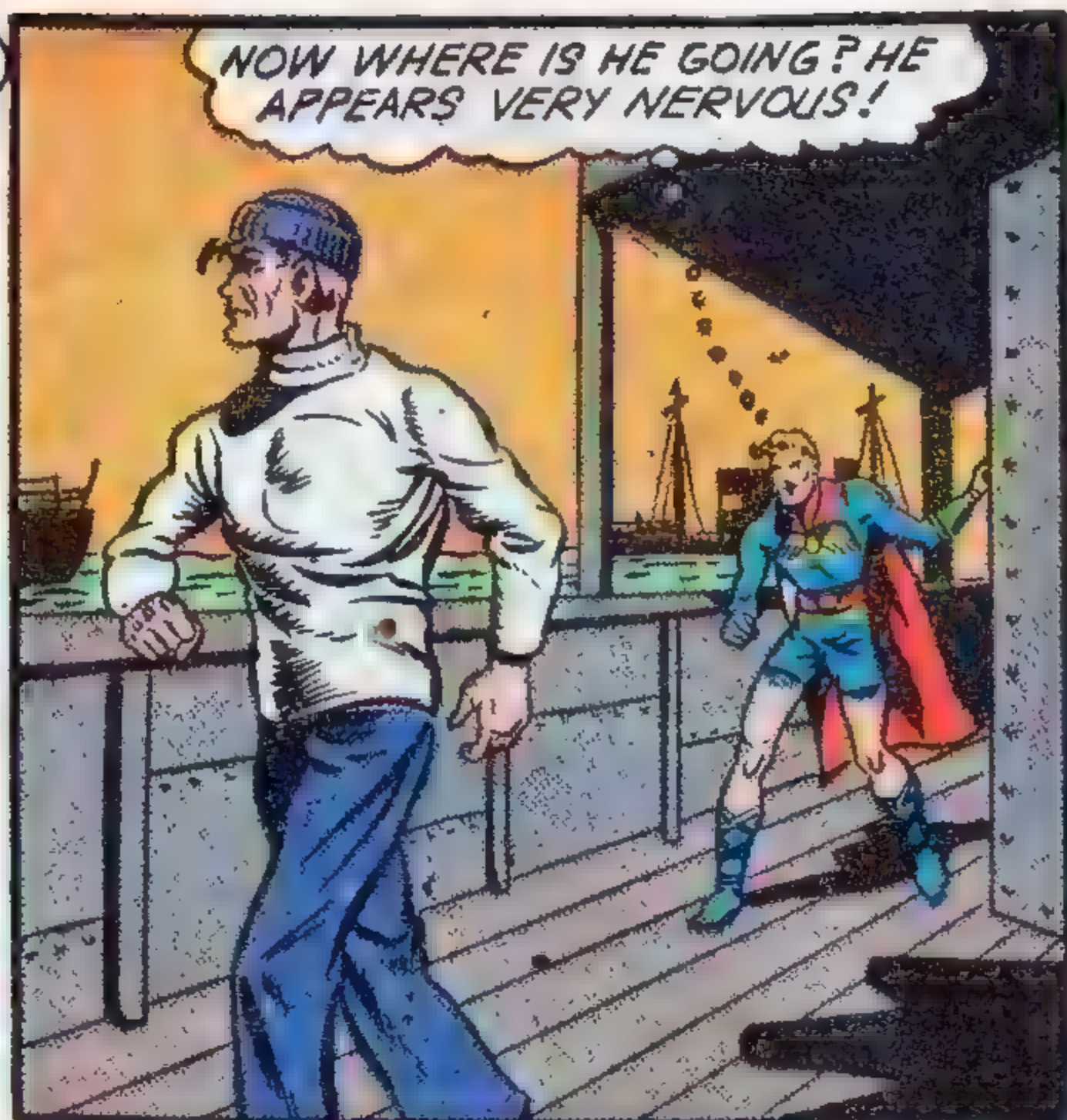
RIGHTO,
CAP'N --

ON DECK ONCE MORE ---

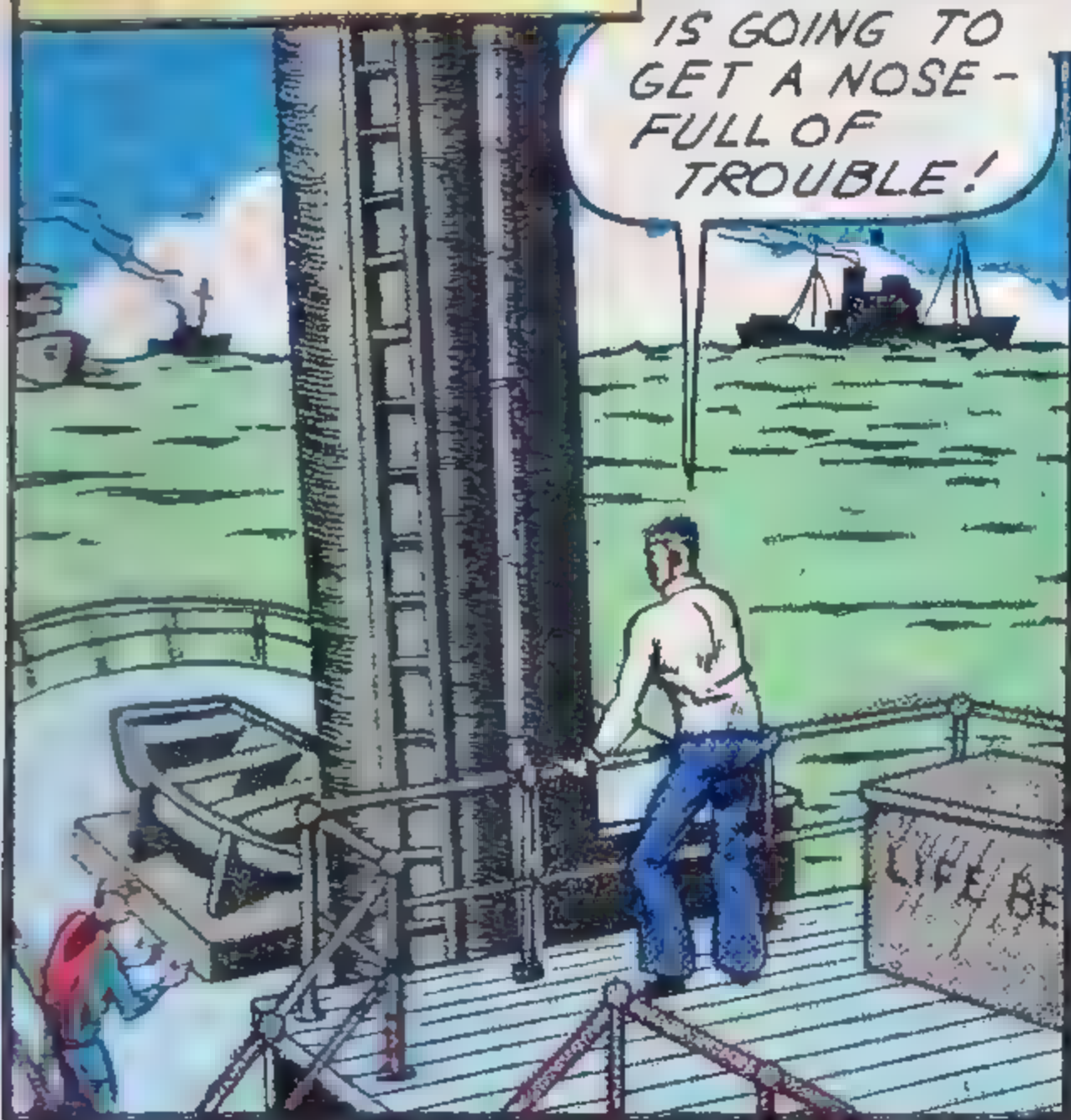
HELLO!
SOUNDS LIKE
ANOTHER
ARGUMENT!

AW ---
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

BUT YOU
CAN'T! THE
CAPTAIN
SAID ---

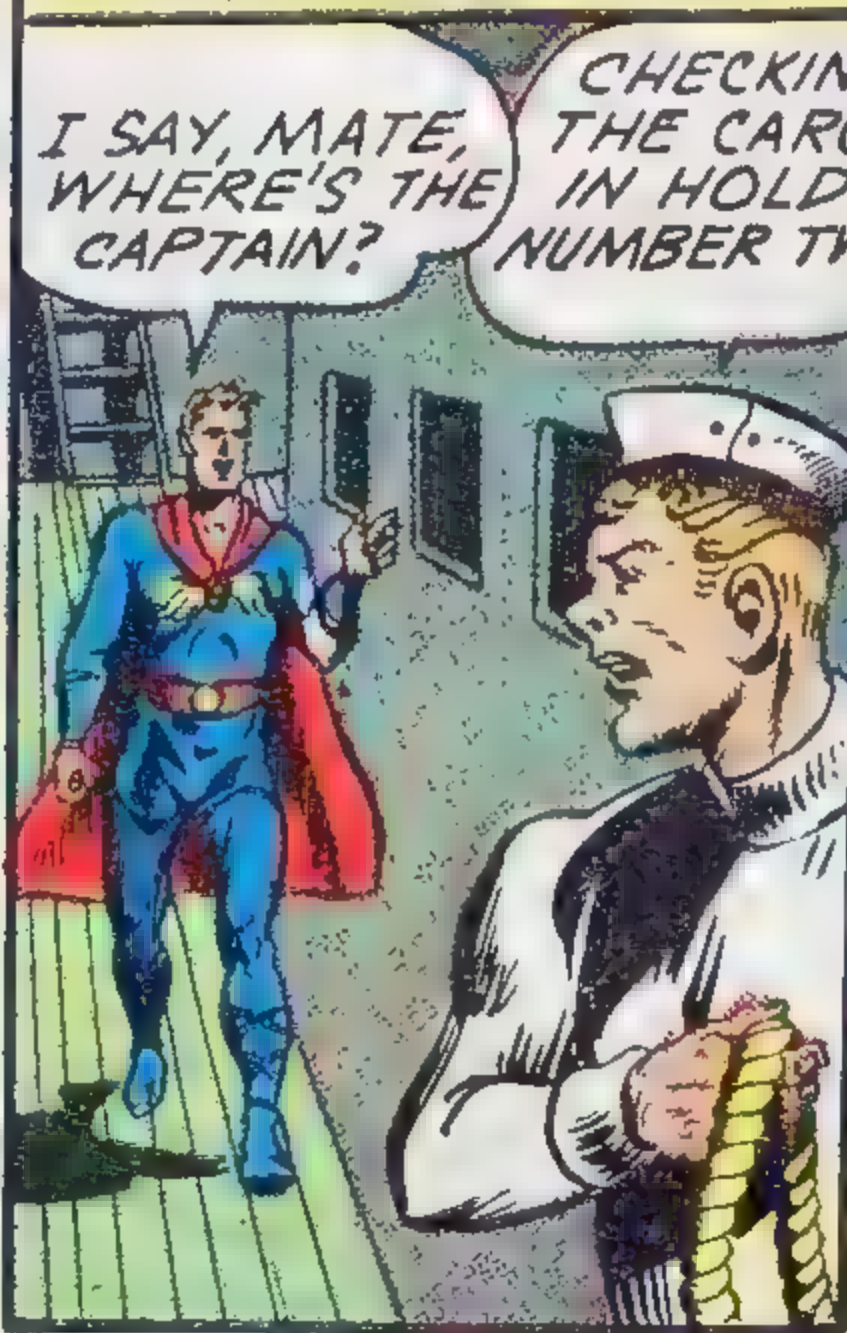


BUT SLATE HAS NOT LEFT THE SCENE...



HAH! THE SNOOPY ANGEL IS GOING TO GET A NOSE-FULL OF TROUBLE!

THE ANGEL FINDS CAPTAIN CORD...



I SAY, MATE, WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?

CHECKING THE CARGO IN HOLD NUMBER TWO

AT HOLD NUMBER TWO



THERE HE IS! OH, CAPTAIN!

YES, ANGEL?

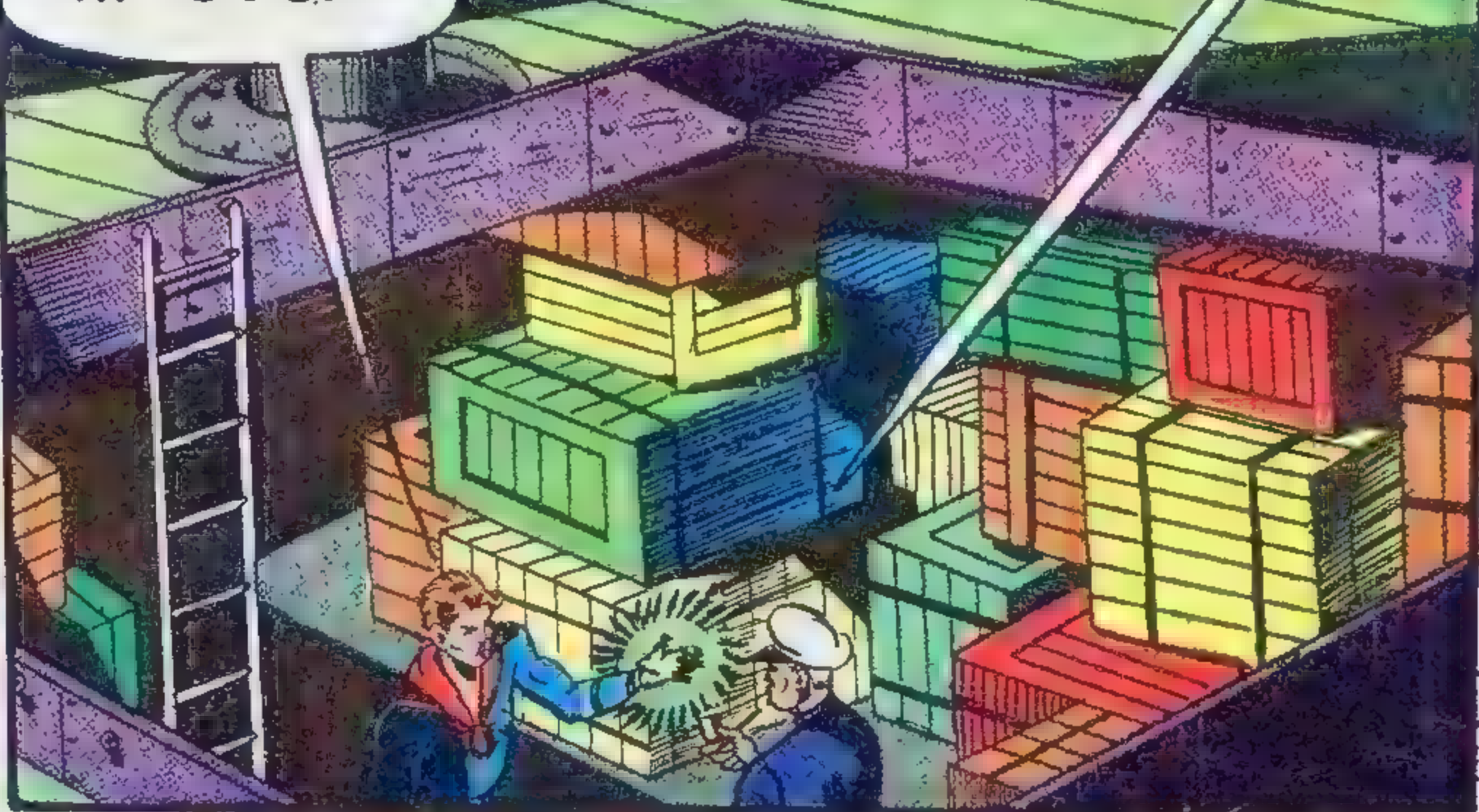
THEN, IN THE DIMLIGHT --

HI SAY, OLD BOY! WHAT 'AVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FINGERS? THEY LIGHT UP LIKE LAMPS?

GOOD GRIEF! THE LIQUID! I GET IT NOW!



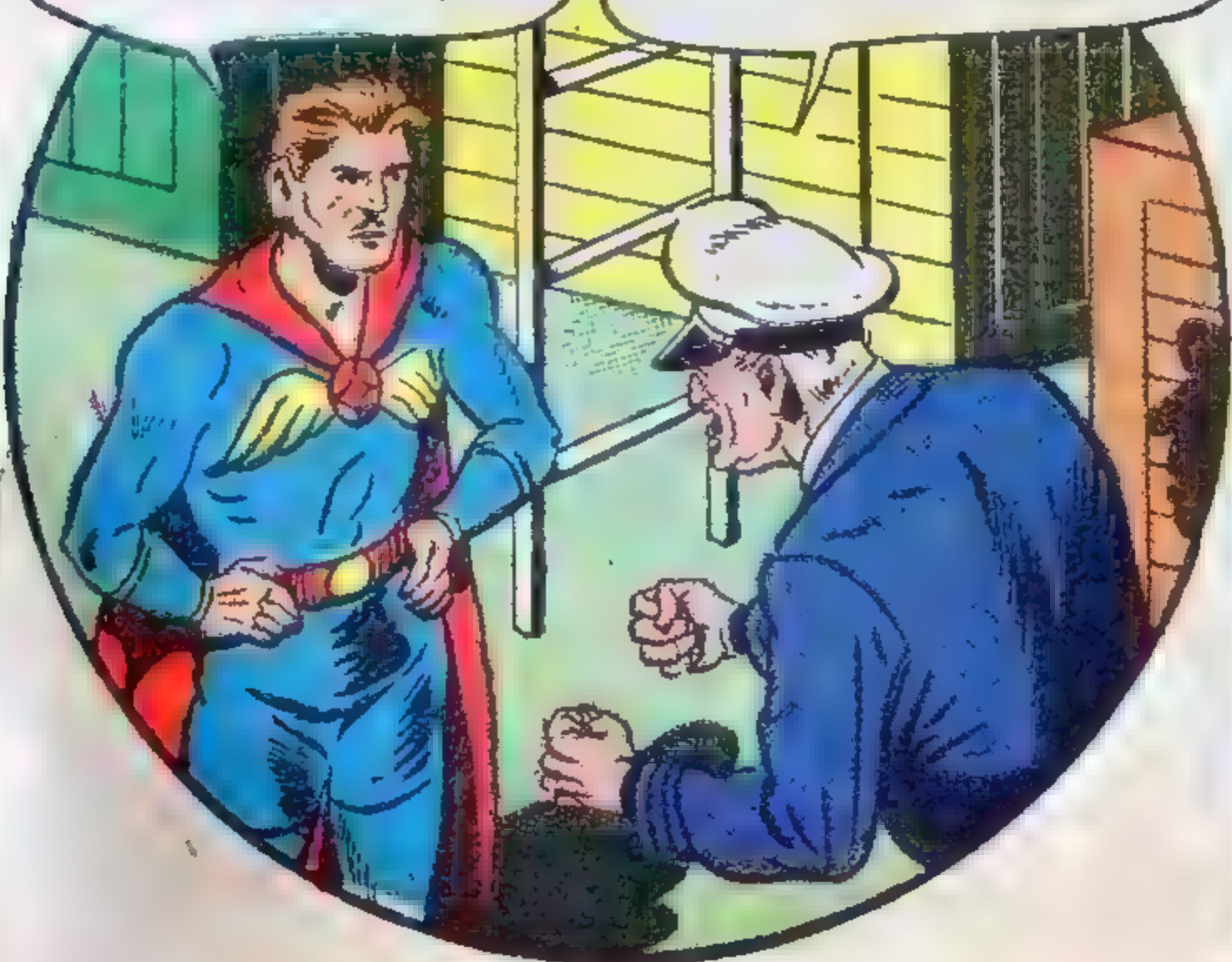
SLATE DUMPED LIQUID PHOSPHORUS ON THE SIDE OF THE SHIP! IT WILL GLOW AT NIGHT --- ATTRACT U-BOATS --- MY GOSH!



SOUR IRISH STEW! WHAT IN 'EAVEN ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

SLATE, CAPTAIN! HE'S AN AXIS AGENT HE COVERED THE PLATES OF THIS SHIP WITH PHOSPHOR --

THE BLOOMIN' DOG! WE'VE GOT TO WASH THAT STUFF OFF BEFORE NIGHT FALLS!



SUDDENLY...

OH NO, YOU DON'T CAPTAIN

SLATE!

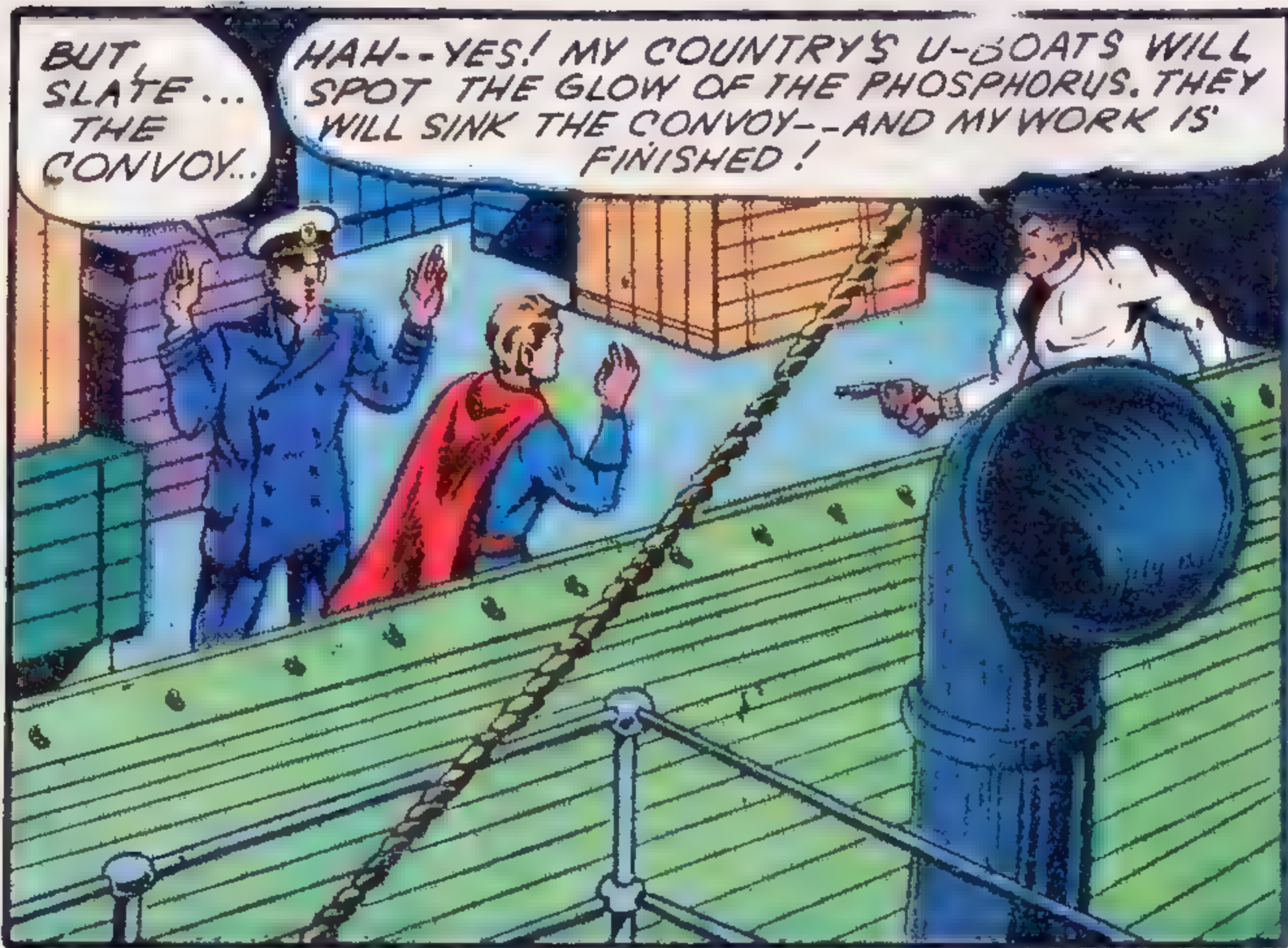


I HAD TO KILL JONES
BECAUSE HE SAW
THE BOTTLE OF
PHOSPHORUS!
I'LL KILL THE BOTH OF
YOU IF I HAVE TO!

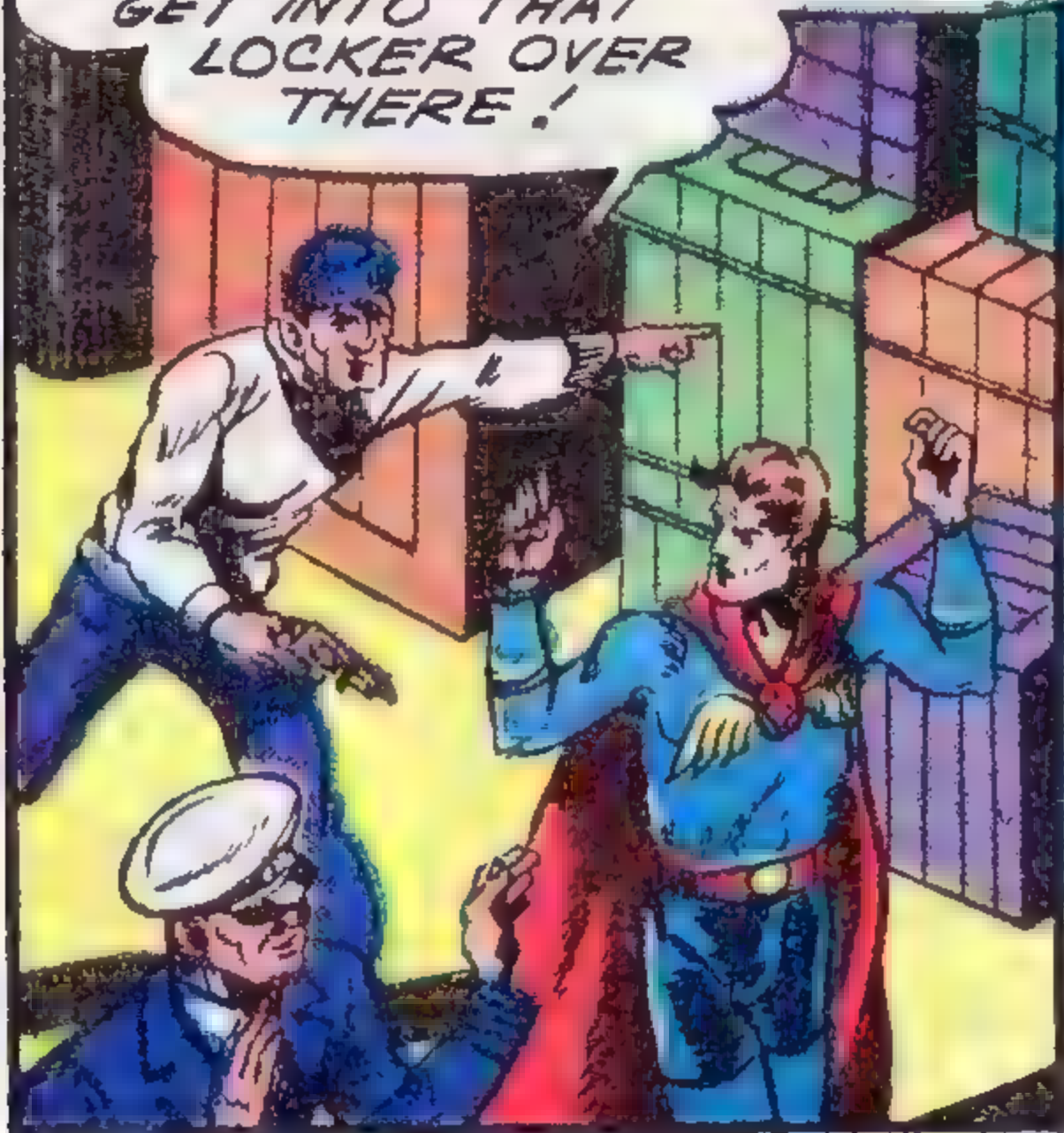


BUT,
SLATE...
THE
CONVOY...

HAH--YES! MY COUNTRY'S U-BOATS WILL
SPOT THE GLOW OF THE PHOSPHORUS. THEY
WILL SINK THE CONVOY--AND MY WORK IS
FINISHED!

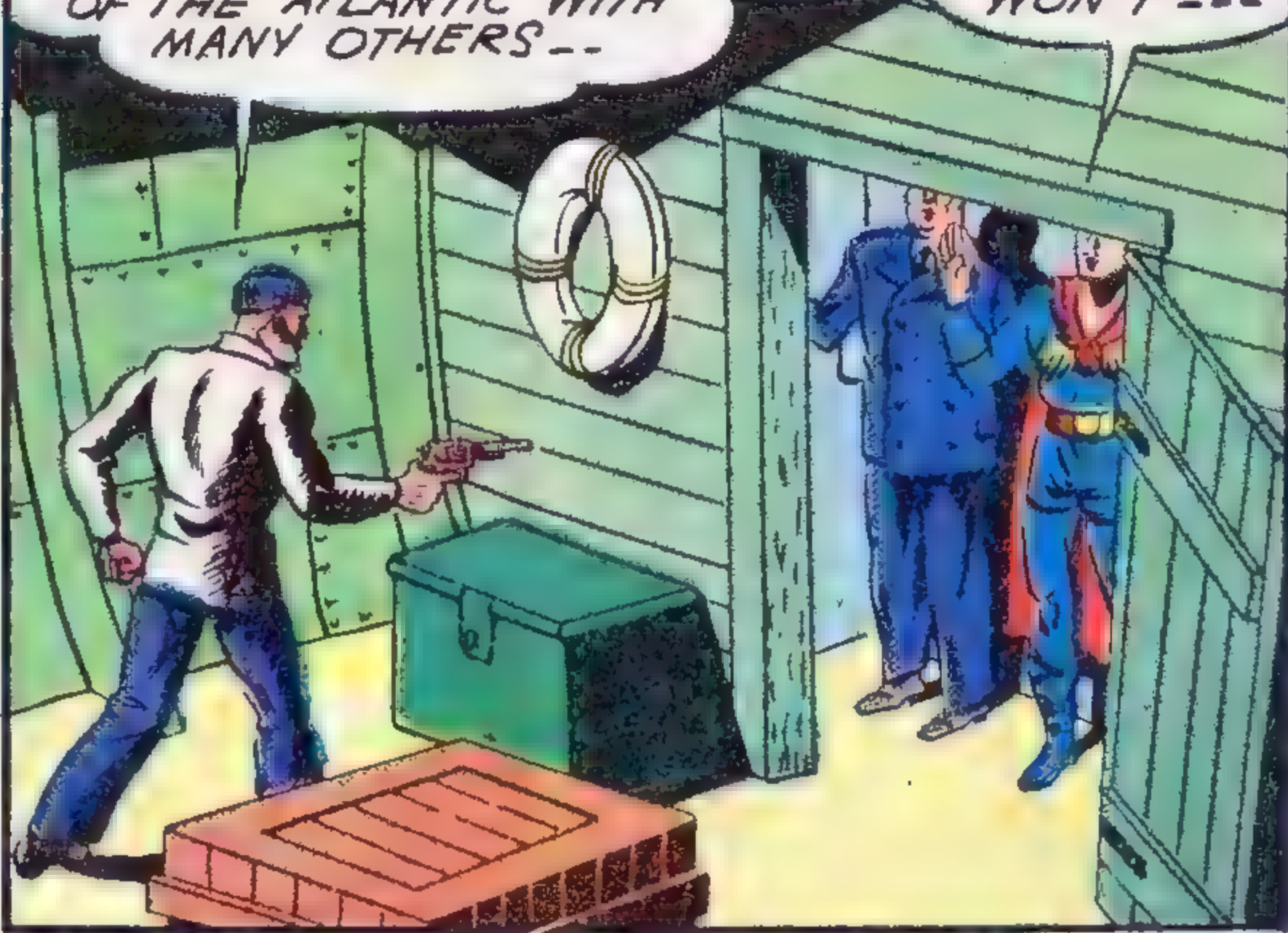


YOU'LL HAVE THE HONOR OF LIVING
UNTIL THE U-BOATS HAVE ARRIVED!
GET INTO THAT
LOCKER OVER
THERE!



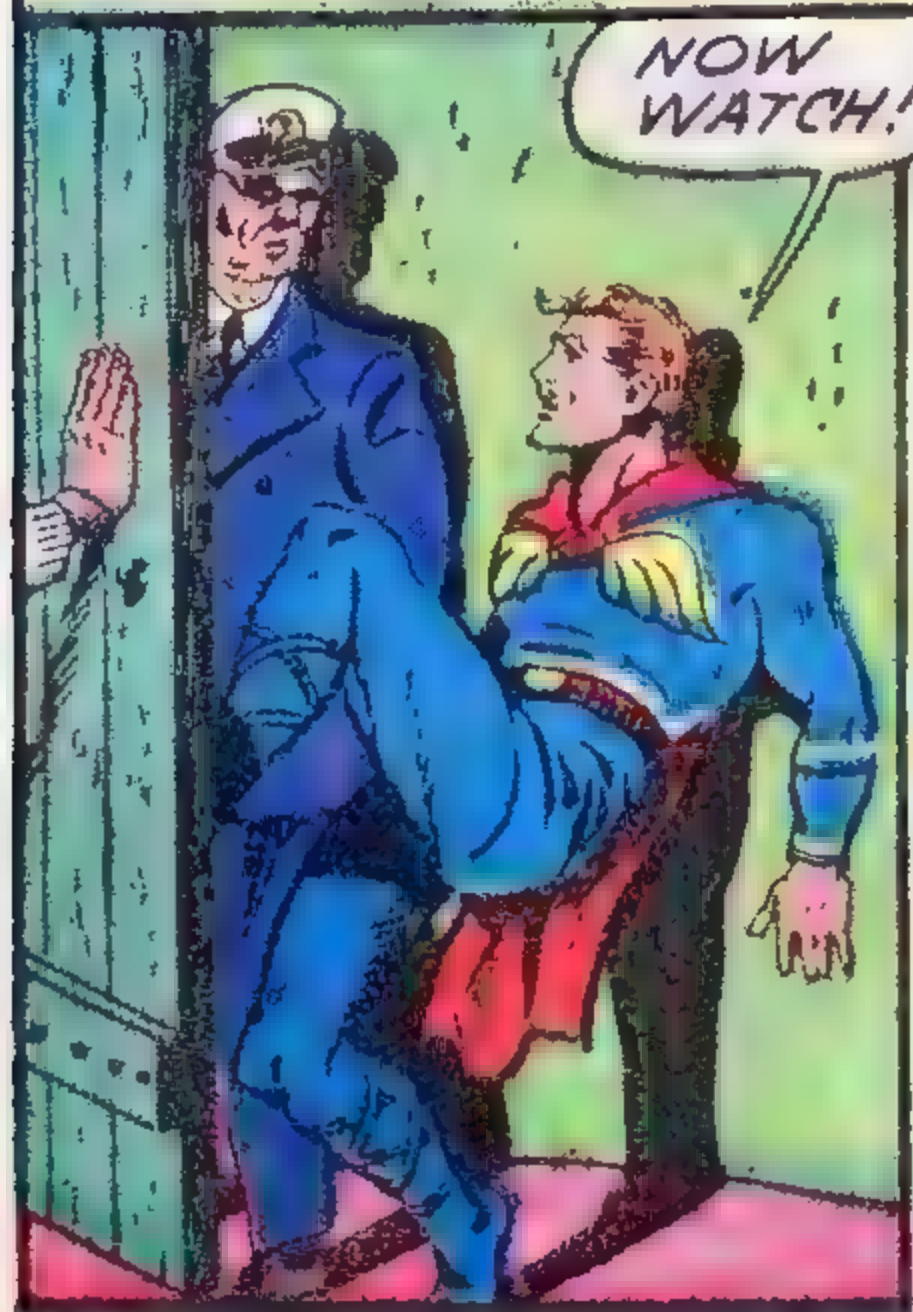
AUF WIEDERSEHN, GENTLEMEN!
SOON YOU'LL BE ON THE BOTTOM
OF THE ATLANTIC WITH
MANY OTHERS--

PERHAPS
WE
WON'T---

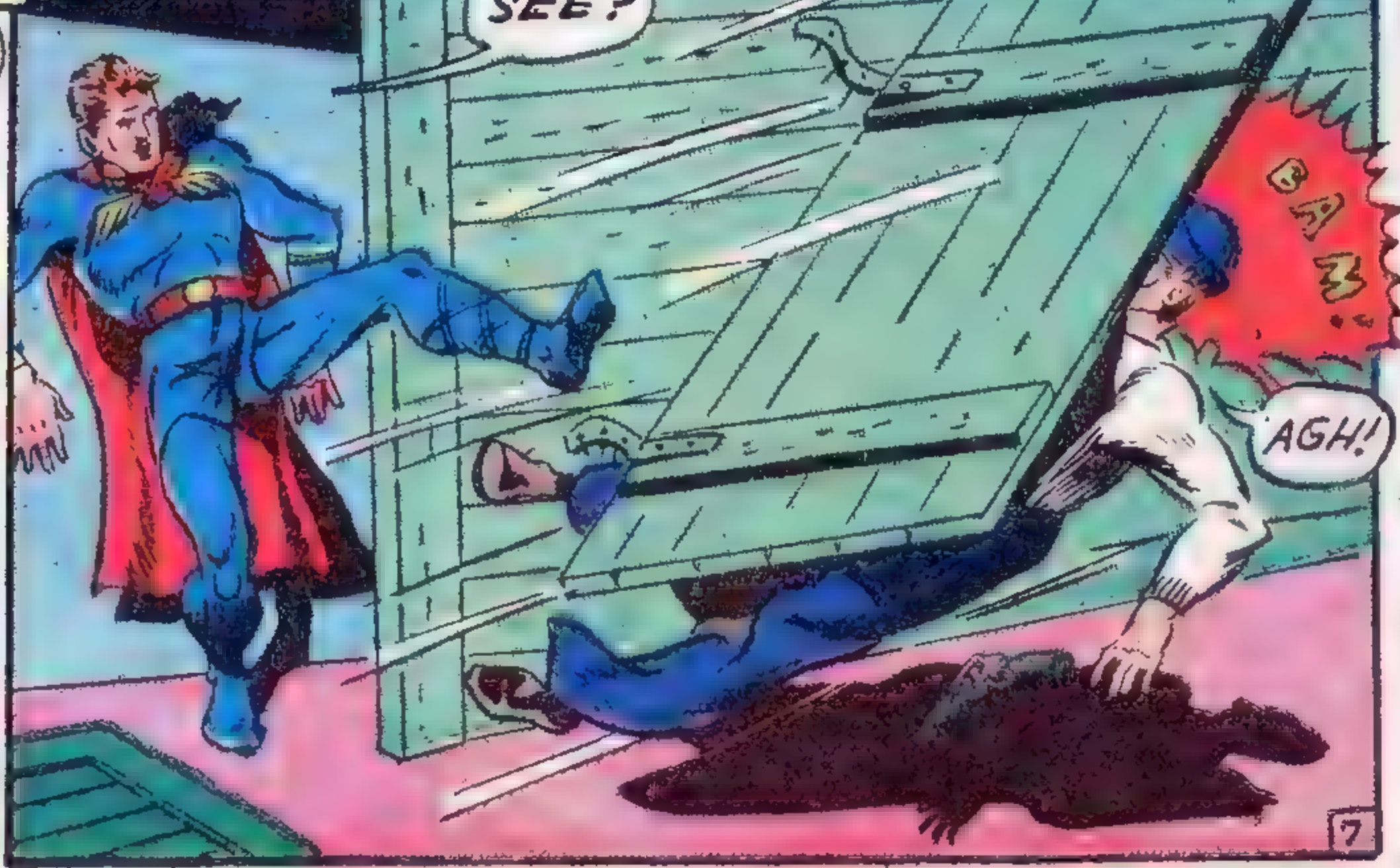


AS SLATE CLOSES THE DOOR
THE ANGEL WHISPERS--

A HARD KICK SENDS THE TRAITOR SPRAWLING, DOOR AND ALL--

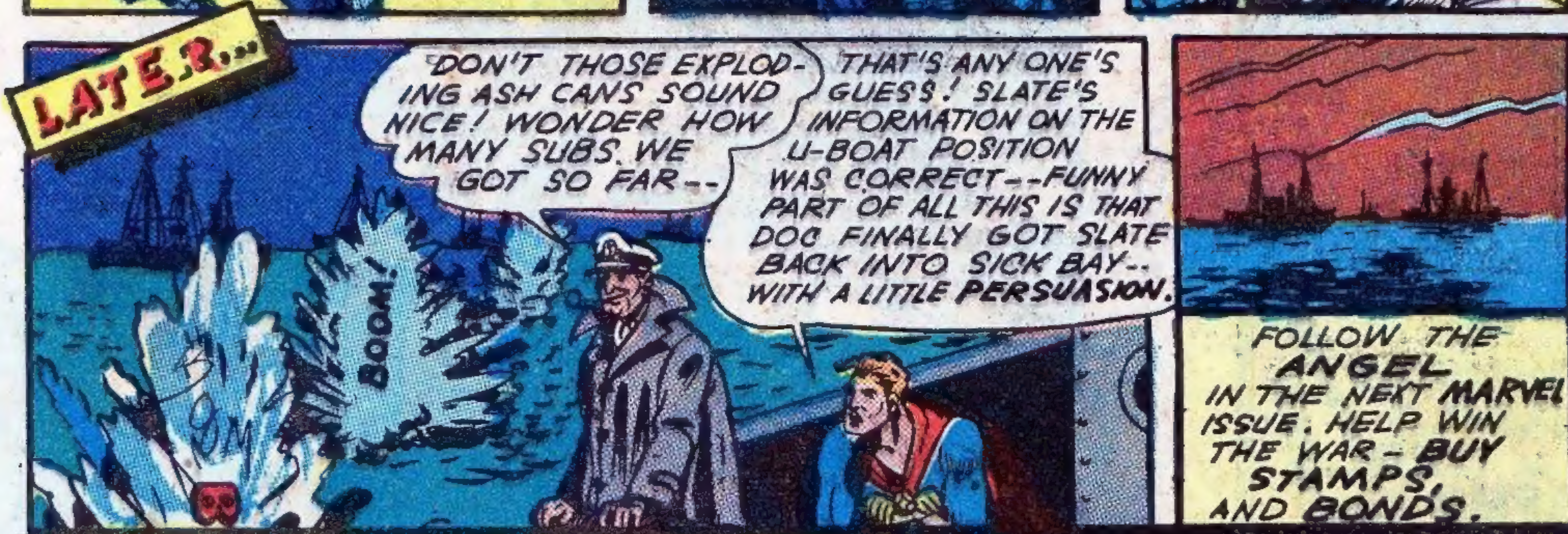


NOW
WATCH!



SEE?

AGH!



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OF \$50.00
GOES TO
ALFRED SERENSON
756 MORRIS PARK AVE. BRONX, N.Y.

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| BILL KAYLOR
335 SOUTH 2 ND STREET, BROOKLYN, N.Y. | MURRAY FORMAN
1479 39 STREET BROOKLYN, N.Y. | ANNICE KIBLER
ROUTE 2, BOX 108 MT. JACKSON, VA. |
| WILLIAM COLE
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617 N. JACKSON AVE., CENTRALIA, ILL. | BILLY MAY
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Have your own
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**THE ALLIED
 ack-ack
 GUN THAT
 REALLY
 SHOOT!**



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1. FLYING FORTRESS 17" wing spread, 4 motors.
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7. 2 "BOMB RACKS."
8. 2 "block busters" in each.
9. 2 small SEARCHLIGHTS.
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12. 1 Ground LIGHT.
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